

METHODIST REVIEW

NOVEMBER, 1913

ART. I.—BISHOP WILLARD F. MALLALIEU,
D.D., LL.D.

"THERE needs not a great soul to make a hero; there needs a God-created soul which will be true to its origin. That will be a great soul." I find this quotation among the memorabilia of Bishop Mallalieu treasured in the archives of the Methodist Historical Society in Boston. No wonder that he noted it and preserved it, for it is a succinct epitome of his own personality. He was a great soul, and he was great because he was true to his Lord and God.

He was converted when about twelve years of age. One writer says a few weeks before he was eleven, but others give the period as twelve. He was "thoroughly converted," alone with his Saviour in the open field, and this sense of immediate relation to his Master never left him and was the secret of his life. Wherever he went, whatever he became, he was first and always a witness to the power and willingness of God to take possession of a human heart and directly, immediately govern it. He was an intense believer in "personal religion," which a distinguished professor of church history has recently declared to be the essential characteristic of Christianity. Here was the real hiding of his power. In his early ministry and his larger pastorates; in his presiding eldership, where I first felt his power, for he was my presiding elder in my first appointment and I can feel now the force and drive of his enthusiasm; in his administrative career

throughout the States of this republic and in foreign lands; in his writings and his friendships and his whole view of life, he emphasized conversion and the direct fellowship of the soul with God as the one thing needful and the cure of all evils and all ills. He was "a God-created soul . . . true to its origin."

The facts of his life are not unusual or startling. He was born in Sutton, near Worcester, Mass., December 11, 1828, the seventh child in a family of ten. His father was engaged in the woolen manufactures that are so characteristic of our Massachusetts communities. He early took his share in the work of the household and largely made his own way through the preparatory schools and college. He acquired thus the habits of diligence and industry which characterized his whole life. He was always proud of his inherited relationships to Richard Davenport, one of the Puritan settlement of Salem, Mass., in 1628, and to Francis Mallalieu, a French Protestant refugee to England from the massacre of Saint Bartholomew. No wonder he was a Protestant of the Protestants in all the story of that word which Mr. Thomas Nelson Page has affirmed to contain the essence of liberty and freedom. Rather later than usual, and, as an Irishman would say, quite according to the custom, he entered one of the five New England Methodist academies, to all of which he was a devoted friend throughout his life. These academies took the place now in part filled by the superb high schools of New England; but they fulfilled a further function, which they continue to fulfill, of helping the boy or girl who enters upon educational paths a little out of the routine age or without the routine preparation. East Greenwich, R. I., was where Willard Mallalieu first started, and East Greenwich he loved with undying love. Again and again in later years he threw the whole force of his influence in favor of its continuance and rehabilitation when almost overwhelming difficulties beset it. And what it is to-day is due in no small part to his energy and persistence. He went from East Greenwich to Wilbraham, the great school in central Massachusetts which has been the prolific mother of so many conspicuous servants of the church and the country, and which bids fair under its new regime to have even a greater career in its ministration to the boys and the

youth of Methodism. When he was twenty-five years of age he entered Wesleyan University at Middletown, Conn. Four years later, when he was twenty-nine, he graduated in Phi Beta Kappa rank, which testifies to his fidelity.

All who know anything about old Wesleyan know the place which the Greek letter societies hold in that college and their influence over the imaginations of their members. It is a unique influence. The member of one of these fraternities throughout life worships at an inner shrine where burns a light that is never extinguished. I was, therefore, not surprised in turning over the few memoranda preserved by Bishop Mallalieu to find, most conspicuously placed and carefully treasured, programs of notable occasions in the Psi Upsilon fraternity in Middletown. He always found his way to this fellowship in the old college as to a flame that could relight or quicken his own fires.

Early his thoughts turned to the ministry. Sometimes he believed he was called even before his conversion, so immediately on graduating he made himself ready and in 1858 joined the New England Conference and was stationed at Grafton, Mass., "where there was neither church, Sunday school, nor congregation." This was a characteristic Methodist appointment of that time, and woe betide the day when it utterly ceases to be. He met the situation in an equally characteristic way by marrying, that same October, Miss Eliza F. Atkins, of Sandwich, Mass. Superbly she entered into this venture of faith and superbly she stood by him throughout all his career. Now, in years and weakness, she looks back without regret to this great step out into the vicissitudes and triumphs of an itinerant life.

Two years was the limit of one appointment, and the record runs: Mount Bellingham Church, Chelsea; Lynn Common, one of the great churches of New England Methodism; Monument Square, Charlestown, right under the shadow of Bunker Hill Monument; Bromfield Street, Boston, then in its pride and power; Walnut Street, Chelsea, a strong church; Trinity, Worcester, the cathedral church of this section of Massachusetts; Broadway, South Boston, a large and strong church; Walnut Street, Chelsea, again; Bromfield Street, once more; and Walnut Street, Chelsea,

for the third time—twenty-four years of itinerant service in the leading churches of Methodism in Boston and its vicinity. In 1882 he was appointed presiding elder—fine old term, which has a flavor of dignity and power that is utterly lacking in our present “district superintendent.” Why when our bishops cleave to the ecclesiastical title, which I believe they first chose for themselves and then asked the General Conference to confirm, and never use the term “general superintendent”—I think I have never seen it on an episcopal letterhead—should their lesser colleagues be called by a title that might be related to a railroad or a commercial establishment and be denied the good old Scripture term of “elder,” with that high flourish “presiding,” which was quite a feather in the cap for generations of the particularly chosen ones? Bishop Mallalieu was no district superintendent; he was a presiding elder, and of the Boston District, about the biggest thing going at that time. The term Boston added immensely, as Boston has been a fairly well-advertised cognomen throughout this country, to go no further. It added so much that various efforts have been made in the New England Conference to avoid its preëminence by changing district names to North, East, etc., but without avail.

To some of the readers of this record this may seem a digression, but it isn't. The fact is, Bishop Mallalieu, though every inch a bishop, was in his element as presiding elder of the Boston District. His care of the churches, his industry, his sense of responsibility, his aggressiveness, his revival enthusiasm, his interest in affairs, his brotherly spirit, his dominating, directing quality, all found their expression in the presiding eldership of the Boston District. Enlarge the Boston District to the length and breadth of the church—not an unthinkable proposition for a member of the New England Conference brought up under the Boston traditions—and call the presiding elder “bishop,” and you have the life of Bishop Willard F. Mallalieu throughout his episcopal career.

He was a member of the General Conference of 1872, and rejoiced in his part in the election of Gilbert Haven to the episcopacy. In 1880 he was most fittingly chosen to present at the General Conference of which he was a member the memorial to

his translated friend. He was as a younger brother to Gilbert Haven; entering most heartily into all of Gilbert Haven's enthusiasms for humanity and reform and the old gospel of Jesus Christ as the sole and sufficient source of human uplift and betterment. In 1884 he was elected bishop at the same General Conference with Bishops Ninde, Walden, and Fowler. In view of his known convictions with regard to the needs and the possibilities of the colored people it was most natural for him to choose New Orleans for his episcopal residence. Here he made his home for two quadrenniums and was a veritable influence as a resident bishop. In 1892, after the custom then prevailing of choice according to seniority, he moved to Buffalo, N. Y., and this was his residence for four years. In 1896 Boston became his home, and here he resided until his retirement, in 1904, and thereafter until his death, August 1, 1911. He lived in the suburbs of Boston, in the beautiful village of Auburndale, a part of the city of Newton. Fifteen years were thus spent in Boston, which, added to the two years of the presiding eldership and the twenty-four of his pastorate, all in or near Boston, make a total of forty-one years, or half of his life, thus identified with that city. And yet he was not altogether a citizen of Boston. He had the intense and aggressive Puritan temper. He carried a bit of Plymouth rock in his pocket wherever he went. He was ready to be responsible for other people's consciences as well as his own, a true Boston trait. He was antisaloon as well as antislavery. He was antiwar as well as antisaloon. He was dogmatic. As his life-long friend Bishop Hamilton said of him at his funeral, "Intense conviction characterized his utterances." "Those who knew him best never doubted his sincerity." But while he was sincere I fear he was not always tolerant. However, no one has ever said that tolerance is a Boston characteristic. Where he was not to the manner born was in his intellectual outlook. It is true that he read widely. His library shows a good collection of recent works, and he read them, as is evident by his marginal annotations. But he read not for light and leading, but the better to defend positions already taken. He rarely entered with insight into the philosophy of modern movements and less rarely with sympathy. A certain acquaintance

he had, and a wide acquaintance, but little fellowship. He graduated from college before the modern scientific courses were established. *The Origin of Species* was published, but had not become a part of the world life. He made many notes on evolution, for example, which I have read in various volumes on the subject, but the key to his attitude is in the one which defines evolution as "modern physical fatalism." Temperamentally he could not have approached any matter as a Darwin or a Fabre, with patient research and judgment held in leash. He stood always for the faith "once delivered" to the saints.

I do not think he ever comprehended the attitude of reflective studious minds to whom truth is cloud behind cloud lit with the sun, and mountain range beyond mountain range, and far-reaching valleys shot through with light, but darkened here and there where the shadows fall, an infinite landscape full of mystery and new revealings, an unfolding revelation of an eternal mind. He distrusted, or rather he instinctively attacked, all such mental attitudes as hostile to the one great activity of his mind, evangelism, not perceiving that the truest evangelism must take into account these changes and conditions in the philosophy of things and will be most effective when it masters them. His mind was hardly more literary than scientific. His voluminous writings in the church papers, his published volumes, *The When, Why, and How of Revivals*, *The Fullness of the Blessing of the Gospel of Christ*, *The Office and Work of the Holy Spirit*, *Words of Cheer and Comfort*, his sermons and addresses—I have four before me, one on *The Unity of the Human Race*, one on *Christian Experience*, one on *John Wesley and Methodism in America*, and one delivered at the laying of the corner stone of the Ohio Building of the American University at Washington—all are distinctly ecclesiastical and didactic or hortatory. They are direct, and frequently incisive, but they are without that literary flavor and charm which accompany imperishable documents. He studied Spanish and French and German and Italian, but not for their literature, but that he might evangelize these peoples. He was, therefore, as I have said, only in part "to the manner born." Maybe you will say he chose the better part.

As a bishop he was a careful, painstaking administrator, bearing responsibilities and not passing them over to his successors. He presided over two hundred Conferences without missing one, and was never late but once, and that was due to a railroad accident. His Conferences covered every State in the Union. In 1888 he had the European Conferences, in 1892 the Conferences in Mexico, in 1892 and 1893 he visited Japan, Korea, China, and India. He ordained the first Methodist preacher ordained in the Hawaiian Islands. When in Europe in 1888 he visited Saint Petersburg with a view to opening a Methodist mission there. In one quadrennium, from 1904 to 1908, after he was retired, he wrote nearly sixteen thousand letters, besides two hundred articles for the press, and preached and lectured in churches and camp meetings in over a dozen States. He was unwearied, a marvel to many who have to struggle to fulfill their duty to their fellows.

During twenty years prior to his retirement it has been estimated that he raised on an average over one thousand dollars a month, mostly for the church schools in the South. He construed liberally his episcopal responsibilities and put himself under innumerable burdens borne by his brethren in the itinerancy. Everywhere he was approachable by all, whether high or low, and everywhere he lived to encourage and inspire. Episcopal residency meant much to him even when the content of the term was not what it is to-day. In New Orleans he took hold at once of the university problems and began the foundations of a medical school and a nurses' training school and hospital that were much needed. He loved the South, and when he left there said: "I think of the South by day, I dream of it by night; my heart will never cease to yearn for it. I shall never cease to love and pray for all our people there." What he was to some of these brethren of the Southland is revealed in an editorial on him in Liberia and West Africa, by John H. Reed:

He came to the South at a time when our educational work was in its formative period; when the New Orleans University had just been removed from the cramped quarters on the corner of Camp and Race Streets to the larger outlet for growth and expansion on Saint Charles Avenue. It was there we first caught the inspiration of future hope and ambition under the general superintendency of our departed friend and

counselor. Bishop Mallalieu came in the very nick of time, for it was during his eight years' residence in New Orleans that the commodious building which now stands upon this popular avenue was built and dedicated to the cause of Christian education in the South. We shall never forget the deep interest he manifested in every detail of the work as it progressed. It was Bishop Mallalieu who aroused the church in the interest of this institution, and through whose untiring efforts the money was raised in connection with the matchless pleas of Dr. Hartzell, who was at the same time corresponding secretary of the Freedmen's Aid Society. It was in 1889 when the building was completed, and Bishop Mallalieu was the speaker of the occasion at the dedicatory services and delivered one of the most impassioned addresses to which we have ever had the pleasure of listening, the subject of which was "Revolutions." We well remember the enthusiasm of the vast audience when Bishop Mallalieu in this address, referring to the progress of the Negro, with his characteristic sledgehammer gestures, said: "You cannot crush the oak back into the acorn; much less can you crush whole forests back into acorns!" In the wild enthusiasm of the hour these words shot through our hearts like a piercing arrow and caused an inspiration for manhood that has never abated from then until to-day.

As the memory of those bygone days of our student life brings back the incidents connected therewith, no more pleasant one comes up than the presence of Bishop Mallalieu upon the platform of the university on Sunday afternoon in our temperance society. We all knew it meant a feast of good things. Every student wore the white ribbon with pride, and the good bishop drilled the principles of temperance into the very life and blood of the university as a whole. Bishop Mallalieu hated the saloon. No less were we cheered when he appeared in our weekly Wednesday evening prayer meetings. He brought into them an evangelistic fervor that made everyone feel that the biggest thing in student life was to be a devout Christian. Then on the holy Sabbath when the bishop ascended the rostrum with the president of the university at 11 o'clock, our hearts all beat for joy, for we knew what a burning message awaited us from this great man whose master passion was the salvation of the world. We recall now one Sabbath morning as he preached at the university with impassioned zeal, he said: "Away with your geology and your higher criticism and your science! This old sin-cursed earth needs the gospel! Jesus is the light of human reason—is the Light of the world." His handshake with a student was an inspiration to everyone that felt his touch.

It was Bishop Mallalieu who breathed into my soul the first spark that subsequently burned into a blaze as a foreign missionary of the Methodist Episcopal Church. He organized at the university the first student organization, known as the "Band of Friends of Africa." As a student we entered among the charter members of that providential organization. The following was the simple motto: "I will hold myself in readiness at the call of God and of the church to go as a foreign missionary to Africa." This was in the year 1887. Quite seventeen years

passed before this call was manifested to us, and now away off in Africa, after nearly twenty-four years from the organization of that university "Band," the inspiration received from Bishop Mallalieu nerves us for our struggles on the distant field of the "Dark Continent." Since coming to this foreign field, among the most encouraging letters from friends in the United States, none are cherished more than those received from time to time from Bishop Mallalieu. God bless his memory!

He wrote for these friends in the South "A Hymn of Faith and Hope," to the tune of America, which should not be forgotten:

Eternal God above,
Reveal to us thy love,
Inspire our song;
Uplift us by thy might,
Defend and guard the right,
To us in darkest night
Thy grace prolong.

We wait the coming day
That sweeps all shames away,
And crowns the right:
Break the oppressor's arm,
Save every soul from harm,
Let tempests change to calm,
Let there be light!

Our fathers cried to thee,
And thou didst set them free
With outstretched hand;
Great God! once more arise,
Subdue our enemies,
While lawless outrage flies
Far from this land.

With steadfast hearts and brave,
Knowing that God will save
The good and true;
Joyous we march along,
Heaven echoes back our song,
Jehovah smites the wrong,
Day dawns to view.

What he was in New Orleans he was in Buffalo and Boston, an interested leader in every good cause. He was on innumerable boards and committees, and shirked his duties on none, but his heart was, above all, absorbed in evangelism. Because of his interest in evangelism he was interested in foreign missions and

everywhere urged advance. He was intensely interested in evangelizing all the foreign-speaking peoples of the United States, and, as I have said above, began the study of a number of foreign languages for this purpose. He was ready to seize every occasion to bring the church to the front. He was a citizen, but always aggressively a Christian citizen, and more, a Christian citizen set for the evangelization of all whom he could reach. Revivals, revivals—he loved to be in them. He loved to stir up others to hold them. He was always ready to help. He urged them by pen and voice. He was a revival preacher. His pastorates were revival pastorates of the type that the two-year pastorates emphasized. As a bishop he was a revival preacher, stirring mightily great congregations. A fine commanding figure, with his patriarchal beard, his high cheek bones, his flashing eye, he loved the platform and kindled before an audience as he denounced wrong and declared the great truths of redemption.

And there was a tender strain of sentiment in him, as when he inclosed a "wild mountain pink from Hirosaki" to a friend in the South to whom he was writing from Japan.

Surely, as I said at the beginning, he was a great soul because he was true to the creative touch of his Creator and Redeemer.

William Ingraham Hanes

ART. II.—CASTE MOVEMENTS (COMMONLY CALLED
"MASS MOVEMENTS") IN INDIA AND THEIR
DEVELOPMENT, AS ILLUSTRATED IN THE WORK
OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH IN
NORTHERN INDIA.

THE evangelization of a country so densely populated as India is so great a task and so varied in character that a survey of even one division of it requires close study. To appreciate the importance of the present caste movements, however, they must be seen in their relation to the whole task. The census of 1911 reports 313,000,000 persons roughly divided as follows: Hindus, 217,000,000; Mohammedans, 66,000,000; Buddhists and Animists, 10,000,000 each; Christians, nearly 4,000,000 (3,870,203); and others (including 3,000,000 Sikhs), 6,000,000. The efforts and successes of the missions have been confined very largely to the class called Hindus. The Hindus have not only their four chief castes, but are split into two great sections, one including the so-called caste, or high-caste, Hindus, and the other the out-caste, or the low-caste, Hindus, the latter numbering over sixty millions. These castes, high and low, are divided into many sub-castes, the total being estimated as high as one hundred thousand (Richter, *History of Protestant Missions in India*). Representatives of many Hindu castes, and also of all other sections of the population, will be found living in almost every village and town, members of a caste being usually in close association with the lower castes grouped in wards, called mohullas, in the least desirable locations. Perhaps ninety per cent of the people live in villages which are scattered all over the country in the midst of the fields cultivated by the local residents. These conditions have had much to do with the general lines of effort followed by the various Christian missions in India. A very large amount of work is confined to the higher castes, and consists of medical, zenana, and educational work, with preaching and distribution of literature in the bazaars and on itinerating tours among the villages. These efforts break down prejudice, lead to many earnest inquiries and to a

fair number of conversions. Converts, however, are apt to be forced to leave home and all its associations, sometimes being separated from wife or husband and children and subjected to severe persecution, including the forfeiture of all property rights. Frequently they must be taken into the mission compounds and taught until fitted to take up some new line of employment. Many valuable teachers, evangelists, and leading Christians are thus secured. The method, however, is a slow one, and there has been no general response on a large scale. It is largely a work for individuals.

What might be called the newer method is the endeavor to reach the low-caste people in their homes by families and groups. These people have less to leave, and, although persecuted severely, are not made to suffer in the same measure as high-caste converts. Their persecution comes from their employers and is less personal than that of the high-caste converts, which comes from their own relatives and is deeply felt as coming from those most dear. The low-caste people are essential to the life of the village and cannot be driven out *en masse*. They continue their old occupations and support themselves as Christians, also contributing to the support of their pastor teachers. From among them promising individuals are selected for higher education, many of whom become workers among their own people and help to raise them. Individuals rise quickly and often very high, while the mass rises more slowly, owing to scarcity of teachers. Working for high-caste people is like pounding away at a solid wall. Occasionally a brick is loosened, but seemingly little impression is made on the whole structure. On the other hand, the low-caste work, which is at the bottom of the system, is opening up very rapidly. If it is adequately prosecuted, the structure is bound to fall. General readjustment is bound to follow, and the gradual breaking up of many features of the caste system, while Christianity will permeate all classes and spread widely among them.

"Class," or "caste," movement would be a more accurate name than "mass movement" for many of these developments in India, but the latter has become the popular designation. All that is called "mass movement," except certain work among hill tribes,

is proceeding along caste lines, and caste, often referred to in the past as the greatest obstacle encountered in mission lands, is now proving to be an assistance in the growth of the Kingdom. "The process might be illustrated in mining. When a miner finds a profitable vein, he follows it. When some members of a certain caste become Christians, they endeavor to have their relatives and friends follow them, and the work naturally spreads within the caste. Other veins are opened up and followed out, and so the work proceeds" (Bishop Warne).

When a movement of this kind starts in a caste it may run through it. If an entrance is secured into a second caste, that also may gather large proportions. In this way several movements, each distinct, may be proceeding at the same time. These new movements are more likely to proceed from caste to caste through definite work on the part of the missionaries and Christian workers rather than the efforts of the people themselves. The members of a caste usually confine their efforts to their own community. One caste, therefore, is not likely to influence another directly except in the case of a higher branch encouraging a lower, or where many castes are being affected and the movement toward Christianity is becoming general. As long, however, as a movement is confined to one caste, Christianity is apt to be considered as a matter of that caste only. It is, therefore, of very great importance to have two or more movements proceeding simultaneously. The one-caste stigma is thus removed and the universal element of Christianity becomes manifest. Growth now becomes more rapid. In one circuit, soon after a second caste was entered, inquirers were reported from ten different castes, while in one Conference baptisms were reported in one year from twenty-seven different castes. There is always a possibility of a mass movement starting in each caste thus entered. Wise leadership is required and generous aid in the beginning of each separate movement, as small numbers can do little in supporting the worker, though trained to give from the beginning. In the United Provinces the mass movement started among the sweepers, and it was looked upon by all the higher castes as merely a sweeper movement; but when the great caste of Chamars began to open up in large

numbers, great attention was aroused. Wherever they come out openly, the way is opened for the general work as never before. It is in this connection that the real influence of the Chamar movement in our mission is seen, also the reason why it has had so much attention recently. It is the stepping stone to a greatly widened work, aside from the fact that it concerns one of the greatest castes in North India, second in numbers only to the Brahmans. Being essentially a labor class, it has the largest possibilities, though many Chamars are now little better than serfs. The purpose of this paper is to show:

I. The Underlying Causes of these Movements.

II. The Work Necessary in their Development.

III. The Remarkable Opportunity Presented by the Movements and their Bearing on the Evangelization of India.

I. Underlying Causes. An unfortunate misapprehension concerning the manner of opening mass movements seems rather widespread, namely, that they are the result of a quick and general response to evangelistic efforts somewhat akin to those of revivalists, and that numbers of people so stimulated are left without teachers, to sink back into their old state after the preacher has passed on. On the contrary, such movements are the result of steady and persistent effort along well-established lines, often with little or no response for many years, as in the well-known case of the "Lone Star Mission." The usual method in beginning a mass movement is to conduct preaching services and village schools among those who seem most responsive. In the earliest stages a cordial reception is most unusual. Active opposition may be met or a hearing be refused, even with insulting and threatening conduct. Patient endeavor, however, gradually brings the people: first, to the point of willingness to listen to the message; second, to the stage of interest; third, to belief in the truth of Christianity; fourth, to conviction of its superiority over the old faith; and finally, fifth, to the point of acceptance in place of the old—though it may mean persecution, hardship, and suffering, even unto death. There are those who call this "too early baptism." It may well

be inquired whether, in the nature of the case, an ignorant, degraded people could be asked to come further than is indicated above before cutting themselves off from the old ties. The steps are all long ones and the results of much hard work. When, finally, a man says, "I believe that Jesus Christ is the Son of God and the Saviour of the world, and I want to be his follower and to be baptized," we believe that we should accept him, *provided* we are able to guarantee continuation of the teaching so that he shall be led on to more and more knowledge and to a real spiritual faith. Some require the memorizing of the Ten Commandments, the Lord's Prayer, etc., before administering baptism. But memorizing may be very difficult, and even impossible, for persons who have had no intellectual training, and therefore may be an unfair test. The missionary must use his best judgment, and none should impeach the wisdom of the other, but let the fruits decide. The chief point is not just where the convert stands when baptized, provided he is believed to be sincere in his profession, but the place to which he will be led afterward in his Christian experience and life. It is evident to many close observers that God meets these ignorant people at a point far below Western expectation, and that they find him much as little children do in the first turning of the heart toward him, however little their understanding of the ultimate consequences of the step. It is ours to see that they are given all the care we give to little children; the same patient unfolding of the truth, the same reiteration, the same adaptation to their understanding, watching over them until we see them established in the faith, although, it may be, often grieved by lapses when least expected. Baptism cuts the tie that binds to Hinduism, and until that is severed the man is not in our hands sufficiently to make him really responsive to our efforts. "Inquirers" of long standing may slip back in a night because displeased about some trifle, but when baptized they are ours to train and lead as far as we are able. The probation system guards the Methodist Church from the danger of too early admission into full connection, while also holding the converts far more securely than a system which merely counts them as inquirers until their patience may be exhausted and they may slip away, perhaps striving to draw others

back with them. Among the lower castes it is considered best not to baptize single individuals save in unusual cases. When a man becomes ready, he is asked to prepare his family and then to prepare others in his village. If possible, one waits until several families, or, it may be, all of the caste in that village, are ready. This insures solidarity, helps to drive out idolatry at once, to prevent factions and strife, to give added strength in time of persecution from the outside, and to insure more rapid progress without interruption. Before taking the step, the inquirers are likely to talk with their relatives in neighboring villages, who may be interested, as previously noted, or who may object and succeed in stopping the work already begun. In such cases the worker strives to explain the meaning of baptism and of Christianity to all who are concerned, to minimize opposition, and to exhort inquirers to hold firm. This is not very difficult when once the movement has gained strength, although in the first instances much ignorant prejudice must be allayed. Wise leadership, perseverance, and true Christian courtesy go a long way in meeting all problems and tiding over difficulties.

Much discussion is aroused by such a question as, "Why do such movements take place?" or, "What are the motives of the people?" It may be taken for granted that a large factor in such movements is the great hope of better things aroused by the first sympathetic interest which has ever been shown in the lives of these out-castes of Hinduism. To people always depressed, always ignored, always despised, and without hope, there comes a new light, sympathy, instruction, opportunity. Is it any wonder that there is a response, especially when they see the new faith working wonders about them, lifting sweepers to be head masters of high schools and teachers of Brahmans, or holders of other high positions never before opened to any but the elect? It is exceedingly difficult for Western-trained minds to understand the real motives of the people of the East. Often the clearest light comes from intimate conversation with the more intelligent Indian workers. One of these expresses his conviction that about one third of the converts are drawn by intellectual conviction that Christianity is the true religion, about one third by a real hungering after spir-

itual things, and the remaining third by the hope of better conditions. This accords closely with the results of one's own observation, though it is difficult, if not impossible, to distinguish the individuals except after long trial. Our problem is to take those whom we believe to be sincere, to exclude any who show any trace of low motives, and then to endeavor to lead all, not only to spiritual life, but to a far higher spiritual life than they have ever conceived. This same worker says that we must remember that the religions of India are so largely made up of rites and ceremonies that it is exceedingly difficult for the people to comprehend a religion so spiritual as Christianity. They are attracted by its beauty, its purity, its apparent truth, and its fruits, and they may accept it long before they find God in actual experience, or comprehend the things of the Spirit. This very man, a brilliant preacher and leader, a man of very high caste who gave up everything for Christ, stated that he did so from intellectual conviction purely, and that he had become a Christian worker and even a preacher in charge of a large circuit before he found Christ as a personal Saviour and realized what Christianity really could mean to the human soul. We have no one who pleads more earnestly for us to accept the people when they want to come and patiently to lead them on and on until the truth really dawns upon them. He is convinced that we expect too much if we require this in the first instance.

The people of India are deeply religious at heart. No desire can be stronger than that which cries out after real spiritual light and truth, and we are convinced that it is the evangelistic note in the preaching which is drawing the masses as no other can. Critics of the work would do well to go directly among the people and watch them in their simple worship under a spiritual leader. Visitors who have taken time for this have been thoroughly convinced of the vital character of the work and have become its strongest supporters. If this is apparent to those who can read only the light in the eye or the expression in the face, how much more is it true to those who understand the simple prayers and testimonies of hearts crying out for God and his righteousness, and from whom no other request for help ever comes—except,

perhaps, in severe persecution, sickness, or distress beyond the power to bear. When in a district numbering twenty-seven thousand Christians, gathered in only twenty years, there are but two or three helpless persons (relatives of poor workers) who receive a mere pittance in aid, such as one or two rupees a month, and where over five thousand rupees are gathered in self-support per year, providing for more than twenty-five per cent of the pastoral work, is there any warrant for doubting the motives of the converts? The work has its hardships and its weaknesses, and low motives are met, but who can claim that this is not true in Christian lands, where, in most cases, the original motive for accepting Christ is one of self-preservation, desire for reward, for heavenly bliss, or reunion with loved ones? We grow into higher motives. If we start with them it is because we are Christian at heart before our open acceptance of Christ, and because we have inherited or have been taught a vast amount of truth which, in most cases, must be given to these poor idolatrous, superstitious, and depressed people after baptism, rather than before. It must be remembered, furthermore, that while we speak of caste movements, our efforts are always directed toward the individuals in the caste, and that, to the greatest extent possible, we seek to "present every man perfect in Christ," knowing that each individual so developed will be a power in elevating those around him. It must be remembered, also, that the chief responsibility lies in the developing work which follows the coming of the masses, and that the weaknesses in the work are due not so much to errors in receiving as to lack of equipment or of adequate force for the work which should follow the initial step.

II. *The Developing Processes.* The work begins among a group of few or many families usually living on the outer side of a village. Near by are groups of high or low-caste people each closely associated. The worker formerly lived among his people, but now that the sphere of the worker is widening, wisdom suggests that the worker live sufficiently apart so as to be accessible to all. In many cases the request for this change has come from high-caste Hindus or Mohammedans who wish us to locate the worker where they too may associate with him and benefit by his

teaching. The Christians and inquirers usually need to be taught the gospel *in toto*. Being unable to read, they are entirely dependent upon the visits of the worker. He gathers them at some convenient hour and proceeds to conduct a simple preaching service. The people sing well when taught, and take part in prayer and testimony. Whenever possible, a school is opened for the children and such older persons as wish to learn. They are taught the Ten Commandments, the Lord's Prayer, the Creed, the Catechism, gospel hymns, Scripture verses, etc. One aim is to teach as many as possible to read the Bible. Everyone who learns to do so becomes a possible assistant in instructing the local Christians and in interesting other residents. Village school work is also an opening wedge in the further education of the more promising young people. It is simply impossible to appreciate the effect of such teaching until one knows the life in a village. To impress undisciplined and superstitious minds with the simple prohibitions of the commandments and the various petitions of the Lord's Prayer is to strike at the very foundation of the old life of evil, of uncontrolled desire, of superstition, and of despair. A new life is revealed and made clear by the explanations of the preacher, who endeavors to exemplify it in his care of the sick, of the oppressed, and of the dying. In this way many thousands are led into real spiritual life, to conscious touch with God in Christ, and to a moral life far above the ordinary level, and often irreproachable. A still larger opportunity is offered by the children, who may be educated sufficiently to make them far more useful in their occupations, more intelligent in their understanding of the Christian life, and more helpful in the cause. In the future there will be a far greater use of the humble volunteer workers of the village. The more they can be taught in childhood in the village school, the better. They are being taught to work as laymen, somewhat like the early "class leaders," and to give the preachers most valuable assistance. They help gather the people for preaching, collect self-support, report cases requiring the pastor's assistance or attention, assist, as far as able, in instructing the people, and, in groups, help to govern the local churches. When able to read the Bible, they can do very valuable work. The movement

is full of promise, and is receiving large attention where the work is developing most rapidly. The Sunday school and the Epworth League also prove most helpful auxiliaries, and both are widely used in all parts of our work. A new course of lessons for village Sunday schools, based on the story method (the one most effective in the villages), presents the essential truths of the gospel in one year in lessons about God, sin, Christ, salvation, holy living, and heaven, arranged in a series, with teaching outlines for the worker. This meets a long-felt want. It aims to so present the gospel as to enable any individual to make an intelligent decision after a year's instruction, as well as to present the truth in the form most likely to be impressive and lasting. In boarding schools the International Lessons are used. The Epworth League gives the villagers, particularly the young, the opportunity of taking a part in public service. It is the place for developing leadership and initiative among the people, and very necessary in a land where the teacher is apt to be the only one to be heard save in the singing. The League is also a valuable aid in village or city in teaching forms of Christian activity, and now that a general secretary has been provided for India, its influence is bound to increase very rapidly and to lead to very definite and desirable results.

The more striking developments come as a result of higher education. Selected boys and girls are encouraged to attend the boarding schools, where they are taught to the extent their intellectual development warrants. In some cases village children can go only to the third or fourth class, while others may rise to the sixth, to high school, or even to college. But even those who cannot go high do most valuable work as a result of the higher training in a Christian center, and fully repay the effort made for them, while it is usual to find that their children can go much higher, and that by the third or fourth generation any inherent intellectual weaknesses are largely removed. For such as cannot rise above the third or fourth class, industrial or manual training is very desirable, and some instruction of this kind is advantageous for all pupils in the higher schools. Industrial schools, however, need to be properly equipped and operated. Those which propose to teach trades should do so thoroughly. In many cases

the present provision is so inadequate that this is impossible. Manual training is particularly useful in teaching the awkward boy and girl to use the hand and eye together, in overcoming the common prejudice against manual labor, and in developing self-reliance and initiative. Where schools are properly equipped, they are suitable for the more intelligent scholars and help to furnish the community with good Christian workmen of high grade and good principle. While some Christians have difficulty in finding employment, it is probable that prejudice will soon fade away in the increasing demand for high-class labor, and it will not be difficult to provide work for all who are really deserving. It is from the various higher institutions that the leading workers are secured upon whose coöperation and leadership so much of the success of the movement among the masses depends. These institutions, also, are doing a most valuable work in sending out an ever-increasing stream of reliable young men and women who are finding their way into positions of high honor and large usefulness in the service of the government, in educational, postal, and telegraph departments, the railways, mills, business houses, etc. To find persons in high office who in one or two generations have emerged from the lower strata is now common in places where the mass-movement work is of sufficiently long standing. It is producing far-reaching effects, elevating the Christian community and the work of missions in the mind of many former detractors, and hastening the day of larger things in self-support. Many of these educated young men are liberal in their gifts and in their voluntary efforts in local churches, where they are most useful official members, local preachers, Sunday school teachers, and leaders in young people's work. They are especially liberal in helping to educate other members of their families and in providing for those dependent upon them. We are entirely dependent upon these higher institutions for the supply of Christian teachers for our schools. The demand far exceeds the supply, and few needs are felt so deeply and constantly. The strengthening of our entire educational system is most imperative if we are to have the intelligent leadership the growing work demands and upon which its largest success hinges.

A large proportion of the boys and girls educated in our middle schools go out into the village work, where they become leaders, not only among the Christians, but among the high-caste people as well. Frequently the best-educated people in the village, careful about their attire and the cleanliness of their houses, setting such a marked example in their home life, especially in the position of their wives, these Christian boys and girls are doing a noble work, and where they are earnest, true, and humble as well, they can approach all classes with excellent results, even though they are known to be from the lowest castes. After some years of testing, the more promising among them are sent to the theological seminaries for higher training, while all are required to take the excellent courses of study arranged for all grades of workers in our church, and their advancement in scale depends on their progress in the said courses. Normal training is being introduced, and medical schools (particularly for women), while other provision is made from time to time as the growing needs of the community and the funds in hand permit.

The value of higher schools, boarding schools, can hardly be overestimated. The contrast to the life in the village is beyond description. Boys and girls are introduced to a life approximately that in a Christian land. It is not an overstatement to say that this is the most thorough method of evangelization, for until we have far more and better-equipped pastors, adequately supervised, we cannot hope to elevate the people in the villages sufficiently to give them what the boys and girls get in our schools: a true conception of the Christian life under Christian surroundings and control. In the schools we lay foundations similar to those known in the West. Here we can make an appeal to the child for a full and intelligent surrender of the will and a dedication to Christian service; here we can do individual work of an adequate nature and with satisfying results—and all these at a cost averaging twenty dollars per year per child. The notable revival of 1906 spread largely through the boarding schools. Hundreds of boys and girls entered into a new spiritual life. Workers of this type can carry high ideals into the villages and lead the Christians there into larger experiences. A notable fact about

the revival was the profound conviction of sin, the lack of which heretofore has been a source of the greatest anxiety to many missionaries in India. Consequently, we look forward hopefully to the time when these who have had deep religious experiences, and who have the consciousness of pardon of sin, will be able to go out and lead others into similar experiences. This is an illustration of the way in which the boarding school constantly proves the training ground for higher ideals and purer moral life.

The pressing demand for workers and the simplicity of village conditions make another and a quicker method of preparation necessary. Among the village Christians we find promising young men too advanced in years to enter the boys' school. These, however, with their wives may be brought into the training schools, where both men and women are given from one to three years' instruction (depending upon their previous training) in the vernaculars, in arithmetic, in the Bible, and in simple comparative religion. They must be supported while in school, as they leave their means of livelihood, but the cost does not exceed forty dollars per year for a family. These training students are very effective in village work, especially in the early stages of a movement, because of their intimate knowledge of prevailing conditions and of the life of the people whom they seek to influence. The problem of reaching the masses is largely one of producing workers. Had we the teachers, we could accept hundreds of thousands of candidates as quickly as they could be taught the rudiments. In the Meerut District alone, one hundred and twenty miles by sixty, out of a population of three million five hundred thousand it is estimated that fully one million people are accessible now to the gospel, of whom one hundred thousand are sweepers, six hundred thousand are Chamars (among whom movements are now proceeding with great rapidity), and the balance are of higher castes. The interest among caste Hindus and Mohammedans was never so great. Inquirers and converts among them are frequently met, and requests for instruction, with offers of liberal aid or the full support of the worker, are more numerous than the supply. Some remarkable movements have begun the true nature of which is not understood until one realizes what it means to high-caste people to

be willing to leave their own and to associate with out castes, whom they would not touch formerly, but with whom they now mingle and worship. These conditions are found elsewhere in large measure, and there is imperative need of increasing our forces immediately to take advantage of the remarkable opportunities thus presented. The North India Conference, after fifty years' work, reports fifty thousand Christians, with baptisms one year from twenty-seven different castes, while the Northwest India Conference (of which the Meerut District is a part) has gathered one hundred and fifteen thousand in the last twenty years. The Methodist Episcopal Mission in the United Provinces has had such remarkable success that in 1901 it had eighty-eight per cent of all the Christians in the territory (Richter). It is probable that the recent census will show even a greater proportion, as the movement is proceeding with the utmost rapidity whenever funds permit advance. The Northwest India Conference averages over ten thousand baptisms per year, though terribly handicapped financially. The crying need is the strengthening of all institutions which produce workers, with the necessary support of these workers when ready.

Increased missionary supervision is also required in many places. Supervision of work of this character demands the most careful attention. Under prevailing conditions one missionary may be compelled to oversee all that is being done by a large force of Indian assistants in a large territory. Our method places one man (sometimes an Indian) over a district. The district is divided into circuits under a "preacher-in-charge," who is an Indian in almost every case save in the centers where the missionaries reside. The work of the preacher-in-charge is to supervise the efforts of the men and women under him. Sometimes he has half a dozen, but there are circuits with twenty or more workers and four thousand or more Christians. The workers usually live in larger towns or villages, and near the larger groups of Christians, but each worker may have from three to twenty villages under his care and as high as one thousand Christians and inquirers. Some have even forty villages, but only where the work is growing very rapidly and the provision is most inadequate. The

workers who have regular day schools have fewer villages to care for, but all the workers strive to spend some time in teaching the children who live near them. The worker visits as many villages daily as time and strength permit, and is supposed to cover his circuit at least four times a month. The preacher-in-charge is expected to cover his circuit at least once a year, to visit all the villages with the worker, devoting special attention to those most in need, and to exercise general supervision. The district superintendent meets the groups of workers in each circuit three or four times a year (in Quarterly Conference), at which times the searching questions in the Methodist Discipline are asked and reports are given on all subjects of importance. Preaching services are held with the local Christians and special hours are given to the workers, upon whose steady development so much depends. When possible, the district superintendent also goes out into the villages on evangelistic tours with the workers. There is most urgent need of more of this evangelistic work, and every large district should have a man or woman set aside for it. It greatly encourages the people to see and hear the missionary, and there is no better method of training workers than to go with them and show them how to meet the local problems. It is also the best method of estimating the character of their work and their individual needs.

Once a year all the workers are gathered for three or four days in a district conference. The newer workers are examined in the prescribed courses of study, reports are given, lectures delivered, inspiring services held, discipline administered, and appointments made for the ensuing year. The district conference may be held in connection with the Workers' Bible (or Summer) School, which frequently continues for three or four weeks, during which all are enrolled in classes for special study and examination apart from the Conference courses. Devotional services are held daily, followed by three or four hours of class work, and by institutes, lectures, workers' meetings, etc. As a result, the whole body of men and women go back, refreshed and stimulated, to continue their lonely life among depressed conditions, better fitted to live above them and to lift their people. One month in the year

is set aside by our whole India mission for an "evangelistic campaign" in which all the forces take part. The definite objects are to reclaim any who have fallen away, to lead all into higher Christian experience and life, to reach other castes, to help the inquirers to a decision for Christ, and to distribute Christian literature. The students coöperate, especially in the places where the schools are located. Special attention is given to prayer, consecration, and definite plans for the work in hand. Very large and fruitful results have attended these campaigns. In all these efforts the aim is to develop and train up Indian leaders upon whom the full burden is being placed as rapidly as possible, and with most encouraging results.

III. The Opportunity and Its Bearing on the Evangelization of India. The history of older mass movements in India would seem to show (a) that, according to the faith of the leaders at the time of acceptance, practically all the people who were received have stood firm and their descendants have remained Christians; (b) that there has been a steady rise in the community, from generation to generation, usually in proportion to the investment of missionary effort along all lines; (c) that where, through hesitation or lack of equipment, further advance was interfered with, those who were ready to come have not only gone back, but have tried to exert hurtful influences upon those previously received; (d) that in most sections there has been no marked mass movement following the stopping of one which was under way; that is, those who were received have stood firm with their children, but the movement, as such, ceased. This brings us to the important question, What is to be done with the present mass movement in the north of India, chiefly in the Northwest India Conference, which is still growing with great rapidity, but which is imperiled by weakness due to lack of leaders and funds? In the opinion of many, it is the key to very much larger progress among all the out castes of North India, numbering many millions, and through them to the whole situation. Already it seems that the movement in the older North India Conference, once so very hopeful, is in the condition noted in the third point (c), and that the chief hope of reviving it is to press the adjoining work so as to arouse new

interest which will spread on all sides. The language is largely the same, and the people are closely related. The interest among the classes previously referred to is at its highest point in the territory covered by the Meerut, Roorkee, Delhi, and Punjab Districts of the Northwest India Conferences, where the calls for instruction and baptism exceed anything previously experienced. The force of workers is pressed to the breaking point, particularly the missionaries, several of whom have given way under the strain. There has been very little increase in the appropriations and in the missionary force, notwithstanding the rapid growth of the work. Now the future seems to depend upon such reinforcements as will relieve the over-burdened workers and rapidly produce large numbers of native assistants to enter the widening and rapidly ripening fields. Could several million converts be gathered in a compact territory in a few years (which seems only a question of investment), a profound influence would be exerted upon all the people. The remaining millions of the out castes would be even more accessible throughout all India and the largest victory yet won in the evangelization of that or any similar land would be in sight. There are marked advantages to be gained by such a forward movement. In the first place, it would offset the efforts now being made by Hindus and Mohammedans to secure these same classes, chiefly for political reasons, which would make them vastly more inaccessible, and throw away much of the advantage we have gained. Furthermore, attention is being drawn to the important fact that these so-called "out caste" or "depressed classes" are in reality the laborers of India and, in point of fact, probably potentially the most valuable asset in the land. The higher castes have an assured position, which they will not relinquish easily, while these will enter into new conditions, meet new needs, and, especially as Christians, be the persons who will most surely bring about the modifications essential to the development of Indian life. As a consequence, there are strong reasons why we should aim to secure the whole of any class and train all together. The increased numbers make self-support more practicable, where it is now difficult because of the poverty of the little groups scattered here and there; a united community would

more speedily adopt Christian customs and escape from the tyranny of old ties; the danger of part of the class turning back and stopping or injuring the old movement is largely averted; the rate of advance would be increased by the removal of obstructions, also the numbers of notable cases of great evangelists and other Indian leaders, now too few; the larger number would exert more influence as a community, be better able to stand alone, to realize their strength, and to use it in such a way as to exemplify their Christian teaching and standards; and the movement would encourage the many thousands of heart Christians among the higher classes to come out openly and throw in their lot—with all the possibilities of larger and more far-reaching movements thus thrown open.

The attitude of the people may be made clear by one or two illustrations: In one district a man who could not be used as a worker was lost sight of for a time, after which he came to the district superintendent and told him that six hundred people were ready for baptism in his village. The district superintendent found them remarkably well taught, and sent for Bishop Warne, who was fully convinced of their sincerity and approved of their baptism. The same man had brought the leaders of several other village groups, who were also encouraged to do likewise. A most promising movement is under way. In another district a low-grade worker was dismissed because of supposed inefficiency, but in the recent census fifteen thousand persons proclaimed themselves as Christians and his followers. These illustrations show the advantage of a movement under the control of the mission, leading to efficient teaching and discipline, also the danger of large movements improperly guided and taught, which may reflect on the cause and multiply the number of those who are Christians only in name. Nevertheless, both show the readiness and temper of the people who want to become Christians. The recent census reveals the fact that many thousands have enrolled themselves in this way, though known to the missions only as inquirers, if at all.

The mass movement requires strong faith in the power of Christ to lift those who call upon his name, however low they may be in the beginning. The work and glory of Christianity, how-

ever, is in preaching the gospel to the poor, who, transformed and elevated, evangelize those who were formerly above them. May we, with Christ, "see harvests, not mere crowds," in those now accessible, and be encouraged by the results already achieved, as well as by faith, to take those who seem so ready, confident that they are his children and among the "other sheep" of his fold.

Thos. Shorthugh

ART. III.—HISTORY AND PRESENT CONDITION OF CHURCH SINGING

ON a lovely eminence in the city of Zurich, in Switzerland, overshadowed by fragrant, venerable linden trees, repose the ashes of the Swiss philosopher and composer, Hans Georg Naegeli. The plain monument in golden letters bears the inscription,

In der Lichtwelt der Kunst
Bleibt ewig das Wesentlichste und Bildenste
Das in schoener Tonform gesungen Wort.

In English:

In the luminous realm of art
There is nothing as essential and of as high educational value
As human thought uttered in the beautiful form of song.

This comprehensive sentiment is a quotation from Naegeli's own writings and conveys the correct theory that the art of music rises to its highest and most sacred service only when its charms are wedded to language. Then it ceases to be merely an æsthetical factor and rises to the importance and dignity of a moral factor, which to be is the divine destiny of all art; a destiny, however, which absolute music, music without words, can never reach to the fullest extent. Instrumental music may certainly afford delights unspeakable. It will unseal the deepest fountains of emotion when its divine finger touches a susceptible soul. One may be tossed about in raptures by a sweet melody or by the majestic power of polyphony as a butterfly is carried away by the fragrant breezes of a day in spring. To study the fine logic of a fugue, the clever syllogism of a sonata, the classic architecture of a symphony, the military array and disposition of an orchestra, the tonal quality and charm of voice and string, of wood and brass, is as much an intellectual treat as it is an emotional enjoyment. The facts surely bear May Byron out when, in her "Beethoven," she says:

Music possesses all the characteristic beauties of other arts. The composer shares form and color with the painter—a much more elastic variety of form and an incomparably wider use of color in the magnificent paint-box of the orchestra. The composer's art, moreover, is not station-

ary at one fixed point, one moment, so to speak, seized and immortalized on the canvas, but has the fluidity and onward movement of actual life, passing with bewildering rapidity of transition from one phase of thought to another, even as life does. And the composer, while he shares with the great prose writer and the poet the power of expressing things marvelously well, of uttering in beautifully poised and balanced rhythm the whole gamut of human emotion, yet has a greater power than theirs; for he can put into a single phrase with an exquisite intimacy of intuition a meaning which could hardly be denoted in a hundred words. He can condense into a couple of bars the essence of a whole chapter.

This brilliant eulogy, the slight extravagance of which for the sake of its beautiful form we all will gladly pardon, corroborates Naegeli's proposition, inasmuch as it speaks of the composer's supreme power and almost unlimited means to utter the whole gamut of human emotions. Emotion is the magic realm of absolute music. But to influence the moral side of human nature in a potent and conscious manner, to touch the will-center in man, it needs the help of a text, without which it is more limited as to moral influence than painting, sculpture, and, of course, poetry. Can ever the grandest symphony, rhapsody or concerto influence a person for good or evil as may a good or bad drama, a lascivious or chaste figure or group, or a religious or sensual painting? Music alone is not able to convey facts or principles. It can suggest joy, sorrow, expectation, restlessness, passion, and the like, but language must define and direct the feelings it awakens in the soul. Only a text can bring them to bear on the will—a text which it then embraces and exhibits like a gold ring a diamond, like the candlestick a light. Here undoubtedly is the reason why Beethoven in his grandest symphony, the apotheosis of "joy, the heavenly spark of the godhead," took recourse to Schiller's text, though joy is easier of expression in music than most other emotions. On the other hand, while music, to become a moral factor, needs the help of words, the effect of language is greatly increased and prolonged by music—a most important fact, to which the extensive use of song in religious worship is due. Music is the natural and essential companion of religion; for the sacred is also the beautiful, and when its inward beauty assumes outward form, then the sacred enters the sphere of art. It is, therefore, quite natural that religion and music should go hand in hand from the

early beginning even in cultured heathendom, and especially in Israel. The oldest songbook is a religious hymnal of one hundred and fifty numbers, the Psalter. From the Jews the use of song in worship passed over to the Christian church, there to become an invaluable means of edification in and propagation of the faith.

The history of the development of singing in the church is very interesting indeed. Even the briefest glance at the principal phases of that history is instructive and profitable. The first we learn from the sources is that in the apostolic era it was customary for individuals to render their testimony at meetings in the form of improvised song. But soon the general confession of the Christian faith and hope found its more adequate and impressive expression in congregational singing; this not only giving the worshipers the necessary active part in public service and at the same time gratifying the emotions awakened by the religious appeal and reflections of the hour, but appealing to the intellect by the beautiful symbolism of music. For could there be any more striking illustration of the secret and beauty of that unity in diversity, of that harmony of souls which was to be realized in the Christian church and life, than music, with its wonderful code of spiritual and natural laws embodied in melody and harmony, or than a worshipping multitude whose voices are blended in song? As Saint Augustine (about B. C. 400) wrote:

The young, the old, the rich, the poor, men, women, bondsmen, and freemen, all unite in song. All earthly distinctions cease; the congregation forms one great choir.

The further process of development up to our present day unveiled a law pervading the entire history of the church: the law that congregational singing rises and falls with the religious condition of the church. The seasons of a high tide of spiritual life are always the times of increased productiveness and of a revival of congregational singing, while a relapse into formalism always means a less-participating and finally a silent congregation. We can observe this law as early as in the postapostolic period. Religious life then suffering under incessant dogmatical contention, singing became entirely devoid of its originally de-

votional, personal character, and, like the sermon, was used merely as a weapon in the warfare against heterodoxy and heretics and naturally passed from the congregation over to the clergy, or, by and by, to the professional choir. Ambrosius, Bishop of Milan (he died 397), introduced a new and better era in church life, which was marked by a new departure in church music. He saw the injury done to the church in silencing the congregation and set himself to the work of remedying the situation, and the way he did it was as successful as it is interesting. He eliminated the dry and difficult polemic songs of the past time and introduced songs of vivid melodious and rhythmic movement. Old Latin church hymns were remodeled and rhythmicized, others of Oriental origin were translated and set to music, and new ones were written, so that before long there was a repertory of new and popular melodies which the crowds that again filled the churches were only too glad to join in singing. While Ambrosius might perhaps have been a little more scrupulous and conservative in selecting the tunes, he certainly most gloriously gained the end he had in view. I beg to refer to just one incident that shows the power of church singing at that time: it was the majestic song of a worshipping multitude that saved the life of Athanasius. He was to be arrested by soldiers during a service in his church. When the soldiers heard the congregation sing, they were so overcome that they did not venture to enter the church, thus involuntarily giving the noble preacher a chance to escape.

But the election of Gregory the Great (200 years after Ambrosius) to the Papal See brought a change and a relapse so radical that by it the congregation was silenced in the church for one thousand years. He would not even suffer its participation in the antiphonal hymns, formerly sung by clergy and congregation alternately. As the use of the Latin language was made obligatory in the church, so church singing was stereotyped, not to say petrified, in the Gregorian "*Cantus Firmus*," committed, of course, exclusively to the clergy, and intended for all future to exclude every possibility of a menace to the dignity of church worship by the introduction of musical elements of secular origin and reminiscence—an apprehension which was not without reason;

but the overstringent measures which it led to remind one of the command of a king to poison all fish in all the waters of his kingdom because one of his household had once swallowed a fishbone. A silent church is worse than a forest in spring without the song of the birds. And it is more unnatural. No wonder, therefore, that about the time of the Reformation, when a new spiritual era dawned upon the church, congregational singing begins to reappear. But it had to overcome opposition from many sides at first. Ministers who praised God in song were called "priests of Baal" by Wycliffe. Some Waldensian leaders held that singing was an entirely useless waste of time in worship, others held that it belonged to the usages peculiar to the Hebrew religion and was no more appropriate in Christendom than circumcision and the celebration of Jewish Sabbaths and new moons. Calvin, prone to asceticism and personally unmusical, failed entirely to see the "divinity" of music as an art and was reluctant to permit musical instruments and singing in the church. Even Zwingli at first opposed, yea, ridiculed, it. When he petitioned the magistrates of Zurich to abandon church singing, he sang his request to them, and said in explanation of this queer way of doing that it was not a bit queerer than praying to God singing and with organ accompaniment. Yet he was too musical himself and too far-seeing to continue to oppose church singing after he saw the wonders it wrought in the Lutheran movement. So later on he tolerated and even encouraged it, though, in his radical way, he stripped the churches of mural and other paintings, of sculptural ornament, of bells and organs.

The language of the church having been exclusively Latin, the reformers, of course, first had to create songs and hymnals in the language of the people. Knox wrote the Psalter metrically in English and published it set to music in four parts; and Luther, unquestionably the great pioneer of Protestant church singing, issued his first German hymnal, with eight tunes, in 1524, and another one, containing one hundred and twenty-nine tunes, twenty-one years later, after the people had learned to read and write. In sharp contrast to the artifices of the later development of the Gregorian chants, he gave the people songs of popular char-

acter, many of them taken from good secular sources and remodeled in text and music for spiritual use. The pleasing melody was removed to the upper part and the whole in alert rhythmic movement showed the character of the glad message it was to bear. Lucas Osiander's German hymnal, published in 1586 and bearing the title "Spiritual Songs and Psalms Set in Four Parts According to the Counterpoint Method for All the Christian Congregation to Sing," was the classical demonstration of the new departure and soon became normative for the other lands. Thus the Reformation brought a revival of congregational song that was as far-reaching in its effect as the new methods in theology. What is called in German "Choral" was the precious and wholesome musical fruit it yielded to the church: a dignified plain song for public use at the services, to be sung *unisono* with organ accompaniment or a *cappella* in four parts. Four centuries have passed since the Reformation. What have they brought in the way of progress? Not what might have been expected. With the relapse of Protestantism into orthodoxy and formalism after Luther's time there came a stagnation in musical development—I am referring to congregational singing only—which relapse in continental Europe is only now beginning to be overcome. The choral was sung un rhythmically, and even in our quick and nervous age it was sung in the tiresome tempo of past centuries that were of far slower pulse and pace. It was really a relapse into Gregorianism, from which the recovery would have been much slower had not strong influences from the Western side of the Channel and the Atlantic touched the Continental shores—influences, however, that failed to reach the Greek Catholic Church, whose congregations are entirely silent to this day and whose choirs consist exclusively of male voices. Nor did it materially affect the Roman Catholic Church, the musical liturgy of which strictly adheres to the Gregorian order, but which has of late begun occasionally to permit congregational singing, always *unisono*, and generally of songs of melodic value and of that quaint charm which antiquity lends.

What course did things take and what is the situation on this side of the Atlantic? While in the colonies that had an estab-

lished church, the Anglican, the Reformed, or the Catholic, the respective liturgic order of these churches was simply a transplantation of the European conditions to American soil, that is, granting music the same place in public worship as it held in England and in the Catholic and Reformed portions of the Continent, the Pilgrims and Puritans (in consequence of strong Calvinistic influence) united in distrust of music. The Pilgrims would, if possible, have abolished it entirely. They allowed no hymns or music in their services but the psalms, and these to be sung in only five different tunes. And even then there were serious debates over the question as to who should be allowed to participate in the singing, except the "Amen," in which all were allowed to join: whether only the elect, those that had "found grace," or all; whether men only, or women as well; whether old tunes or also "tunes invented" should be permitted to be sung. Skillful singing was, of course, considered by many a direct sin, as well as the introduction of an instrument for the reinforcement of the voices. That was in the beginning, "when the earth was without form and void," up to two hundred and fifty years ago. The rising star of the new world brought a better day for American church music. In 1713 the first organ was put to use in King's Chapel in Boston, and as early as 1717 a singing school was established in the New England metropolis, though, according to a London publication on church music in New England, there were "no musicians by trade" there. But congregational singing began to flourish, especially in nonconformist circles, and soon everywhere. And by and by America got its own religious composers.

It is quite in keeping with the development of things in general in America that our first religious composers were laymen in music. William Billings (1746-1800) was a tanner by trade. What he wrote for choirs was a bold attempt at florid counterpoint work, but was anything but musically correct, as he lacked all knowledge of harmony. However, he went to ecstasies over his own chaotical productions, so as to exclaim in the preface to one of his books: "The new style has more than twenty times the power of the old slow tunes; each part straining for mastery and victory; the audience entertained and delighted—their minds

surpassingly agitated and extremely fluctuated, sometimes declaring for one part, and sometimes for another. Now the solemn bass demands their attention, next the manly tenor; now the lofty counter; now the valid treble. Now here, now there, now here again. . . . Rush on, ye sons of harmony!" Surely his day was the golden age for struggling composers. Holden was a carpenter; Dan Reed a comb maker; Jacob Kimball a lawyer. Humble and imperfect as the efforts of these musical pioneers were, these men deserve anything but ridicule—for they were thoroughly in earnest; and they made the very best of what was at their command. Can that be said of those that came after them—of the church to-day? The long and extensive revival of religion and of church interest that swept over our land, especially in the past century, could not fail to bring with it a tidal wave of new religious song. Be it frankly admitted that this wave washed many a precious pearl to our shores, still it remains true that its waters were deplorably shallow. The great mass of its hymnological residue were songs of a kind that lacked all qualities that constitute a high grade of religious hymn. And while, fortunately, these unsatisfactory products failed to find their way in great numbers into our official hymnbooks, they filled the pages of the hymnals for young people and Sunday schools; songs that have one quality at least, rhythmic life, but altogether too much of it, so that most of them would (but for the religious text) be more suitable for a dancing hall than for church use; songs that lack all higher musical elements, undignified, lacking originality, melodic grace, and harmonic correctness—not to speak of refinement; cheap, trivial, tiresome, jumping songs, machine-made musical-factory ware—so many thousands a year—which to hear soon becomes intolerable and which to sing with any kind of æsthetical satisfaction and feeling of reverence soon becomes impossible; musical products of altogether incompetent composers, most of whom belong to the class represented by the above named Billings, who, in the introduction to his first song-book, with childlike frankness confessed his ignorance of musical law. I quote him:

Perhaps it may be expected by some that I should say something concerning rules of composition. To these I answer that Nature is the

best dictator; for all the hard, dry, studied rules that ever were prescribed will not enable any person to form an air any more than bare knowledge of the four and twenty letters and strict grammatical rules will qualify a scholar for composing a piece of poetry or properly adjusting a tragedy without a genius. It must be Nature; Nature must lie at the foundation; Nature must inspire the thought. For my own part, I don't think myself confined to any rules for composition laid down by any that went before me. . . . In fact, I think it is best for every composer to be his own carver.

Please do not misunderstand me. I am the last man to underestimate lay talent. I am fully aware that, even as science owes a great deal of its modern achievement to the discoveries of laymen, music is greatly indebted to contributions of amateurs. But the publication of hymnbooks that help to mold and to determine the musical taste of a nation ought not to be left to them. Our Sunday school hymnals ought to be at least as good with regard to contents and form as the textbooks of our public schools. Therefore their editing ought to be left to professional men who will see to it that the musical orthography of these books is without blunders and that jewels of sacred poetry are not set to music in brass or tin. The church is the natural foster mother of music, particularly of singing, for from earliest youth to the very end of life it has people under its musical influence in innumerable services and gatherings where there is always singing. In the most solemn, in the joyous, and in the saddest hours of life it gives them its music, thus more than any other factor forming the musical taste of the generation. From the days of childhood it fills the memory with tunes that will quicken or deaden the musical ear. The opportunity of the church in this direction is the measure of its responsibility. Has it done its best, its duty? I am sorry to have to say, "No." In all other realms of art that touch church and religious life, in architecture, in painting, in literature, more care has been taken and more solicitude has been shown than in music. Here simply anything and everything was good enough. Consequently, the taste for good music was, and is, being systematically corrupted by the hymnological trash and forbidding tunes upon which the children are raised in Sunday school and through which they are, as a rule, fairly

whipped in a senseless tempo by instruments played as mechanically as a hurdy-gurdy on the street.

The worst of it is that in this way not only the musical taste is corrupted, but the very desire also for singing in church is destroyed. To anyone who is historically informed, as well as religiously interested, the fact that in our land congregational singing in public worship is dying out in an alarming degree is a source of serious apprehension. After an absence from this country of almost two decades, I find a most surprising change in this respect. The worshiping multitude listens almost silently to the choir, quartet, or organ, instead of joining with united and hearty voice in song. Sadly few are the churches (especially among the upper classes) of which Saint Augustine could say to-day as he wrote of those of his time, "O Lord, how I have wept over thy psalms and hymns as I was so agreeably and deeply moved by the pleasant voice of thy holy congregation. It penetrated into my ear and thy truth dripped into my soul. O the sweet ecstasies I had in tears." Why this deplorable silence of our congregations? I fear one of the foremost reasons is the fact that, as indicated a moment ago, the inclination to participate in singing at church is to a great extent killed by the cheap and forbidding music in Sunday school and young people's meetings.

How do we come to have so much inferior and harmful music in our popular hymnbooks? I account for it, first, by the incompetency of musical leaders and composers in the church. And here I think particularly of committees for the preparation of hymnbooks, and of evangelistic singers who, with few exceptions, are without musical education, but who largely furnish the revival music of our day, which is first sung by enthused masses and then finds its way into the homes, churches, and, finally, the hymnals. Another reason is the mercenary spirit of publishing houses which keep pouring religious hymnbooks over the land with no other object than business profit—books, therefore, that cost them little and bring them much. As a third reason I mention the senseless clamoring of the masses for "new" music, no matter if it is poor. "When we get tired of it," they say, "we'll

have new stuff again." And thus church and Sunday school songs are manufactured like paper napkins and toothpicks, once to be used and then to be thrown away. It is apparent that the church cannot tolerate this state of affairs without most seriously endangering its most vital interests. But where is help to come from? In the first place, from the conservatories of music, in the way of respectful but energetic protests and by patient and convincing instruction by competent writers in leading secular and religious periodicals as to the proper ideal of sacred music for congregational singing. Then above all, of course, through the publication of approved compositions by expert composers; songs that, according to the law that "the better is the enemy of the good," will crowd out the others.

It may be of interest here to state that, in order to protect religious circles in German and Dutch-speaking Europe against a threatening inundation of English, American, and German music of the undesirable type characterized above, there was a society formed in Elberfeld with the purpose (among others) of encouraging capable composers to turn their attention to this promising field of religious compositions and to supply the need of new religious songs by compositions of quality. The best talent was and is being solicited, and the compositions that have been passed by a competent commission of examiners are bought, the best of them being awarded prizes, and then published and sold at or below cost—for profit is no object at all—in order to get them among the people. Furthermore, great public song services are held in which these new hymns are sung by very large and well-drilled choirs to bring them to the notice of the public and to create a taste for them. Why could not something of this sort be done in this country? But something more is desirable: the introduction of lectures on history of Church music into the curriculum of theological seminaries. Now, as a rule, ministers are about as well versed in music as musicians are in isagogics or hermeneutics or Aramaic syntax, a deficiency in their equipment which is deplorable.

I regret to have to close these remarks without sufficient time to develop what to my mind is the ideal of church music for con-

gregational singing. We need, I think, two classes of songs. First, hymns of the order of the best German "choral" for the regular church service—church tunes in the strictest sense, the chief properties of which must be dignity and simplicity; a combination of Gregorian seriousness and solemnity, and of Ambrosian melodiousness and rhythm. Our church hymnals embody quite a number of this kind, but there is room for and need of more. Then we need hymns for other meetings and for children and young people. These may be of a lighter quality and of livelier movement, covering in greatest variety of conception and expression the whole range of religious thought, experience, and emotion. They must be popular in the high sense of the word, melodious, winsome, and of easy harmonic arrangement; in similar relation to the church tunes as a dwelling house to a church building, as a lovely flower of the meadow to the solemn lily of the conservatory. The question with regard to hymns must never be, Are they new or are they old? There will always be those that insist on tunes of venerable age, especially for use in the solemn official church service; and others that want new hymns. The calendar is of no importance here at all. We do not want that which is old or which is new, but that which has the quality of eternal youth. And there are two sources from which songs of the described qualities are to be had. First, the wealth of the hymnology of other nations and ages, both sacred and secular. Some of the most celebrated and beautiful church tunes even in the classical hymnals of Europe are of secular origin. Second, the wealth of talent which God has given our own land and nation, but which has not as yet felt itself called to enter this particular field of sacred music. Many outside the musical profession proper are interested in the state of congregational singing as a potent factor in church and national life. We long for a better future; but its molders and leaders must come from the conservatories.

A. J. Bucher.

ART. IV.—GEORGE FOX AND THE QUAKERS

AMONG the things in religion best worthy of study and fullest of lessons for every age is the Quaker movement, of which George Fox was the father and founder. It has close connection with Puritanism, on the one hand, and with Methodism on the other. It has a thrilling history, in which occur sharper contrasts than in any similar record. It has a phenomenal rise and an equally striking decline, the causes of which are especially instructive. It made a clear contribution to the accepted body of Christian truth and its mission to the world is not yet exhausted. It has done great things; it was highly respectable even in its lowest numerical estate; it still has a future. Professor William James, in his great book *The Varieties of Religious Experience*, well says:

The Quaker religion, founded by George Fox, is something which it is impossible to overpraise. In a day of shams it was a religion of veracity, rooted in spiritual inwardness, and a return to something more like the original gospel truth than men had ever known in England. So far as our Christian sects to-day are evolving into liberality they are simply reverting in essence to the position which Fox and the early Quakers so long ago assumed. No one can pretend for a moment that in point of spiritual capacity and sagacity Fox's mind was unsound. Everyone who confronted him personally, from Oliver Cromwell down to county magistrates and jailers, seems to have acknowledged his spiritual power.

Well known are Carlyle's words in *Sartor Resartus*:

Perhaps the most remarkable incident in modern history is not the Diet of Worms, still less the Battle of Austerlitz, Waterloo, Peterloo, or any other battle; but an incident passed carelessly over by most historians and treated with some degree of ridicule by others, namely, George Fox's making to himself a suit of leather. This man, the first of the Quakers and by trade a shoemaker, was one of those to whom, under ruder or purer form, the divine idea of the universe is pleased to manifest itself, and across all the hulls of ignorance and earthly degradation shine through in unspeakable awfulness, unspeakable beauty, on their souls; who, therefore, are rightly accounted prophets, God-possessed; or even gods, as in some periods it has chanced.

That Fox was a prophet, a hero, and a saint there can now scarce be question. He was not a sage, not a philosopher or a theologian, not largely educated or altogether well-balanced,

more's the pity, and from this deficiency came much loss to the movement he inaugurated. But he was by no means a half-crazed fanatic or blasphemer, a delighter of giddy brains, a seeker after novelties, a heretic of heretics, as so many of his time declared. He and his followers accounted themselves, with much reason, "Friends of the Truth" and "Children of the Light." They called men to the eternal inward realities and to lives of unswerving devotion to righteousness. They protested most vigorously against the formalism and deadness of contemporary Christianity, emphasizing the paramount importance of repentance and a personal striving after holiness of heart and life. They insisted on the necessity of a spiritual experience. They bore to the world the clearest witness of God's redeeming grace and forgiveness which was heard in England during the whole of the seventeenth century. They declared that no man, woman, or child under heaven was left without sufficient light and strength to be saved. They preached not only a free and a present, but also a full salvation, the fullest possible kind, preached it with such vehemence, self-sacrifice, and spiritual exaltation that some of the phenomena of the day of Pentecost were reproduced. Religion was to them a living presence within the heart, marking them off very distinctly from the men around them and making the earthly life but a small matter in comparison with the eternal. They emphasized personal communion with God, on the one hand, and practical righteousness on the other. Their whole endeavor was to bring back primitive Christianity, and their hope was to see all Christendom transformed, to see a reversal of the process which so disastrously changed, in the early centuries, the apostolic into the Catholic type; that type which exalted the priest above the prophet, which hardened into fixed institutions and rigid dogmas the freer life of the Spirit. The Quakers were the chief exponents in England for that age of the three great truths (1) that every man is accountable to God, and to God alone, for his beliefs; (2) that salvation consists in loving God and keeping his commandments, and in nothing else; (3) that force must never be employed to extend or defend religious opinions. He taught the immediate influence of the Holy Spirit on human minds and the supremacy

of the Inward Light; that there was in all the hearts of men some manifestation of God, and by attending to it they would have more.

The character of George Fox stands out as one of the purest and noblest with which the annals of religion make us acquainted. William Penn, who knew him most intimately, being with him for months, together by night and day, by sea and by land, in various countries and on the most trying occasions, bore testimony that he never saw him out of his place or not a match for every service:

In all things he acquitted himself like a heavenly minded man: civil beyond all forms of breeding in his behavior, very temperate, eating little and sleeping less, though a bulky person; a discernor of others' spirits and very much a master of his own. He was no busybody, nor self-seeker, neither touchy nor critical. He was so meek, contented, modest, easy, steady, tender, it was a pleasure to be his companion; a most merciful man, as ready to forgive as unapt to take or give offense. He was an incessant laborer, unwearied, undaunted in his service for God and his people; he was no more to be moved by fear than by wrath. On all occasions, like his beloved Master, he was the servant of all. He had an extraordinary gift of opening the Scriptures. But above all he excelled in prayer; it was a testimony that he lived nearer to the Lord than other men.

Thomas Ellwood, friend and amanuensis of Milton and suggester to him of "Paradise Regained," knew Fox intimately for thirty years and was the editor of his Journal. This is a part of what he says about him:

He was indeed a heavenly minded man, zealous for the name of the Lord, and preferring the honor of God before all things. . . . He was valiant for the truth, bold in asserting it, patient in suffering for it, unwearied in laboring in it, steady in his testimony to it, immovable as a rock. . . . Graceful he was in countenance, manly in personage, grave in gesture, courteous in conversation, weighty in communion, instructive in discourse, and free from affectation in speech or carriage.

He was a man of lionlike courage and adamant strength of will, absolutely truthful, fearless, wholly devoted to what he believed to be his God-appointed mission, and without any of those sidelong looks at worldly promotion and personal aggrandizement which many fairly sincere leaders of church parties have cast at intervals during their journey. He was entirely persuaded that he had a message from God to deliver to mankind, and in its deliverance he was ready to endure everything cheerfully. As an

evangelist he had no equal in the century in which he lived, and it is doubtful if any one so thoroughly acquainted with the deep things of God and so successful in impressing them upon the people had appeared for some hundreds of years in England.

He was an extraordinary man in many ways. As an organizer of the Quaker system he deserves high praise, showing great powers as a religious legislator for the new society. He was far in advance of his age. He it was mainly who associated philanthropy inseparably with Quakerism. He advocated general education, was anxious that Philadelphia should have a botanical garden, battled for perfect religious and civil liberty, pleaded for the rights of the Negro and for the reform of the prisons. He exhibited marvelous power and keenness in the courts, boldly confronting the prejudiced judges, defying the bar, puzzling the lawyers with his subtleties, picking flaws in the indictments, and wringing from the baffled magistrates reluctant acquittals. His courage and skill were most marked. All were struck with the energy and firmness of his addresses, the force of his language, his just application and accurate knowledge of the Holy Writings. He was usually able to confute all opponents who made the Scripture their rule of doctrine, his quotations being always to the point and his explanations clear. In conversation he was grave, courteous, full of love and good will to all mankind. He was a wonderful example of his own doctrine that Christian perfection was to be attained by the perfect submission of our wills to God's will, through the cleansing power of the blood of Christ. George Bancroft said, "The mind of George Fox had the highest systematic sagacity." Coleridge said, "There exist folios on the human understanding and the nature of man which would have a far juster claim to high rank if in the whole huge volume there could be found as much fullness of heart and intellect as burst forth in many a single page of George Fox." Professor Huxley writes of the *Journal* as containing passages of great beauty and power. Charles Lamb also speaks very highly of it. Sir James Mackintosh describes the famous *Journal* as "one of the most extraordinary and instructive narratives in the world, which no reader of competent judgment can peruse without revering the

virtue of the writer, pardoning his self-delusion, and ceasing to smile at his peculiarities."

In person Fox was somewhat corpulent and his height above the common standard. His countenance was smooth and placid, his intelligent gray eyes were vivid and piercing. He was tall, strongly built, a singularly handsome man, with a powerful voice and a dignified appearance. He wore a broad-brimmed hat and a long coat of tanned leather. He possessed a rarely equaled power of influencing men. His patrimony was amply sufficient to supply his frugal needs and provide funds for his travel and his work. His marriage, late in life (1669), to the capable and most devout widow of Judge Fell was one of rare Christian beauty and perfect harmony. Oliver Cromwell was greatly impressed by him and treated him with distinguished consideration. He was brought before the Protector several times and talked with him very freely, exhorting him "to keep in the fear of God that he might receive wisdom from him; that by it he might be ordered, and that it might order all things under his hand to God's glory." "I spoke much to him of truth," writes Fox, "and a good deal of discourse I had with him about religion, wherein he carried himself very moderately. As I spake he several times said it was very good and true. As I was turning to go he caught me by the hand and with tears in his eyes said, 'Come again to my house, for if thou and I were but an hour of the day together we should be nearer one to the other,' adding that he wished me no more ill than he did to his own soul." Fox met the Protector at other times, rode by his carriage at his invitation and talked much with him, interceding in behalf of those who were suffering, and was always well received. He warned him against accepting the kingship, which was taken in good part, and with thanks. A letter from Fox to Cromwell concludes thus: "From a lover of your soul who desires your eternal good." Fox and the other chief Quakers regarded Cromwell as a man raised up by God, whose service, however, would have been much greater had he been completely faithful. His moderate attitude toward the Friends endeared him to them. He and they felt mutual esteem for one another, recognizing similar qualities and sincerities.

The full title of the celebrated book already referred to (the title given it by Editor Ellwood) is this: "Journal, or Historical Account of the Life, Travels, Sufferings, Christian Experience and Labor of Love in the work of the ministry, of that ancient, eminent, and faithful servant of Jesus Christ, George Fox." It is one of the most striking, original, and valuable human documents now available to man, not in all parts easy to read, with many pages that can profitably be skipped, especially those containing his extended letters, but, on the whole, breathing so lofty a spirit and chronicling so marvelous a career that it has highest claim to reverence and attention. Methodists will inevitably be reminded of Wesley's Journal, which was perhaps suggested to him by this one, although, so far as we are aware, he never refers to it. Wesley had considerable dealings with the Quakers of his day, sometimes pleasant, sometimes the contrary. He heartily approved the earnest religious spirit he met among them and commended them for the plainness of their dress and speech, bearing witness that the love of God was in their hearts. But when they stirred up dissension in some of his societies he issued a pamphlet setting forth clearly his strong objections to many of their tenets and practices. He called Robert Barclay's Apology (the chief standard of doctrine among the Friends) "that solemn trifle," and says, "Between me and the Quakers there is a great gulf fixed. The ceremonies of baptism and the Lord's Supper keep us at a wide distance from each other." He calls their "theeing and thouing" "a piece of egregious trifling, which would tend to make all religion stink in the nostrils of infidels and heathen." Many of their practices gave great offense to his stalwart common sense and his high church affiliations. In his Appeal to Men of Reason and Religion he speaks of some of the inconsistencies of their community in very severe terms. "A silent meeting," he says, "was never heard of in the church of Christ for sixteen hundred years." To a person who had left his society and joined the Quakers he writes:

Friend, you have an honest heart, but a weak head; a zeal, but not according to knowledge. Once your zeal was against ungodliness. Now it is against forms of prayer, against singing psalms or hymns, against

appointing times of praying or preaching, against saying "You" to a single person, uncovering your head, or having too many buttons on your coat. O what a fall is here, what poor trifles are these!

Quakerism anticipated Methodism in many important points: its hostility to the abominations of Calvinism, its advocacy of Christian perfection, its emphasis on inward experience and the direct guidance of the Spirit, its itinerancy, the prominence given to women's labors, its noble endurance of gross misrepresentation and fierce persecution for Christ's sake, as well as in the curious detail of conducting the business of meeting by means of answers to queries. Quakerism met the hunger of its century, the seventeenth, for a genuine burning word of God, just as Methodism did that of the eighteenth, and the rise of Methodism in the eighteenth century so satisfied this longing without the needlessly offensive peculiarities of Quakerism that the ground was effectively cut from under the latter and their increase prevented. Perhaps they resented this. At least they did not profit by the general religious awakening inaugurated by the Wesleys as did other bodies of Christians. They stood on one side idly watching the mighty work go on, and some of them criticized and condemned it. They neither helped it nor were helped by it. The light of Quakerism in that age of increasing darkness which preceded the coming of the Wesleys had gone out, or was hidden under the bushel of their meeting houses. God rebuked their degeneracy, it has been well remarked, with a divine irony. The first revelation that Fox had, an important one for his day, was that "being bred at Oxford or Cambridge was not enough to qualify men to be ministers of Jesus Christ." God now showed the Quakers that being bred at Oxford was not enough to disqualify men from being chosen messengers of salvation. Fox protested most fiercely against "a hireling clergy" as being "priests of Baal." But now these were the ones in large measure that turned the people back to God. John Wesley accomplished a work for his day almost exactly analogous to that of his predecessor, George Fox. His better-balanced brain and university training, also the more advanced century in which he lived, gave him large advantage over Fox; his longer life and superior organizing ability also helped. But

he was no more thoroughly devoted to God and nowhere nearly as much persecuted.

Fox was born July, 1624, at Drayton in Leicestershire, his parents being upright, God-fearing, and of martyr stock. His boyhood was sedate and devout. His relatives wished him to be a priest, but he was finally apprenticed to a man who was shoemaker, wool dealer, grazier, and cattle merchant. In these matters he showed himself skillful and brought much prosperity to his employer. In July, 1643, being nineteen, he left his relatives and his business and started out to see what God would have him do, being persuaded that he was called to some special work. He wandered about in much darkness for a while, getting no competent counsel, finding no one who could "speak to his condition," but studying the Bible, praying, and groping his way toward the light. At length, in 1646, he came to a personal knowledge of Christ as the one able to save and keep from sin. He was taken up into the love of God, he says, and made to apprehend that Christ is able to destroy the devil and all his works, "and is at top of him." Continuing to meditate, with fasting and prayer and weeping, God brought him out into a still larger and wealthier place and taught him how to lead a holy life. He is widely quoted as somewhere saying (possibly concerning an experience at this time), "I knew Jesus, and he was very precious to my soul; but I found something in me which would not keep patient and kind. I did what I could to keep it down, but it was there. I besought Jesus to do something for me, and when I gave him my will he came into my heart and cast out all that would not be sweet, all that would not be kind, all that would not be patient; and then he shut the door." After this he began to have "openings" or disclosures of truth which formed the basis of his public teaching. The first three were to the effect that none are true believers but those that have passed from death unto life, that university training is not enough to make a man a true minister of Christ, and that God dwells in human hearts rather than in temples made with hands—the latter being simply meeting houses, not churches.

Going one day, 1649, into "the great steeple house" at Nottingham, he heard the priest praising the Scripture as that by

which doctrines and opinions were to be tried. Whereupon he was moved to cry out, "O, no, it is not the Scripture, but it is the Holy Spirit which is to lead us into all truth and give us all knowledge. "The officers promptly seized him for this and thrust him into a nasty, stinking prison," the smell whereof got so into his nose and throat that he could scarcely breathe. This was his first experience of those terrible prisons with which he was to become so sadly familiar during the next thirty years. A century and a quarter was yet to roll away before John Howard horrified the people of England by his disclosures of the condition of the pestilential jails. In Fox's time the loathsome foulness of these places and the cruelty freely practiced in them almost surpasses belief. The prisons now are homes of great comfort, palaces, compared with those rotten pest holes which were sometimes little better than cesspools. It was in places like these that Fox spent six years out of the next twenty-five. In 1650 the magistrates at Derby committed him to the house of correction for six months as a blasphemer because he preached against their sins. When the term of commitment was about out, the commissioners of the commonwealth offered him a captaincy, the soldiers having clamored for him; on his refusing, because of his objection to war, they were greatly enraged and bade the jailer put him among the rogues and felons. So, he says, "I was put into a lousy, stinking place without any bed, and among thirty felons, where I was kept almost half a year." Many people thought he would never come out alive. A little later he was imprisoned at Carlisle among thieves and murderers, amid all manner of filth, "never a house of office to it," he says, "and the prisoners so lousy that one man was almost eaten to death with lice; and the jailer was very cruel and beat me with a cudgel for no offense." In 1655 he was put into Doomsdale, where they put murderers after they were condemned; few that went into it ever came out again in health. The excrements of the prisoners that from time to time had been there had not been carried out for many years, so that it was all like mire, in some places to the tops of the shoes. The jailer would not let them cleanse it, nor suffer them to have beds of straw to lie on. He poured filth upon them through holes above.

They were obliged to stand up all night, for they could not sit down in such ordure. It was evident that they meant to kill him.

He was arrested almost times without number, but in no case for having done any wrong. It was usually because he would not (could not conscientiously) take oaths, and would not remove his hat as a mark of respect, or would not go to "the steeple houses," or, when there, would deliver his soul. He had very many marvelous escapes from death at the hands of the mob. Often and often the rabble would set upon and beat him until he fell down in a swoon, would stone and strike him with dogwhips and horsewhips until his body and arms were yellow and black and blue with the bruises received. At one time they threw him headlong over a stone wall. At another they knocked him down, kicked him, trampled on him, beat him with stones and staves till he lay senseless on the wet earth. When able to get up he stretched out his arms and said with a loud voice, "Strike again; here are my arms, my head, my cheeks." And they did strike, with redoubled fury. At one prison he lay all one cold winter in a tower where he was almost smothered with smoke coming from beneath, from the rooms of other prisoners; where it rained upon his bed, where the wind blew open whatever he put in to stop the rain from coming, until his body, nearly starved, was so racked with pains that it greatly swelled and his limbs were much benumbed. At another time, he writes, "I was so weak with lying almost three years in cruel and hard imprisonment, my joints and my body were so stiff and benumbed that I could hardly get upon my horse nor bend my joints, nor well bear to be near the fire, or to eat warm meat, I had been kept so long from it." Once after being beaten and stoned he quietly remarks, "Being filled with the Lord's refreshing power I was not sensible of much hurt I had received by their blows."

He bore everything patiently, in the sweetest and most forgiving spirit, unshaken in his loyalty to the government, unsoured in his disposition toward mankind. "The more they imprison me, the more the truth spreads," he writes. He would not walk out of prison, though he was given many opportunities, if there was any suspicion attaching to it that he was flinching from his appointed

testimony or that he was himself escaping at the expense of other less prominent people. On the contrary, he exposed himself intentionally to shield others. He always sought the post of danger and the most arduous work. His freedom was frequently offered him if he would go home and preach no more, or if he would pay the jailers' fees, but this he always refused. And the prison doors were at last opened unconditionally, there being nothing else to do. He lay in prison a long time on one occasion because he would not accept the king's pardon. "I was not free to receive it," he says, "knowing that I had not done evil. I had rather have lain in prison all my days than come out in any way dishonorable to truth; wherefore I chose to have the validity of my indictment tried before the judges." The case was finally brought before the judges, after many delays, and there were found to be so many and such gross errors in the indictment that it was quashed, as null and void, and he was set at liberty.

Thus, though I had suffered imprisonment a year and almost two months for nothing, I was fairly set at liberty upon the trial, on the errors of my indictment, without receiving any pardon or coming under any obligation or engagement at all; and the Lord's everlasting power went over all, to his glory and praise. . . . When I was in prison . . . a friend went to Oliver Cromwell and offered him, body for body, to lie in Doomsdale in my stead if he would set me at liberty. Which thing so struck him that he said to his great men, "Which of you would do so much for me if I were in the same condition?" He did not accept the friend's offer, saying it was contrary to law, yet the truth thereby came mightily over him.

This offer to substitute was quite a common thing. Many friends did this out of love to God and their brethren, that they might not die in the stinking jails, "and in love to those that cast them in, that they might not bring innocent blood upon their heads; which we knew would cry to the Lord and bring vengeance upon them." In 1659 no less than one hundred and sixty-four Friends assembled in Westminster Hall and sent to the House of Commons a paper offering their bodies, person for person, to lie in jail in place of those that had been for a long time imprisoned. The House did not like it at all, because of the scandal cast on the magistrates and ministers, and ordered those who were assembled to go home. They were men of substance and position in the Quaker

community. It was surely among the golden deeds of history. There were seldom less than one thousand in prison for the truth's testimony. In the midst of the turmoils and disturbances of the times it was very easy to rake up charges against anybody, and it was constantly done against the Quakers to get them into trouble. When King Charles II came in, about seven hundred Friends were set at liberty who had been put in prison under Oliver and Richard. But in the Fifth Monarchy excitement, very soon after that, several thousands of Friends were cast into prison and suffered severe persecution although perfectly innocent. In 1662 the number in prison was 4,200, and twenty died that were in the jails of London alone; in 1664 twenty-five; in 1665 fifty-two; and many others, after being set at liberty, died in consequence of their sufferings. There is no parallel to this in the history of the last three centuries. In a letter to King Charles, Fox says that 3,173 were imprisoned for conscience' sake under the Protector, and seventy-three of these are still imprisoned, and thirty-two have died, and that 3,068 have been imprisoned in the king's name. Between the years 1660 and 1685, the reign of Charles II, over 13,000 Friends were imprisoned in England, 198 were transported as slaves, 338 died in prison or of wounds received in assaults while attending meeting. The pretexts usually were refusal to pay tithes, or swear, or remove the hat, or preaching in public places, or disturbing public worship, or Sabbath-breaking, or traveling to their meetings, or holding an unlawful assembly under the Conventicle Act. All the old statutes of Henry VIII and Elizabeth, which had been passed against the Papists and other recusants, were brought to bear against them, and new and cruel statutes were passed to torment them in cases where the old ones failed to answer. The most grievous fines, a large portion of which went to the informer, were imposed upon them. On the Quakers of Bristol there were levied at one time fines amounting to £16,400; and the value of their property destroyed in England during the period of tribulation amounted to more than £1,000,000. They bore all without flinching, never returning evil for evil, nor showing any spirit of retaliation. When urged to denounce their enemies, they invariably replied, "We leave them to the Lord."

This history affords one of the most striking pictures of Christian resignation under suffering that the world has yet witnessed. They ultimately triumphed by the might of passive resistance, wearing out their persecutors and purchasing for England the precious jewel of religious liberty. Between fifteen hundred and sixteen hundred Quakers were released by the Act of Indulgence of James II in 1686. Then came the Toleration Act of William and Mary, in 1688, which practically put an end to the wretched business, and the Friends were left in peace to worship God according to the dictates of their own conscience. Then a strange thing occurred. Up to that time, and a little after, their numbers had pretty steadily increased until there were over 35,000 in 1661; 60,000 in 1688; and perhaps nearly 100,000 in the three kingdoms in 1700, mostly drawn from the trading and yeoman classes, although there were some artisans and laborers, a fair number of merchants, and a few gentry. But this was their highest point. When the sufferings stopped the growth also soon stopped. Prosperity was much more fatal than persecution. They grew rich, and wealth brought conformity to the world. Fox's death closed the heroic, apostolic age of Quakerism. His health was much impaired by his long imprisonments, many hardships, and extensive travels in Europe and America, besides the many perplexing cares of management which multiplied upon him toward the last. But he labored with single-eyed faithfulness to the end, and passed on in the sixty-seventh year of his age, December 13, 1690. As he came out of his last meeting, a day or two before the end, he said, "I thought I felt the cold strike to my heart," but added, "I am glad I was there; now I am clear, I am fully clear." In his closing hours he said, "All is well, the Seed of Good reigneth over all, and over death itself." Thus he finished his task—a man of heroic mold, of dauntless courage, of invincible faith, with a quenchless fire of love for his fellow men and an all-absorbing purpose to be true to God. This will excuse many mistakes of judgment, many failures to apprehend the Scriptures rightly and to hear the Spirit's voice correctly. Much of his work was destroyed because the materials were wood, hay, and stubble, but his personal salvation was a great one. Few men have de-

served better of their generation or have lifted a stronger, clearer voice of faithful testimony. He stands with the martyr throng. He overcame by blood. He must be very dear to Christ and very near his throne.

In 1700 the Quakers were estimated to be equal in number to all the other Nonconformists (Presbyterians, Independents, Baptists, Roman Catholics) put together. In 1800 their number in Great Britain and Ireland had sunk to 20,000, in 1880 to 15,000. There are few more now, 22,000 being connected with the London and Dublin Yearly Meetings, but this includes about a thousand in Australasia and Europe. Meanwhile the population has increased from 5,000,000 in 1700 to 40,000,000 at present. If they had retained their own children they would have at least 700,000. Quakerism is practically extinct on the continent of Europe, only two hundred remaining, half of them in Norway. In America it has done better and now numbers (including Hicksites and Wilburites as well as Orthodox) about 125,000, of whom 100,000 are Orthodox. The estimate for America in 1800 was 50,000 and in 1850, 70,000.

The astonishing decline in England has been very carefully looked into and there are abundant explanations. Here are some of them: The disowning or expulsion of great multitudes for marrying out of society, or being married in the churches; the practice of birthright membership, by which all children of Quakers were registered as members without profession of faith or change of heart; little effort was made to add proselytes by conversion from the world, so that the society was turned into a clan, or close corporation, with little infusion of new blood; the snare of accumulating wealth led to worldly conformity and spiritual laxity; undue insistence on minor matters, such as speech and dress, the tendency being to emphasize them rather than love to God and one's fellow men, of which, of course, they had no monopoly; opposition to art and music; silence in worship as a principal part of it, a system which could not appeal to any but a small class; poor preaching, due to the prevalence of the idea that intellectual attainments are of little or no value to a true ministry, and that education in such cases is a hindrance; disuse

of baptism and the Lord's Supper; depreciation of the Bible; little employment of public prayer or Scripture reading; emigration. These and other such things sufficiently account for the rapid falling off of numbers and zeal. It is thought that the rigid enforcement of the marriage rule (no marriage in parish churches by priests) cost the society about one third of its membership, including many who were better Christians than those whom the discipline did not touch. The movement stiffened into formalism, became strenuous about mere technicalities and careless about aggression and evangelistic efforts, and so sank into a small powerless sect possessed of large pecuniary means, but of little spirituality, strong in social and humanitarian efforts, but weak in the conversion of sinners. John Wesley, in a letter dated 1772, says, "Go not near the tents of those dead formal men called Quakers."

Furthermore, an exceedingly fundamental feebleness in the sect was this: it never succeeded in properly defining and adjusting its chief doctrine, the Inward Light, or the manifestation of Christ in the heart, the immediate teaching and influence of the Holy Spirit in the human soul. This was Quakerism's main mission and message to the world. But neither Fox himself, nor the stronger apologists who followed him, William Penn and Robert Barclay, were able to explain satisfactorily the relation of this Inward Light to the equally inward individual reason or to the external authority of Scripture and the historic Christ and the Church. This difficult and complicated matter, on which difference of opinion still remains among good men everywhere, had been but little threshed out in the seventeenth century, and it is not at all to be wondered at that Fox and his friends were incompetent to settle it. Puritanism was built on an infallible verbally inspired Bible, whose unlimited divine authority was accounted an axiom. Fox rightly revolted at the Puritan system, and got hold of an important truth when he laid chief emphasis on the voice within. But he was not able adequately to guard and guide it. And because it was not guarded it led him into fanaticisms and eccentricities that wrecked his enterprise as soon as the supporting influence of an unjust persecution and of his own personality were withdrawn. The Inward Voice, unchecked by other sources

of truth, is an unsafe guide. So is the Scripture; so is the reason; so is the church. The ultimate and supreme authority cannot rest in any one of these sources, but must consist of all combined. To appeal solely to the immediate voice of the Spirit in the individual soul is to invite numberless harmful idiosyncrasies. To appeal solely to the Scripture is to ignore the manifest weakness of a mere book religion with its possibilities of manifold contradictory interpretations. To appeal solely to the church is to run into the fogs and mists of tradition and the danger of sacerdotal despotism. To rely solely on the reason is to trust it in a region where it is unfitted to soar and to invite destructive pride of intellect. Each of the four must check the other. The Holy Spirit is supreme, no doubt, but he works in part through the good men of old who have left us their record of revelation; in part through the general body of good men to-day who constitute the spiritual or invisible church; in part through the human reason which must sit in judgment on conflicting claims; in part through the individual soul to whom he immediately speaks. A proper balance is manifestly the only safeguard from error. This Fox did not have—could not be expected to have. It was not so much his fault as his misfortune. His enemies and critics did not have it. He escaped from their errors only to fall into some of his own. And errors along these same lines are by no means banished from the world even yet.

Quakerism has in many ways done a good work. If fanaticism was the word most closely associated with its early days, philanthropy has been preëminently the glory of its later years. Its labors for the abolition of slavery and the slave trade, for the protection and instruction of the Indians and the weaker races of mankind, for the amelioration of penal laws and prison discipline, for the adoption of intelligent methods with regard to the insane, its outspoken testimony against war, intemperance, corrupting amusements, extravagance, and vain display, its recognition of the equal rights of women, are all extremely creditable. It has stood in the foreground of Christian reformers. It has maintained a high standard of integrity and practical virtue. Its annals have been adorned with not a few of the salt of the earth.

William Penn, Robert Barclay, John Joseph Gurney and his sister, Mrs. Elizabeth Fry, Stephen Grellet, John Woolman, John Bright, John G. Whittier, J. Rendall Harris, Albert K. Smiley, stand out most prominently. But there have been multitudes of others. It stands twenty-ninth to-day among the Christian denominations of America in point of numbers, and tenth in the smaller list of denominational families. It is quite steadily increasing in the States west of the Alleghanies, the Indiana Yearly Meeting being much the largest. Its adherents are confident that it has a future. Very extensive modifications have already taken place and are likely to continue. Vocal and instrumental music has been very generally introduced into its meetings, and there are even choirs, although congregational singing is the rule. There is usually a continuous service, with Scripture reading, prayers, and sermon, but occasional short periods of silence are quite largely a feature of the meetings, and liberty of soul is jealously guarded. The old peculiarities of dress and speech have been abandoned. The practice of using numerical names for the months and days is rapidly dying out in ordinary conversation. Regular ministers, with some special training, are now generally engaged and remunerated for their work, but the support of the pastors is meager and the average length of the pastorate is small, not over two years. Marrying out of society is no longer penalized. Revivals are held and about half the gains are from special evangelistic efforts. In short, the younger generation has taken things into its own hands pretty vigorously, and has decreed radical alteration in the various matters which time has clearly shown to be errors or fatal weaknesses. There is a close approximation to other denominations in very many particulars, an approximation which is sure to increase. A very vigorous and advancing interest in foreign missions has for some time prevailed. It began about forty years back. The Friends of England and America have prosperous missions now in Palestine, Japan, China, India, Ceylon, Africa, Madagascar, Mexico, Alaska, Cuba, Jamaica, and Guatemala.

What do Friends stand for to-day? The Declaration of Faith, issued by the Richmond Conference in 1887 and quite

generally accepted by Friends as an authoritative statement, shows that in most particulars they are fully in line with other orthodox bodies and that the common ideals of the Christian church are theirs. They still insist, however, that the Lord appointed no outward rites or ceremonies for use in his church, and that the sacraments are to be observed only in a spiritual way. They oppose judicial oaths, and every kind of war; yet they hold that magistrates are to be a terror to evil doers and civil governments are to be obeyed, not specifying what ought to be done in case there is widespread refusal to obey. The Declaration announces that "whatsoever anyone says or does contrary to the Scriptures, though under profession of the immediate guidance of the Holy Spirit, must be reckoned and accounted a mere delusion," but it also asserts that "the great Inspirer of Scripture is ever its true Interpreter," and that "the sanctified conclusions of the church are above the judgment of a single individual." No specific mention is made of the Inward Light. So that it would seem a matter of doubt whether the Friends stand to-day as much as they did, or as much as they might with fitness, for this, their original insistence on a direct authoritative communication of the will of God to the soul. Their rules strongly advise against the use of tobacco and against joining secret societies.

What are the chief lessons of this Quaker movement, which, starting in 1647, when Fox entered on his ministry, has now seen two hundred and sixty-six years? We learn from it that a church shut up within itself will soon perish; it must be aggressive; that one generation of religious reformers very rarely bequeath to the next the same degree of piety or the same measure of zeal with which they themselves are inspired, but they may pass on a residuum of truth which shall flourish again after temporary subsidence; that no religion can live on its past; each generation must have fresh light from God for the needs of its own times, must have the courage and wisdom to slough off excrescences, change modes of statement, and adapt itself to the age in which it would operate, sacrificing the nonessential to safeguard and strengthen the essential; that some extravagance is better than dead formalism, for it indicates the presence of spiritual life; the

fanaticisms of Quakerism were, after all, of small moment compared with the great spiritual force which at first it carried, its true godliness and Christian faith; that the miraculous infallibility of the Bible and the supreme authority of the ever living Spirit are doctrines which cannot permanently coalesce; that there may be much inspiration without infallibility, and that the latter delusion, or the feeling of absolute certainty that we alone are right, is pretty sure to give rise to intolerance and bitterness toward opponents and the accounting that all who differ from us are sinners; that slavish literalness in the interpretation of Scripture, so common with the uneducated, leads invariably to inconsistency, for it cannot be uniformly carried out, and to a multitude of practical evils; that a truth may be very important, and yet not the whole truth, and if held inflexibly, without reference to its complementary parts, may do great mischief and give rise to harmful reaction; that persecution is powerless to destroy the truth, and only raises up more friends for that which is seen to be unjustly assailed and inflexibly supported; that a doctrine may be substantially right in itself, in the abstract, and yet may be unfitted for wide usefulness, taking the world as it is, because too refined or lofty for average human nature; Stephen Grellet could make, as he said, every common meal a sacrament, but most people cannot; that the common institutional type of religion, which so readily becomes fixed in rigid forms, needs continually to be corrected, enriched, and invigorated by a more spiritual conception wherein alone resides its life and power; that the task which confronts the Christianity of the twentieth century is the revitalizing of its forms, the pouring of heart power into its organization, and the exalting of the inward voice of the Spirit, which is in so much danger of being smothered by the rattle of ecclesiastical machinery. All this and more the study of Quakerism teaches.

James Mudge.

ART. V.—PRAGMATISM AND HAECKEL'S DENIALS

PRAGMATISM has revived present-day philosophy. In James, Schiller, Dewey, and others, the system has had stalwart exponents. Not yet has it clearly enough defined all of its basic conceptions to have gained the whole-hearted approval of philosophers, but among all thinkers it has deservedly won a sympathetic hearing. Its courage is commendable. Traditional speculation it is not afraid to criticize. The charge against this is that it too often tends to be satisfied with narrow abstractions. Too often it has a mania for mere "logic-chopping." It lives in the clouds. It despises concrete problems. Professing to seek the truth, it has been indifferent as to relating its discoveries to the practical needs of life. It has had a passion for the valid without being very enthusiastic about utility; an obsession for theories without caring much as to the vital significance of conclusions when demonstrated. As Bowne says:

A fearful proportion of philosophic discussion has been at best empty and often pernicious. Consequently, common sense has thought rather meanly of philosophy, either as losing itself in abstract verbiage which makes no connection with reality, or else as falling into dangerous and destructive errors.

But pragmatism makes a new demand upon philosophy. It sets a definite task for speculation. This must relate itself to everyday life and must minister to human welfare. Any system which does not do this is a dreary Sahara of sterility. As Bawden says, "Philosophy is too frequently out of touch with the affairs of men." It must become as relevant to the needs of humanity as are religion and art and science. Philosophy for philosophy's sake has not been an unmixed blessing. It gets its new birth in becoming philosophy for life's sake. It must pay its way. It exists not merely to debate about truth, but to make truth serve the needs of man. Validity and utility must go hand in hand. As Bowne says, "The first, last, and only duty of philosophy must be to interpret this world of personal life and relations." Then is philosophy true to its high calling. As Schiller declares:

It is never more flourishing and influential than in periods when it seems to make some response to the outcry of the human soul; to the question, "What must I do to be saved?" Reason and the ratiocinative process are justified only when they strive to satisfy and modify the feelings and desires which underlie all other aspects of personality. Ideas must be instruments to action. They must be forces to mold the destinies of men.

Consequently, by emphasizing what other systems have at times so flagrantly overlooked, pragmatism becomes, indeed, a new school of philosophy. It lays ever increasing stress upon the practical side of thought. Creighton argues that pragmatism subordinates logical thinking to the needs of practical life. Thought must not aim at truth in general, but purposes to discover in concrete circumstances the best means to the realization of some practical end that life demands. Any theory is demonstrated when it is proven that it will "work." The practical test of the truth of a theory must be by appeal to all of its consequences. Royce contends that every idea that is useful as a guide of life is so far true; and we regard as true those ideas which we personally find it convenient, successful, expedient, to treat as verifiable, even though we never verify. Never are we to lose sight of the practical bearings which we conclude the object of our conception may have. To trace and compare the respective consequences of different systems is the best way, therefore, of establishing the different meaning of the different concepts. Of pragmatism Bawden says:

It seeks to do justice to the neglected claims of common sense, of religious faith, and of science in determining a true philosophy of life. It has taken up arms against all forms of dogmatism and apriorism in so far as these stand for intellectual interests which do not grow out of nor minister to the needs of life.

That as a system pragmatism has not reached final conclusions is not to be wondered at. It is an explorer. Some of its characteristic contentions are far from convincing. In many points its argumentation is weak. Its basic tenets have not been clearly defined. But that it has won a permanent place in philosophy; that it has made significant contributions toward the solution of the ever-pressing problems of thought and life; that it has proven itself friendly to man's larger interests—this all

must be readily acknowledged. Probably its greatest strength lies in the fact, mentioned by James, that it is merely a new way of saying some important things more or less clearly advocated for some time. For its historic background it goes back to the immortal Kant and his advocacy of the doctrine of the primacy of the practical reason. We cannot prove the reality of God, freedom, immortality, and the moral law; but, since we are active, volitional, rational beings, we have both the right and the duty to postulate the reality of these things and whatever else may be essential to moral action. That the theologian, therefore, should have become profoundly interested in the new school of thought is easy to understand. Somehow the opinion has gained wide currency that pragmatism is a strong ally to religion, and that by it faith finds new arguments for its existence. There is no doubt that "faith" as a religious asset has vastly more value philosophically since James wrote his *Will to Believe*. Pragmatism has endeavored to become spokesman for the entire nature of man. With significant insistence has it laid emphasis upon all the mystical needs of man's spirit. It has not hesitated to champion the worthfulness of the unproven, the mysterious, the subconscious, the instinctive, the intuitionist. It argues that the true is not merely that which is defensible by irrefutable logic. The true is that which ministers to man's spirit, enlarges his life, enhances his glory, protects his dignity, increases his happiness, safeguards his spiritual interests, ennobles his character. By these majestic tests is the validity of truth definitely and incontrovertibly demonstrated; nor can any demonstration be more conclusive. Just here does pragmatism make vital connection with the age-long controversy between theism and materialism. Materialism has always endeavored to accredit itself by discrediting some of the undemonstrable tenets of theism. Its appeal has always been to the reason, from which in vain a final answer could be sought. Ever has it pretended to prove its own strength by pointing out the unproven conclusions of theism, but as to its own essential weakness there has never been any serious doubt. It is a speculative absurdity. It does violence to every canon of logic and reason. It has utter worthlessness as an explanation of the problems of

life and nature. But, despite this unanimous verdict of accredited philosophy, it finds, even in our day, a lonesome but vociferous advocate in Ernest Haeckel, of Germany. For a lifetime he has been endeavoring to give currency to his discredited speculative aberrations—but in vain. Nor can there be found against all of his conclusions a more stalwart, unyielding foe than the pragmatist. This new type of philosopher insists upon investigating materialism, not merely from the standpoint of its intellectual conceptions. Its validity must be determined not only according to the standard of reason, but by the broader demands of the entire human nature. Is Haeckel's monism true? Then—so answers the pragmatist—it must minister to life. If it is philosophically tenable it must enhance human welfare. If as a system it is worthy, it must minister to the profound needs of man's complete personality. It must react favorably upon every vital human interest. As a philosophic scheme it must assist in the transformation and uplift of society in its manifold phases. Never can its validity be determined merely by its conformity to abstract intellectual norms, but by its total reaction upon life. If it does not stand approved under this test, then its fundamental insufficiency is demonstrated; and more completely and radically demonstrated than if it were merely proven to be speculatively insufficient.

A conclusion is a vital thing. It must never be considered irrespective of consequences. One of the biggest blunders among certain philosophers has been just this tendency to undervalue any but the intellectual arguments. The "true" has been conceived merely as that which was logically consistent and in all details demonstrable. But the pragmatist insists upon trying the case in another court. Of vastly more significance to him than logical consecutiveness is the proof which is furnished by practical consequences as these show themselves in mankind's everyday life. This is the highest, the final appeal. That which is condemned by its practical results is indisputably false. As Bawden declares, "The real is the needful; the important, the necessary." Most wisely does James insist that, unless this test is legitimate, metaphysical disputes would be interminable, and that the pragmatist

is right in demanding that, where systems are antagonistic, the legitimate way to determine their respective values is by trying to interpret each notion through tracing the respective practical consequences. Pierce's fundamental contention was that beliefs are really rules for action, and that we need only consider what conceivable effects of a practical kind the object may involve. An idea is true so long as to believe it is profitable to our lives. The true is the source of whatever proves itself to be good in the way of belief, and good, too, for definite assignable reasons. Certain ideas are not merely good to think about, or agreeable as supplementing other ideas that we are fond of, but they also are helpful in life's practical struggles. Nor can the significance of such an interpretation of truth be overestimated. The deathblow to materialism comes not from logic, but from life. That which belittles life, and mildews its glories, and destroys its higher potencies—that is hopelessly false. If theism as a system is justified by its total of consequences upon life, then, by the same test, materialism as signally fails. Apply all of this to the philosophy of Haeckel. For more than a generation he has been one of the foremost scientists of his time. In the field of original research his work has been remarkable; but he aspires to be a philosopher. He has endeavored not merely to collect data, but metaphysically to interpret them in all of their interrelations. But this task requires peculiar mental gifts and intellectual insight, and in these he has been pitifully lacking. In the grasp of some of the fundamental problems of philosophy he has been woefully deficient. Consequently, he degenerates, in his argumentation, to an egotistic dogmatist. Bitterly attacking the traditionalists for their adherence to orthodox beliefs, he himself becomes the most arrogant of dogmatists. At the cardinal beliefs of Christianity he contemptuously sneers. Faith he tries to laugh out of court. With the precious facts of spiritual religion he is utterly out of sympathy. Nor does he realize that among accredited philosophers he stands as one of the most ludicrous theorizers of his generation. He belongs to that class of thinkers of whom Bawden says that they spin a universe out of their own inner consciousness and try to make facts fit their system. Haeckel always despiritualizes the universe.

Always matter is supreme. He disputes every accepted essential of theology and metaphysics. His denials take a threefold form. Made delirious by naturalistic conceptions, his life-passion has been to overthrow the belief in God, freedom, and immortality. Against each he marshals the so-called unanswerable facts of science until to his own mind they are utterly discredited as valid intellectual conceptions. He declared: "Monistic cosmology proved, on the basis of the law of substance, that there is no personal God; comparative and genetic psychology showed that there cannot be an immortal soul; and monistic physiology proved the futility of the assumption of free will. The science of evolution made it clear that the same iron laws that rule in the inorganic world are valid, too, in the organic and moral world." For a Supreme Being he finds no necessity. He declares: "Throughout the whole of astronomy, geology, physics, and chemistry there is no question to-day of a personal God whose hand disposeth all things in wisdom and understanding." In place of God he hypostasizes a mysterious "matter" concerning which he says: "Matter, or infinitely extended substance and spirit, or sensitive and thinking substance, are the fundamental attributes of the all-embracing divine essence of the world, the universal substance. The abstract law of mechanical causality now rules the entire universe as it does the mind of man. The anthropomorphic notion of a deliberate architect and ruler of the world has gone forever, and the eternal iron laws of nature have taken his place." In the same spirit of iconoclasm does he deny the belief in man's free will. This he boldly declares to be but "a pure dogma based upon an illusion, having no real existence and not being an object for critical scientific inquiry." He claims that the great struggle between the determinist and the indeterminist has ended to-day, after more than two thousand years, completely in favor of determinism. The human will has no more freedom than that of higher animals. Each act is fatally determined by the organization of the individual and is dependent upon the momentary condition of the environment where the strongest motive prevails. Physiological changes regulate all mental states, and consequently control all action. From this denial of the freedom of the will to the

disbelief in immortality is but a step. This he calmly calls "the highest point of superstition, the impregnable citadel of all mystical and dualistic notions." Philosophical thought, he claims, is complicated by the selfish interests of the human personality, who is determined to have a guarantee of his existence beyond the grave at any price. The higher necessities of feeling are so powerful that they sweep aside all the logical arguments of the critical reason. In the light of the empirical data of modern biology the belief is a monstrous, selfish delusion. There is an immortality of the cosmos, but no individual immortality, for such a thing as a soul is a misnomer. The human soul is merely a collective title for all the psychic functions of protoplasm, and these are all determined by physical and chemical processes. Haeckel is surprised that to-day millions of believers, even of the cultured classes, look upon the superstition as their dearest possession and their most priceless treasure. The belief is but an empty dogma which is in hopeless conflict with the most solid empirical truths of modern science.

Thus speaks Haeckel, the archapostle of materialistic monism. But despite his loud protestations and his reckless dogmatism, mankind tenaciously clings to these three fundamentals of reason and faith. At every cardinal point the traditional philosopher can demonstrate Haeckel's bankruptcy. Materialism is the climax of irrationality, the very culmination of superficial reasoning.

But there is a higher disproof of Haeckel's system than that which comes even from logic. Apply the pragmatic text to his dogmatisms, and only then do we fully see their inherent weakness. Test his materialistic beliefs by the results they inevitably produce upon life, and then only does the overwhelming disproof of their claims appear. Measure them by their practical consequences, and then is their iniquitous insufficiency irrefutably demonstrated. If, as pragmatism maintains, truth is that which satisfies a need, and truth must be validated by its results, then how signally do Haeckel's contentions fail. If, as James declares, "truth is that which gives the maximum possible sum of satisfaction and produces those abundant consequences useful to life," then how fundamentally fallacious are Haeckel's denials concerning God,

freedom, and immortality. The practical argument for the existence of God is unanswerable. Destroy the belief in a Supreme Being, undermine humanity's trust in an all-wise, all-loving Creator, and life's glory departs. As James states, "The use of the Absolute is proven by the whole course of religious history." If there is no God, then the universe is an awful chaos; then spiritual manifestations are meaningless; then prayer is a solemn farce; then religious aspirations are wild delusions; then ethical standards that rule among men are but pretentious mockeries. Then there can be no high demand for royalty of conduct, and unselfishness of sacrifice, and heroism under suffering, and courage in the face of hardship. All these regal things have their meaning only as they are recognized to be the achievements of man's spirit striving to conform itself to the holy character of an infinite, or overruling, omnipotent, benevolent Spirit. All have their roots in the belief in God. Not by accident is it that the materialism that denies God reacts most tragically upon life. It inevitably opens the floodgates to degrading passion and debasing animalism. It plunges humanity into the despair and hopelessness of pessimism. It incites to most heartless selfishness. It despiritualizes life. Overthrow man's belief in an ethical God, and immediately moral values disappear. Lose sight of a holy, self-sacrificing God, demanding righteousness and unselfishness and love, and immediately the soul becomes a cesspool of passion and hatred and selfishness. Question the existence of a Being who is interested in the establishment of a "moral kingdom" among men, and all spiritual strivings, all willing acceptance of the harsh experiences of life that discipline the soul, all struggle against lower tendencies—all these forever cease. Life in its higher ranges becomes utterly impossible without the thought of God, to stir, purify, and ennoble. Well does Bowne say, "Theism is the demand of our moral nature, a necessity of practical life. Our human interests can be conserved and our highest life maintained only on a theistic basis." Atheism ever fails to solve the problems of the world and of life. It can furnish no adequate motive to righteousness. It can guarantee no obedience to life's loftiest standards. It can arouse no great moral enthusiasm. Atheism hopelessly cripples life. Where there

are only blind, mechanical forces, operating without beneficent purpose, where there is no personal Being governing all things for his children's welfare, then all holy meaning forever vanishes from life. By the logic of direct necessity, therefore, does man's entire life call out after a God. Well does James declare, "If the hypothesis of God works satisfactorily, then it is true." In the light of this contention, how impregnable is man's belief in God; how imbecile Haeckel's denial of him.

Equally irrefutable is pragmatism's conclusion concerning freedom and immortality. Never must these vital realities be treated merely as verbal abstractions. These primary doctrines of theology and philosophy must be comprehended from the viewpoint of their tremendous practical usefulness to man. Deny freedom, conceive of man as a deluded automaton in the meaningless grasp of mechanical laws, and what are the deadly consequences to life? Then all distinctions forever vanish between right and wrong, error and falsehood. Then all personal responsibility ceases. If all action is physically determined, if choices are only seeming and in reality follow the line of least resistance, then individual accountability is totally overthrown. As an automaton man can have no ethical duties. Nothing can be expected morally of a being "held by iron laws." He must ever follow the strongest inward motive, however suicidal it may be. He must go with the current of his physical feelings, yield to all physical antecedents, even though these plunge him into a chaos of immorality. Indeed, spirituality, ethical conformity to high ideals, loyalty to truth, all of these would be meaningless achievements, because purely accidental. Then sane reason can have no place in the weighing of motives; then conscience can have no regal sway over man's thoughts and words and deeds; then final outcomes in character are insignificant; then life is tragically crippled; for this is eternally true: humanity feels the magnetism of high spiritual ideals, exercises most painstaking care in its moral choices, is persistently alert against error and evil; struggles valiantly against unethical pressures, only when it basically believes in its freedom. Determinism suffocates morality. And if by such a pragmatic test as this Haeckel's denial of freedom is condemned, how can it

claim to be philosophically decent? In precisely the same way must the essential validity of the belief in immortality be demonstrated. If it beneficially influences man's life, then pragmatism declares it to be true. If it adds to the sum total of his welfare, inspires him to moral achievement, uplifts him from the lower planes of existence, motives him for spiritual struggle, then its irrefutable truthfulness has been proven. As to the practical consequences of the doctrine there can be no question. It adds to man's dignity by placing the highest possible evolution upon him. It declares his essential sacredness. It holds out to him the glories of an ever-unfolding existence. It promises to him maturity in his spiritual powers. It furnishes him with the matchless incentive of a life under ideal spiritual conditions in the presence of the all-loving God. Nor can the significance of such a conception be overemphasized. It gives meaning to his aspirations. It holds him fast to his most exalted hopes. It purifies him from all guilt. It stirs him to unselfish endeavor for others. It nerves him to all heroism. It fires him with a desire for personal holiness. It makes the spirit brave under adversity, optimistic under hardship, hopeful under sorrow, triumphant under affliction. It inspires him to emulate the character of God, whose child it declares him to be. No wonder that, being fraught with such mighty consequences, it has become, as Haeckel says, "the last citadel of superstition." And legitimate it is for us to ask what would follow in practical life if this belief that thus transfigures humanity were destroyed. This is the final test, and to this there can be but one answer. Faith has a right to rule when thus grounded in man's highest needs. It will ever triumph when it gloriously declares that we are the children of God, destined through his love to inherit the rich eternities. Not even death can separate us from him. The moral universe is to triumph. Character will survive the shock of the grave. Because we are his children we are to see him and to be like him. These movings of our spirit that lead to a trust in him are the essential instincts of our God-touched nature that inevitably turn toward him. We may submit the life to him, believing that he will forever safeguard its highest interests.

Against Haeckel but one verdict can be brought by the pragmatist. His contentions are false because life proves them so. His denials not merely furnish no inspiration toward a noble existence; they terrifically damage life. They do irremediable injury to the holy nature of humanity. They suffocate the instincts of the spirit. They furnish no motives to nobility of character. They belittle all man's power. They furnish no incentive to social or individual righteousness. They negative his strivings. They hopelessly bewilder and perplex and dishearten humanity. And by their fruits are they known. Such a spiritualized society as is the result of the accepted Christian creed would be forever impossible under Haeckel's system. Because he minimizes the glory of life does life speak its irrevocable verdict against him. His denials are forever ruled out of court. They are not "the truth."

Philip L. Frick.

ART. VI.—ANCIENT WORTHIES—CHRISTOPHER NORTH

THE books that have been tested and tried have held their grip. Death takes care of the paltry in literature. The ancient worthies were not owners of a ranch, but they dug deep in their garden-plot. To-day it takes a clear sunlight to see cause and results. The love for those tested books, with their true insight into human nature and their marvelous word painting, is not found in the heart of the commonplace man of this age. Alas and alas! His heart and brain are in love with business ventures, airships, electricity, gasoline, gas. "I am a stranger to you and you to me; if you be going this way I shall be glad of your company" (John Bunyan). Only the good reader finds the good book. One reader turns leaves, as the wind might in the Vale of Vallombrosa, and finds no meaning, while another, on those same leaves, finds passages which seem to be confidences laid aside from all else and unmistakably written for his eyes alone. Another reader is the ordinary book-consumer of commerce. He reads the book at the same moment that others are reading it. He is not seeking the culture of a finer, nobler manhood. He is not looking for books in which he will find such an inner meaning of nature and of life that all can be transmuted into character-building. This class of readers keeps a dragnet at the public library and the bookseller's, and to them all is fish which they haul to shore. There is a fashion in books as in garments, and vanity is gratified if one is up-to-date in coat, gown, or book. Did you ever notice the keen delight readers of "the best sellers" take in comparing mental notes in titles of books, or names of authors? But with books to-day, as with the fashion of the 1830 gown, there is a tendency to go back to the ancient, say the few who discern the literary styles from afar. Dr. Johnson once growled because no one possessed sufficient sense to pass by the modern book and read books that had been tested. But there is a difference between the age in which Dr. Johnson lived and the age in which we live. He may have done good by growling. They lived to think; to study, to admire what others had done. We live to pass away time; to seek pleas-

ure; to admire ourselves. The world is, also, full of those who cannot understand how it is possible for any past age to have the grace, force, beauty, wisdom in its life, in its literature, which our own age possesses, and to them the modern, the very latest, has a charm found nowhere else. Did you ever have your one lighted electric bulb suddenly go out in your den and leave you in total darkness? Your first involuntary thought was one of sympathy for the whole city left in total darkness. Every age and country, from the time of Job till this day, has had its grace, force, wisdom, in literature, and art, and science, though many may be ignorant of the fact. All the lights in the city were burning but our own defective bulb.

To take up a character like the one before us carries us back less than a century to that era named by Stedman as the era of "The General Choir," where the solo leaders were few in number. It was a time when recognition was slowly—O, how slowly!—given to Tennyson; when Wordsworth was growing into favor. Landor, who for seventy years was like the girl in the fairy story who whenever she spoke dropped pearls and diamonds, yet with all his ideality was never a leader. Beside these in that General Chorus were De Quincy, Thomas Moore, Hartley Coleridge, Rogers, Campbell, Montgomery, Joanna Baillie, Hogg, Maginn, Cary, Lockhart. "Christopher North," John Wilson, was born at Paisley, Scotland, May, 1785; died, near Edinburgh, April, 1854. At the age of thirteen Wilson became a student of Glasgow University, which then had a curriculum like a New England high school—the languages, philosophy, and literature. He lived in the family of Professor Jardine, and through the influence of this noted Professor of Logic and the cultured atmosphere of the home life he entered Oxford six years later as a gentleman-commoner, not dependent on the University Foundation; ate at the table, in silk gown and velvet cap, with the dons.

At Oxford Wilson competed for and obtained a prize of fifty guineas. The poem which won the prize was on "Painting, Poetry, and Architecture." Other poems were sent out to the world, so that when he went home to his mother's at Edinburgh his reputation had preceded him. Soon after this he wrote "The

Isle of Palms" and was at once placed among the best living authors. In this poem there is one passage describing the wreck of a vessel which might have been the Titanic:

O! many a dream was in the ship
An hour before her death;
And sights of home with sighs disturbed
The sleeper's long-drawn breath.
Instead of the murmur of the sea
The sailor heard the humming tree
Alive thro all its leaves;
The hum of the spreading sycamore
That grows before his cottage door,
And the swallow's song in the eaves.
His arms inclosed a blooming boy,
Who listened with tears of grief and joy
To the dangers his father had passed;
And his wife by turns she wept and smiled
As she looked on the father of her child,
Returned to her heart at last.
He wakes at the vessel's sudden roll,
And the rush of the waters is in his soul.
Astounded, the reeling deck he paces
'Mid hurrying forms and ghastly faces;
The whole ship's crew are there!
Wallings around and overhead,
Brave spirits stupefied or dead,
And madness and despair.

Wilson was a man of wealth. When about twenty-seven he bought a romantic estate, called Elleray, on the banks of Windermere, in Westmoreland, where he became a friend and neighbor of Wordsworth at Rydal, and of Southey and Coleridge at Keswick. In one biography of Wilson his daughter gives a whole chapter to what she calls "a very tender episode" when he was a student at Oxford. The distressing statement is made that he had to take examinations just after he had given up all hopes of "eternal felicity" because of the loss of "Margaret's love." Soon after he bought Elleray he married the beautiful heiress Jane Penny of Liverpool. He fell in love with the lady when she was traveling, and followed her to various inns in the disguise of a waiter. Her father, after a time, noticed that wherever they went they had the selfsame attendant. An explanation was demanded. Wilson gave an explanation, his name and position in the world, then obtained

permission to win the love of the lady. The day they were married he wrote his friend Findley, "It is a mild and peaceful day, and my spirit feels calm and blest."

As might have been expected from such a temperament as Wilson's, he was deeply in love with his bride and, for thirty years, till the time of her death, she was, as wife, mother, counselor, companion, the greatest wealth a man could possess; happy herself in making her husband happy and in being the light and joy of the home.

The ideal life at Elleraay was broken up by the loss of their property through the dishonesty of an uncle, who acted the part of the unjust steward and by his treachery sent Wilson and his family from affluence to poverty. His mother, a woman of influence and wealth, offered them a home in Edinburgh. He was admitted to the bar, but knew so little about his profession that when cases came to him he told Lockhart that he laid them on his table, "but he did not know what the devil to do next with them." Money had to be earned. The only thing he had ever done was to write poetry, and poetry, as sold in the market, would not furnish bread and butter for himself and family. The few little books he had published did not make an income sufficient to buy their salt. Periodical literature was getting well established, and contributors at that time were well remunerated. Jeffrey was editor of the *Edinburgh Monthly Magazine*, established in 1802. The *London Quarterly* was established in 1808, and *Blackwood's* in 1817. Jeffrey's *Magazine* was a Whig publication, while the *Quarterly* and *Blackwood's* were both in the Tory interest. Women have always been more or less interested in national affairs. And, also, they have been more or less prejudiced in regard to their own viewpoint. The mother of Wilson was a keen Tory. Wilson, to earn for his family, had an accepted manuscript for the *Edinburgh Magazine*. The mother heard of it; she called her son to her room and in a clear, cold tone remarked, "John, if you turn Whig, this house will be no longer big enough for us both."

These magazines, with the great London dailies, were established when the nation was quivering with a new sense of life. The periodicals with great eagerness took up the questions, one

after the other, of education, philanthropy, religion, trade, commerce, and, above all these questions, the political situation in continental Europe was a source of great anxiety in England, naturally making a great demand for the periodicals that gave information on the topics that interested the people. At once the new ventures were a success, nearly all having world-wide circulation. The rapid movements of statesmen and generals gave abundant supply of material, and the magazines, especially Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine, at once took a high stand in quarters where formerly political articles had been tabooed. Blackwood was a decided party man, a Tory, and hated the Whigs with strong English hatred. From the first he planned to assail Jeffrey, his magazine and party. The history of the creation of Blackwood's Magazine, commencing with dull, uninteresting numbers, became, before the year passed, a matter of world record. In the October number appeared an article entitled, "Ancient Chaldee Manuscript," which was written after the fashion of the Old Testament and was a sharp satire on the most noted members of the Whig Party in Edinburgh. It created such astonishment, wrath, and hatred that Blackwood cut this article from the later numbers of the edition and no one confessed its authorship. It cost Blackwood several thousand dollars in suits and damages, but it brought the magazine to the front and, also, brought to it many powerful and constant writers, among whom was John Wilson, "Christopher North," the probable author of "The Chaldee Manuscript."

Among other writers of note were "Timothy Tickler," whose real name was Robert Syme, an uncle of John Wilson. John Gibson Lockhart, son-in-law of Sir Walter Scott, first came into notice in Blackwood, in February, 1819, where appeared a review of "Peter's Letters to His Kinsfolk," a work said to have been written by Dr. Peter Morris, in which he sharply criticized the Whigs of Edinburgh, Scottish university education, the social life of the city, the bar of Scotland, with sketches of its leading members, the state of religion, and, by no manner of means the least of the loves and pride of Scotland, the famous Glasgow punch! The review of this book of "Peter's Letters" was said to have been

written by Mordecai Mullion—one of Lockhart's eidolons. The fact of the case was that no such book had been written, but the review excited so much curiosity and the book was so much in demand that further and fuller reviews were given with copious extracts, including descriptions of the leading lawyers, Cranstoun, Clerk, Jeffrey. The sensation was so considerable that Blackwood actually put into type, as fast as Lockhart could write it, what they called a second edition of "Peter's Letters." The outcry at the first was sharp, but many wise, beautiful, and descriptive chapters were produced, making such a mixture of sharp, serious, and absurd *postulatum*, with the wit and humor of the whole, that it was, as the English say, a very clever thing. The next thing that dazzled the reading world of Blackwood was Christopher in the Tent, the greater part of which was written by Wilson. But the learned effusion attributed to Dr. Parr was doubtless written by Lockhart, as was the amusing, mock-pathetic "Lament for Captain Paton," by the Odontist—then called tooth-extractor—James Scott. James Scott, the dentist, was a little bald-headed, illiterate, egotistical citizen of Glasgow, wholly ignorant of literature; but Lockhart, with other contributors to the magazine, took the man into their company, called him "doctor," kept him puffed up and mystified by publishing songs and ballads to which his name was attached, until the little man actually thought that he wrote them. They took the man's pet phrases and illustrations, mixing them so adroitly into the songs that even his acquaintances were deceived and wondered how such an ignoramus could write such things. They so worked upon the egotism of the man that he sang in public, as his own composition, the songs these men wrote. The clever ballad mentioned, "The Lament for Captain Paton," gained from the outside world such a reputation that, not long after its publication, James Scott, when on a visit to Liverpool, was actually entertained at a public dinner on the strength of his reputed connection with Blackwood. The wits, after that, even went to the length of announcing the publishing of a book, Ballads by James Scott, Esq. The dentist was eager to have the volume published, sat for his portrait for a frontispiece, and was willing to defray the expense of publication.

John Wilson now, eight years after his marriage and the beginning of a home at beautiful Elleray, apparently settled himself to literature as a vocation. He took a small house in Ann Street and with wife and six children took up the burden of a life of limitations. The next April the chair of moral philosophy in the University of Edinburgh became vacant by the death of Dr. Brown. John Wilson became a candidate. Other distinguished men were competitors. In these days of office-seeking and political wrangling we can understand the bitter fight made by the friends of the candidates for this position of honor and responsibility. The two prominent candidates were brilliant Oxonians. One, Sir William Hamilton, Bart., had lived a quiet, studious life, affording no mark of censure to the most malicious enemy. On the other hand, John Wilson, though gifted with philosophic as well as poetic faculty, had by his trenchant pen excited much indignation. But, worse than all, he was a Tory, and of the positive kind, while the other candidate was a sane, sensible Whig. Sir Walter Scott used his influence in behalf of his friend Wilson, as did Lord Melville and other leading men in London. Wilson was elected, and for thirty-one years gave lectures, earnest, enthusiastic, eloquent; one biographer says "so beautifully blended were their poetry and philosophy that they were addressed as much to the heart as the head." The income from this honorable position was about \$5,000 a year, which amount lifted from him any undue anxiety in regard to the care of his growing family.

Blackwood, who had a great knowledge of books and knew what the reading public desired, conducted the business department of his magazine, but depended upon Wilson to carry the heavy burden of providing its contents, either with his own pen or through contributors chosen by him. The letters written by Blackwood at this time, as published in the *Life of Wilson*, by Mrs. Gordon, tell the story of the work done by Christopher North. To somewhat relieve the mental pressure, the easily written, but brilliant, series of dialogues for the magazine were now commenced, the famous "*Noctes Ambrosianæ*." The name was not chosen, as one might think, because of the deliciousness of the food offered, but, according to the version given by Wilson, because the nightly

meetings were held in the parlor of a tavern keeper named Ambrose. In these dialogues, if Christopher North could get the help of Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd; of Dr. Maginn, the young, witty Irish genius; of Lockhart, learned, bright, ready, faithful, able; and of Syme—"Tickler"—he was thankful, but if for any reason they failed him, he invented the speech for each, put into the mouth of each his individuality, and from 1822 till February, 1833, Wilson never once disappointed Blackwood and never flagged in spirit, pluck, or interest. The *Noctes* contained such general information as the world wanted, sharp in personalities, keen in wit, restless, with a genial sense of humor, and excellent in its literary style.

Quotations could never give the many-sidedness of Christopher North nor the delightful and unexpected creations which would be enjoyed by the gentle reader. In one number, Hogg, with his charming Scotch patois, delights, Tickler gives his political opinions, which are the same as North's but widely different in mode of expression, and one really does not know whether North wrote them or Tickler (Syme) himself. Dr. Maginn, with his ready Irish-wit, would be so personated that, to read what Christopher North gave to the world in these dialogues, one could but own that the author was story-teller, wit, critic, poet, essayist, and rhapsodist all in one. Alongside the story told by the devoted lover of nature there is the pathos of an incident that breaks the heart, philosophy deep as the Stagyrte's, and fun and wit and genial humor that bring sunshine to the day of darkest clouds.

When we remember the common conversation in even polite society in the time of the Georges we may consider this magazine comparatively free from coarseness. In one dialogue, supposed to be in the parlor of the tavern keeper, Christopher North tells the Shepherd (Hogg) that he is a great dreamer. The Shepherd takes up the cudgel and declares that it is a man's business to dream; that he scorns a man who does not dream, but snores instead. And he suddenly asks:

"What would be the harm of puttin' him to death?"

"What! murder a man for not dreaming?"

"Na! na! but for no dreamin' and for snorin' at the same time. What

for blaw a trumpet through the hail house at the dead o' nicht just to tell that you've lost your soul—and your senses, and become a breathin' clod? . . . What a blow it maun be to a man to marry a snorin' woman! Think o' her durin' the hail honeymoon, restin' her head, with a long, gurgling, snorting snore, on the husband's bosom!"

One dialogue is supposed to be held at Buchanan Lodge, and all the contributors of the magazine are supposed to be interested in the "bonny bee-humming-bird-nest-concealing bower, with its bricht and balmy beauty that is nae less than a perfect poem!" North tells the Ettrick Shepherd to look at the humming bird:

How she covers within her couch—only the point of her bill and the tip of her tail visible—so passionately cleaveth the loving creature to the nestlings beneath her mottled breast. They will break the tiny shell, and, each morning beautifying from down to plumage, till next Sabbath sun shall stir them out of their cradle and scatter them in their first weak, wavering flight, up and down the dewy dawn of their native paradise. Hushed as a dream, shy, yet confiding, as she sits there ready to flee away with a rustle in a moment, yet linked within the rim by the chains o' mither love, motionless as if she were dead.

A storm is described so vividly that one almost dodges the mist as he sees

"the eddy churn the red river into a spray that is so updriving ye see not a hundred snaw-white torrents tumbling frae the tarns, and every cliff rejoicing in its new-born cataract. The lightning comes with a flash gaen' through the head until one fears he is stricken blind. The cloud army comes on in the dead march with nae muffled drums. Rattle-rattle-rattle as if great granite stanes were shot out o' the sky doon an invisible airn-roof and plunging sullenly into the sea. The eagle durna scream, but the demon, the raven, croaks-croaks—is it out o' the earth or out o' the air, cave, or cloud? My being is cowed in the insane solitude. . . . But pity me . . . bless me . . . is that a wee bit Hieland lassie sittin' in her plaid aneath a stone, a' by hersel', far frae hame, haeln' been sent to look after the lambs? for I declare there is ane lyin' on her bosom, and its mither maun be dead! . . . Dinna be frightened, my sweet Mhairi, for the lichtnin' shall na be allowed by our Father to touch the bonny blue riband round thy yellow hair. . . . There! a bit o' Scottish thunder and lichtnin' for you, Mr. Tickler, an gin it does na satisfy you—aff to the tropics for a tornadoe!"

There are few discussions on "Woman," but to us in this age, when women come to the front in divorce court and before police judge frankly stating that the husband is cruel, and wanting relief in cold cash for wounded body and distressed spirit, what was said nearly a century ago in similar cases is interesting. In the

"Noctes" the wife of a drunkard is seen in her darkened room, excuses made by her for the deserted home and for her bruised body, but never a word of blame on the drunken husband. Loyal to her marriage vow and loyal to the father of her children is the word-picture given.

One of the (imaginary) dialogues on "Women Phrenologists" is supposed to have been in a stage coach going to Edinburgh. Tickler pretends to go to asleep while the Shepherd holds conversation with one of the lady passengers, Mrs. Gentle, who asserts that "Phrenology is quite epidemic, Mr. Hogg, among our sex at Edinburgh." Mr. Hogg, having much the same opinion of a woman phrenologist as Dr. Max Schlapp, of Columbia University, has of a suffragette, remarked in reply that phrenologists fail to realize the duties of womanhood and seem to lose their womanly qualities. "The ladies that are phrenologists are bold among men; loud talkers, and long as weel as loud; grow red in the face when you happen to contradick them." He expresses his shame that men are willing to have their heads "pawed upon by fingers familiar with plaster o' Paris casts o' murderous Jezebels; . . . perhaps the very skull of her that has been hanged, and disseckit, and made an anatomy!"

"Aren't you pressing the point against phrenologists too far?" sweetly inquires Mrs. Gentle.

Here Tickler awakens.

Just before this ride in the coach the Shepherd and Tickler had been in bathing, and while in the water Tickler tells such a fascinating story about the mermaid who had come from the cave and had been also bathing that both forgot to get ready to go on board the steamer, and it came in sight while they were yet in the water. The Shepherd feels so much like a cherub—such as he sees in church, "just mere head"—that he forgets their condition and calls out to the captain for a boat. Tickler hushes him with, "Why, mon, no one ever boarded a steamer in our plight. There would be fainting from stem to stern, in cabin and steerage." The men waited for the next steamer.

The contributors did what they could to mystify the readers of the "Noctes" in regard to the people represented by the dif-

ferent characters. In one number they made "Christopher North" a man whom they are urging to marry the widow of some dead and gone general. But North declares that the minute he begins to press matters the widow takes out her handkerchief and, through sighs and sobs, speaks of "the dear old General."

The Shepherd curtly replies,

"Deevil keep 'the dear old General.' Has na the mon been dead these twenty years? And if he had been leevin', would na he been aulder than yoursel' and far more infirm? You're no in the least infirm, sir."

"Ah, James! that's all you know. My infirmities are increasing with years."

"Wad you be so unreasonable as to expect them to decrease with years? And her infirmities—"

"Hush!" answered North. "She has no infirmities."

"Nae infirmities! Then she's no worth a brass button. But let me ask you as an interrogatory, Hae ye ever put the question? Answer me that, sir."

"Why, James, I cannot say that I ever have."

"What?" said the Shepherd. "And you expect that she will put the question to you? That would indeed be puttin' the cart before the horse! If the women were to ask the men there would be nae leevin' in this world. Yet, let me tell you, Mr. North, that it's a shameful thing to keep playin' in the way you hae been doin', for these ten years past, on a young woman's feelings."

(Tickler.) "Ha-ha-ha! James! 'A young woman!' She's sixty if she's an hour!"

(North.) "You lie. She's not old."

Of course this sharp remark showed Tickler how North felt regarding the lady, and he began smoothing the ruffled spirit of his friend by saying, "Why, I didna call her 'old,' but merely said, 'She's sixty if she's an hour.' I didna call her old!"

In quoting from the "Noctes" one does not care for quotations on political or sociological questions, for many are like the questions of to-day, nearly one hundred years later. The political discussions had the same unpleasant personalities we find in some periodicals of this age, and many of the problems, like the "Rural," were always left open for further debate. There are topics in lighter vein which are well worth reading. Some of the lightest show us what amused the readers of that age, the thinking men who found rest and recreation in this way.

One day Mr. North tells his friends that the day previous,

when weary, he sat down near the monument in the square, and when reading his paper he suddenly found a crowd of women around him. He kept his eyes on his paper, but heard the remarks from the different ones about him and was puzzled to know who they were, why they were there, and the cause of their remarks. One voice said, "He is really a decent-looking man." Another seemed to be speaking to a friend, "He has been a fine fellow in his day." The third, in peremptory tones, said, "Come away, Meg. He is ower auld for my money." Soon a fourth voice in a stage whisper declared, "You've only to look at him! He has cruel, gray-green eyes; you make sure he looks like a man who would murder his wife."

"What was the meaning of all this, sir?" inquired the Shepherd.

North looked at the questioner a minute before he replied. "Why, James, some ninny had advertised in the newspapers for a wife with a hundred a year, and he informed the female public that he could be seen reading a newspaper near the monument in the square, and on inspection."

"Ha-ha-ha! So Christopher North sat publicly on a bench near the whole city of Edinburgh as an adverteeser for a wife wi' a moderate income . . . undergoin' an inspection like a recruit by the surgeon before he's alloo'd to join the regiment." Tickler sat by Mr. North a few moments in silence, then added: "I've often wished, Mr. North, that you would publish a few volumes of sermons—sermons on lying. . . . Without meaning to give offense to any individual in particular—they all do—lie."

The Shepherd turned toward North and musingly said, "What a revelation of an auld sinner's heart there will be at the Great Day of Judgment!"

"Many revelations!" said they all.

Our last imaginary dialogue is in the parlor of the tavern of Ambrose. The clerk of the Balaam-box, where rejected manuscripts are put, is present. The devil from the printing office and the incremators are also there. The room has been turned into the editor's sanctum. It took the Shepherd, Tickler, Beelzebub, and Ambrose to get the will-filled Balaam-box on the table. When

it is opened an examination of the contents will be made so that all may feel how just the editor has been. The incremators are firemen belonging to the editor's office. To make the key turn in the lock the Ettrick Shepherd sits upon the lid like a guardian angel. When at last the key turns, the lid, like a catapult, dislodges the Shepherd, who alights on his feet several yards from the table. We can see the rejected manuscripts bounce about the room until Tickler puts his feet on some of the heavy ones to keep them down. Some one picks up one of the poems and reads aloud. The Shepherd gets behind all the others and says, "Whisht! Whisht! Whisht! They're my ain verses. Lord safe us!" Five verses of eight and twelve lines each are read in a loud voice and a verdict of condemnation follows. The incremators step forward. The fire is kindled. Sonnets, charades, elegies, pastorals, lyrics, farces, tragedies—all go into the general blaze.

The Shepherd looks at the ashes of all these brain-children, from all over the kingdom, and dolefully says, "There is nothing now left but the thin, black wavering cloud o' annihilation and oblivion. It is a said sicht, and but for the bairnliness o' it I could weel greet. Puir chiels and lassies, they had great hopes when they sat down to compose, and invoked Apollo and the Muses!"

But the hardened editor turned to the Shepherd, saying: "James, the poor creatures have been all happy in their inspiration. Why weep? Probably, too, they kept copies, and other Balaam-boxes may be groaning with duplicates! 'Tis a strange world we live in!"

Then comes the reading of the most sentimental essays and poems, which are given to the reader. Every few lines some one of the listeners interrupts, right in the middle of the most strained passage, with absurdest of absurd sentiment, as though it were a part of the essay, or a line in the poem.

When the scuttle was filled with the rejected poems the incremators were called and the manuscripts poured on the flames with the remark from an onlooker: "O! wae's me that poetry should be siccan a drug in the market! Is there no chance, think ye, o' its lookin' up?"

The editor looks at the Shepherd and sadly replies: "None, James. All your old stagers are done up. Sir Walter Scott has done his best in verse. So has Southey; so Moore; so Wordsworth; so Crabbe; so Campbell; so James Hogg."

Not many modern home libraries lay claim to the five volumes of Wilson's "Noctes Ambrosianæ," by "Christopher North," Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh and Editor of Blackwood's Magazine. And if one had the books he might not enjoy such purely literary pages. The politics and criticisms might interest the scholar. The rhapsodies, perhaps, would satisfy the most poetical or imaginative, but to one capable of appreciation the wit and humor would give all the prismatic colors, and the hours spent with the author would prove restful, enjoyable, to many leaving them healthfully braced, as with a tonic, for the calls of duty. The brilliant dialogues between the famous characters of that age are full of headlong eloquence, literary beauty, rare fun, interesting personalities. As a writer for the first thirty years of the last century, Christopher North left a great influence on the literature of later years, the nature and extent of which can be seen in this generation and which perhaps will be imitated for generations to come.

Charlotte F Wilder

ART. VII.—STEEPLES AMONG THE HILLS

THE automobile stopped, and I did like Lot's wife. The afterglow died on the old steeple. The chill evening of late August was ready to creep from the dusky ambush of the forests over the barren bog that was once a lake and the scattered houses that once were new. This might have been a happy place once, but it was long ago. "So far away and so lonely" were the only words that would come to me. In such a place as this a man saw his lost sweetheart a thousand years ago as she went away on her bridegroom's arm, and still his soul clung to the place from which the glory had gone, until at length he died, and his ghost came back to haunt it till it, too, became weary and ready to die. Such a sense of loneliness haunts the far-away rural highlands. I was glad to speed on. It is better to visit these hamlets at noonday than at evening. One can work with high courage in thin settlements where the tide is incoming and all is new. It is different where empty houses with sagging doors and black windows, like eyeholes in a skull, sit grinning into the gloom. "Ichabod—the glory is departed from Israel!"

This decadence is enough to sink us in a horror of discouragement. But it is no more than that. All we need is heroes. There are still homes enough in the "hill country of Ephraim" to exhaust the labors of the mightiest pastor. Weather-beaten old houses of God, forsaken by man, are going to decay, but in every case of this that I have known the edifice was still within reach of men enough to fill it. It is common talk that some places are overchurched. Nonsense mostly. I know a little village that has two large church buildings. One would hold the congregations of both. The salaries of both would be small for one. Federate? Yes; why not? Outside the village and the membership of both churches there are absolutely one thousand souls who must be churchied in this place or nowhere—work to exhaustion for five pastors, if the place had them, and for every member of both churches. It is a case for waking up, not federation. In this particular instance, who talks federation? Not the members of

either church, but respectable people who would like one well-filled church as a standing excuse for their own absence; one fairly paid parson as a means to lighten their own possible subscriptions. Even the best motives for federation look to the good of the fold, not the sheep on the mountains; the church institution, not those whom the church should reach.

There is one heresy, therefore, which must not be heard; namely, that after a young pastor has served his rural apprenticeship he should go away to a larger field in the city. He may go to the city. Yea, he has, he does, he will. Often, he ought. But to a larger field he never will go. White forever to the harvest, it stretches away over magnificent miles to the four quarters of heaven. The church at its center may be of the smallest in salary and in membership (and the smaller the more unmanageable they are), but the numbers to which this church or none must minister are often equal to three city parishes. Not only that, but covering the distance consumes the time, and the topography of the trolleyless country redoubles the task. This is no weakling's work. Columba landed on lonely Iona, but he was mighty in labors till he died. That more real dignity inheres in any other job, that more brains are needed to be pastor of any city church whatever, or to be bishop in the church of God, is utterly all a lie. One might have the genius of Simpson the eloquent or of Fowler the thunderer and still be all too small for this rural task. Men leave it for a hundred reasons, but the one real reason for which no man will ever leave it is that his gifts are too large to be wasted in it. If distinction is wanted, look elsewhere and look at once; but if work, "*hoc opus, hic labor est.*" The athlete hurls the quoit and the admiring crowd wonders at the long, easy flexion of his knotted muscles, but nobody sees old Atlas down beneath the awful mountains. He never can rise, he never can rest, he never can change his position, but his aching shoulders upbear the world on which both the athlete and the populace stand. And we country pastors, I say, are like Atlas. We no sooner train our young till they can help us than away they go to fatten the city churches whose pastors are the friends of our youth, the Jonathans we lost when most their love would have helped us.

Our hearts break with loneliness, our heads ache with study, our feet are weary with walking, but our churches will always be small and we will shepherd our sheep for the folds of another. So it is, and so it will be. Life trends from the highlands down to the cities. Just barely to keep our numbers good requires labor that would double the glory of more fortunate churches. Faithful pastors appear as if they had failed, and only those appear to succeed who are Herculean in labors. So it is, and so it will be. We might as well face the situation now as ever. Life is more and more industrial, which means congestion at the centers. Once it was agricultural, which meant not only a better distribution of population, but that the center of rural interests was in the country. Now not even that is true. Once all the religious, social, and intellectual life was furnished by the church. Social life is now offered elsewhere to distraction, and those who want intellectual life can find it in a thousand other ways. This means smaller congregations, but of better strain. With diminution of "Amens" and shouting, a larger proportion of our churchgoers certainly come from pure religious interest now than was ever the case before. But we cannot forget that to lack men is a fatal lack. Jove, the almighty; and Mars, the god of war; and Venus, the goddess of love; and Apollo, the god of archery and of song, were all friendly to Troy, yet Troy fell; for it had only Hector and Æneas who were mighty enough to contend with Diomed, Ajax, Agamemnon, Menelaus, Ulysses, and Achilles. If we fail it will be for lack of heroes. A few are not enough, however heroic. But one other lesson from the Iliad we must not forget. One day Mars went down to the battle, and was going to do wonders for Troy, but Pallas (significant that wisdom is more than might?) inspired Diomed to wound him, and he fled back to Jove, complaining of Diomed's insolence. If one inspired Greek could send the great god of war bawling back to Olympus to tell Pa that he had been abused, cannot one inspired Christian do things to the devil?

But what are our conclusions? What is needed to save the rural church? Most of all, a vision of its tremendous importance, an acceptance of its perennial difficulty. Cities have agonies of

their own and cannot think of us. We care for ourselves or we perish. Our leaders need to be the largest men the church can honor—only they will not be thus honored. To be so faithful in the rural work as to earn promotion elsewhere is little good to us. The rural victorious pastor is the man who makes this business his life's devotion, who lets no man insult him by supposing that there is a greater work than his, and who does not understand the language which implies that to leave it is promotion. But can we ask men of genius to forsake their splendid prospects for the rural toil and endless privation? We cannot ask it; we never shall; but one of these days God will raise up mighty men who will do it without the asking. They will be men of utter sacrifice for the churches that probably will never know enough to appreciate them, but these men will know that the rural churches raise the leaders of the world's Christianity, and Christianity is a cripple if the rural church fails. The only city which can add to the royal dignity of these self-crucified giants is the "city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God."

There are certain other very definite needs of the rural church. Like Brutus and others, the members are all honorable men—individually; the local churches need a sense of business honor as organizations. I am not generalizing now, and the less true to fact these words can be proved, the better I shall be pleased. I am merely talking about all the rural churches I happen personally ever to have known. There are two things I am not talking about. First, I am not talking about stinginess, though it is true that salaries are where they were before the cost of living doubled. In the five years from 1908 to 1912, inclusive, the average salary of the whole Vermont Conference was \$526.42. In making this average the few charges paying large salaries were considered like all the others, but the double preaching appointments were reckoned as if one charge. These two facts prove the average strictly rural salary to be far below \$526. But the strictly rural preacher is just the man whose study is at immense cost of book-buying, because he is far from libraries; whose pastoral work is at great cost of team-keep because God tumbled the mountains between him and his people; whose personal touch

with the great outside world is impossible from the cost of travel; whose annual trip to Conference is often itself a hardship. "Who gives this bride away?" "We could, but we won't," said the chorus of young men in the back of the church. All the above I could say, but I won't. Neither am I talking about the simple meanness of some kinds of human nature. "Ten thousand souls no bigger than his could all dance turkey trot on a pinpoint and have room to rent!" exclaimed the exasperated, apropos of such. A worn-out floor was replaced in a parsonage, though the part of the floor running through a narrow hall was overlooked in the order. The minister of course rectified what was only a ridiculous mistake, but he tells me that when the bill came to the Ladies' Aid, one good (?) sister (!) said, "If the minister wants a floor in the hall, let him pay for it himself." No (for here at last is what I really was going to say), when I say the church needs business honor, I refer merely to the letter of the law. Stewards as a board should have some slight sense of honor about insisting upon the payment when due of that salary which they themselves fix at their own figure. A green youth of twenty-one, I was pastor of my first church. My salary had not been paid for months. I was homesick and discouraged, and it was Christmas time and I had no money to buy a present for any that I loved. At last I went to my financial agent and asked would he please collect me just one dollar of the hundreds long overdue. With the air of Jove giving his nod he handed me a paper dollar—and immediately entered it on the ledger of his grist mill as one dollar loaned! Now I want that man to go to heaven (not particular as to date), but do you blame me for not wanting to see him there? I have had enough of him here. In all the rural churches I ever have known the salary is allowed to go haphazard until toward Conference time. If, many months late and the last thing before Conference, the financial agents, after causing privation all the year, do finally collect what is due, they expect to be praised for their efficiency. If they do not get the salary paid they wish to have credit in the reports for doing so, because, they say, it is all pledged. But even then, instead of hiring the money till they can make the collections, so that the report can

be truthful, they will expect the pastor to cover their shiftlessness with a lie and report all claims paid. More than once it has been necessary to refuse this lie. "But," says some one, "if the deficiency is reported at Conference, and the pledge should be paid *afterward*, there is a lie too." Most assuredly not! First, a report closed at Annual Conference can cover only what was actually accomplished within that Conference year. The last thing in the world which it can touch is something in the next Conference year which, however good the pledges may be, is only an expectation. If in the next year it does occur as expected, in that year let it be reported. Finally, reporting a deficiency which is a fact cannot be a lie (even if the deficiency were later paid) and never could imply a wrong to anyone, for the very printing of a deficit should rouse the certainty in everyone who reads that it would be paid. Methodists, we suppose, are considered honest. Ministers are human, and in these days have got to have some advantages to keep abreast of the culture of the age. Just so long as rural churches have no sense of honor about meeting their obligations, just so long will it be true that our bright ambitious young pastors will go where that sense of honor is, if they can find it.

The next great need of the rural church is pastoral visiting. "Yes," some layman will say, "we have wanted that all along. I told you so!" No, brother, you haven't wanted it all along, and you haven't told us so. I use the word pastoral in its true shepherding sense. What you meant by pastoral visiting was probably visiting by the pastor, most likely in a social way. If he got right down to pastoral business you were not so insistent about his coming. True pastoral visiting will certainly mean fewer social calls. For what burdens are upon the rural pastor! I say nothing about study, and the business and financial work which a minister ought never to need to touch, but which a rural church thrusts upon him. I take merely the spiritual work. If family prayers and home instruction were more general, the work with children would be less exacting, but with these in disuse the proper training of the children, especially of the boys, in Christianity is almost enough to take all the minister's time. Next,

think of the great outlying country. Your pastor does not claim these people in his parish, but neither does the next pastor up the line. No man careth for their souls. I have seldom known a country parish which did not have around it, unclaimed by any, a greater country of poor nobody's people than two parishes combined. In the vicinity of one small village that had three churches I tried for a year to visit only those whom my church or none must shepherd, and I could not once cover the ground. City churches have assistant pastors, but how would the officers of a little country church receive the proposition of hiring two or three pastors? Remember the miles of travel on a country pastor's round, and the impossibility of his having other conveyance than his feet except at the expense of necessary books. How, then, is this pastoral visiting to be done? There is but one way: churches must no longer expect a minister to spend most of his time coddling those who were church members perhaps before he was born. Members must unite with him and all together shepherd the wandered sheep. The minister will be their inspirer, guide, and adviser, visiting all whom they visit and visiting them too. But, because from the very numbers involved these visits cannot be often, each layman must have his list or his territory, and put much of his leisure into this pastoral visiting, or it simply cannot be done. When once this is done, the rural church will have shepherded the people committed to its care, doubled its numbers, multiplied by three its income, and will have a band of laymen compelled by the mighty power of God.

To lose our Conference academies, which are under distinctively Christian faculties, would be fatal to rural Methodism, for to them we must ever look for our leaders. Ninety per cent of all the ministers in the land are from the church schools. Ninety per cent of the graduates of little Baker College go away converted. Out of two thousand graduates De Pauw has 450 ministers, 57 college presidents, 55 seminary and academy principals, 146 college professors, and 524 other teachers. Wesleyan has had two United States senators, a dozen judges, and eleven bishops. Ohio Wesleyan has furnished not only seven bishops and twelve college presidents, but also eight governors. And these

arguments which justify the church college justify the Conference academies. They furnish in like manner the rural leaders and stand between us and an uneducated ministry. Churches which cannot have the pastorate of college and theological graduates are saved thus from entirely ignorant leadership. Vermont Conference would have died long ago if it had not been for Montpelier Seminary. After an appeal in behalf of this institution (for these schools cannot always completely overcome their handicaps) a steward of the church said that when a business did not pay it was time to turn the key. What could I answer? "That is true of a business. It is not true of a school. I will not ask whether you would say the same of the public schools, which never pay one red cent—whose bills you altogether pay by tax. I will not ask whether you would say the same of the church, or whether it ever pays to put mind before money. I will not justify the State's need of the church school by the fact that Vermont, with its two hundred and forty-six towns and cities, has only fifty-eight high schools of the first class and only twenty more of any class whatever, rendering the education of Vermont youth by the public schools alone a physical impossibility. I will take the matter entirely on your own ground. Most of the ministers of our Conference never went beyond the Conference academy, and you are getting the service of these for five and six and seven hundred dollars. The high schools are not furnishing us candidates, and if we had them from the college and theological seminaries you would have to pay at least one thousand dollars and house. Here, then, is an actual cash saving to your local church of from three to five hundred dollars a year, the continuation of which you are asked to make possible by a very small subscription." The man objected that, if it actually came to a question of paying a thousand dollars a year, of course they would have to close their church. What am I trying to say? The rural church must get vision or die. That man was one in a well-to-do village and farming community of a thousand people, with a church partially endowed, who, with any decent business management, could have paid two thousand dollars a year to the church and its benevolences and never known the difference. Yet they groaned at

eight hundred dollars, which (and it included their endowment) covered every expense whatever. Such churches must wake up or die. In thirty years twenty-five representative rural churches of Vermont have had a net loss of fifty-three per cent of their membership, and in twenty-eight years at the present rate will be dead. Yet the census shows only thirteen per cent loss in population. The grand list of the townships will show no reason for starvation salaries, and I give you two reasons soberly alleged for not collecting the salary when due: "I think it is best to leave it till the end of the year, for we always have done it that way and it is easier to get it then." "I was sorry not to collect your salary before Conference, but I have a hired man through sugaring and he doesn't work so well when I am not around to watch him." If these excuses were made insolently you could knock a man down, but they are made with such perfect innocence that it takes the heart out of a pastor. And when the minister doesn't care very much you may be sure the church will care less.

What can be done where a rural church does wake up? There is a church of seventy members which never paid more than five hundred dollars, without parsonage. The salary dropped down to two hundred dollars and the attendance to thirty. There was no longer a resident pastor. The community became awakened by its own very rottenness. This year they have bought a parsonage. They have nine hundred dollars pledged on a yet incomplete salary. They have an able resident pastor and more than a hundred members in the men's Bible class. I knew another church of fifty members which reached the high-water mark of salary at three hundred dollars, but immediately dropped back to two hundred and fifty dollars because to pay more was simply impossible. Then, with no added wealth, the right man came to them and they paid him, largely in advance, eight hundred dollars a year; the Ladies' Aid meantime, within three years' space, building and paying for a hall larger than their church. There is another place, far among the hills, of which it was said, "It is a place of ruined houses, a weird place—a place for witchcraft and murders." Then I remembered that as I drove around the thicket-bordered dismal marsh that once had been a lake I had been told

that few men dared to row on the water that still remained. Its name was Wicked Pond, because long ago, when the road of the cattle drovers passed it, men were robbed and then rolled, carriage and all, down into the lake, sinking out of sight in the bottomless quicksand. And what should be the name of this place for half a century? It was Sodom; and when people wearied of the wicked word they renamed it as Adamant. But this I know: in spite of forbidding name, and weird tradition, and Sabbath-breaking far and near, I have seen forty bright-eyed little folk gathered on Sunday afternoons by a sturdy band of Christians that for twenty years have kept a Sabbath school together without church building, without the encouragement of a pastor, and largely without the help of man. Now they talk about a church building. They have preaching every Sunday. They mean business, and will soon be an organized Methodist Episcopal Church, courageous and growing.

Noble is the work of keeping, in all the nooks of all the everlasting hills, the steeples pointing to the stars!

Arthur Wentworth Hewitt.

ART. VIII.—A CHRISTMAS PUDDING

A CHRISTMAS pudding is a marvelous thing. No wonder "Mrs. Bob Cratchit left the room alone—too nervous to bear witness—to take the pudding up and bring it in. Suppose it should not be done enough! should break in turning out! Suppose somebody should have got over the wall of the backyard, and stolen it, while they were merry with the goose." No wonder Bob Cratchit declared it the greatest success achieved since their marriage, as his wife "entered, flushed, but smiling proudly, with the pudding, like a speckled cannon ball, so hard and firm, blazing in ignited brandy and bedight with Christmas holly stuck into the top." Yes, a pudding is a marvelous thing. But there are puddings and puddings. I am about to offer you a recipe for one to be eaten as an appetizer for the genuine one you will eat on Christmas Day. For many of us have lately taken the notion that we must "do something to get ourselves into the spirit" of this greatest of feasts.

Take first what Charles Dickens has given us in his volumes of Christmas books, particularly in his Christmas Carol. Here is a capital story for the season: first of all because it touches humanity at so many points. "Happiness! That's Christmas." Gilbert K. Chesterton makes the "mystery of Christmas identical with the mystery of Dickens," for "Dickens devoted his genius in a somewhat special sense to the description of happiness," and succeeded in giving his Carol what Chesterton calls "the atmosphere of rejoicing and riotous charity." For this there are several very apparent reasons. One is the complete revolution in the character of Scrooge. With what satisfaction we see the miraculous change in the old fellow, who exclaimed at the beginning of the story, "'Merry Christmas!' out upon Merry Christmas. What's Christmas time to you but a time for paying bills without money. . . . For finding yourself a year older, but not an hour richer. . . . If I could work my will every idiot who goes about with 'Merry Christmas' on his lips should be boiled with his own pudding and buried with a stake of holly through his heart." Is it possible that this is the same Scrooge whom we hear exclaim the next

morning, after his journeys with the Christmas Spirit: "A Merry Christmas, Bob! A Merrier Christmas, Bob, my good fellow, than I have given you for many a year! I'll raise your salary and endeavor to assist your struggling family"? A large measure of the happiness we find in this story is our own delight in seeing that Scrooge is "better than his word," and in knowing that "to Tiny Tim, who did not die, he was a second father."

At this point it is interesting to contrast with Scrooge's idea of Christmas what several others in the story thought of it. When Scrooge cried bitterly to his nephew, "What right have you to be merry? You're poor enough," this was the capital reply of the young husband: "Come, then; what right have you to be dismal? You're rich enough." And then he continued: "I am sure I have always thought of Christmas time as a good time; a kind, loving, charitable, pleasant time; the only time I know of when men and women seem by one consent to open up their shut-up hearts freely; and therefore, Uncle, though it has never put a scrap of gold in my pocket, I believe it has done me good and will do me good; and I say, God bless it!" Then there is another fellow whose conception of Christmas is full of the joy of boyish exuberance. This is Scrooge's clerk, Tiny Tim's father, who, closing the office in a twinkling after Scrooge had walked out with a growl, started home "with the long ends of his white comforter dangling below his waist (for he boasted no greatcoat), went down on the slide on Cornhill, at the end of a lane of boys, twenty times, in honor of its being Christmas Eve, and then ran home to Camden Town as hard as he could pelt to play at blind man's buff."

Well, to come back to Chesterton, he is again right in crediting another source of the good cheer in this story to its "winter weather" setting. What could warm the very cockles of our heart more than such a scene as the following:

By this time it was getting dark, and snowing pretty heavily; and as Scrooge and the Spirit went along the streets, the brightness of the roaring fires in kitchens, parlors, and all sorts of rooms, was wonderful. Here the flickering of the blaze showed preparations for a cozy dinner, with hot plates baking through and through before the fire, and deep red curtains, ready to be drawn to shut out cold and darkness. There all the children of the house were running out into the snow to meet their mar-

ried sisters, brothers, cousins, aunts, uncles, and be the first to greet them. Here again were shadows on the window-blind of guests assembling; and there a group of handsome girls, all hooded and fur-booted, and all chattering at once, tripping lightly off to some neighbor's house.

Or one of such quaint unreality as this:

A light shone from the window of a hut . . . Passing through the wall of mud and stone, they found a cheerful company assembled round a glowing fire. An old, old man and woman, with their children and their children's children . . . all decked out gayly in their holiday attire. The old man, in a voice that seldom rose above the howling of the wind upon the barren waste, was singing them a Christmas song—it had been a very old song when he was a boy—and from time to time they all joined in the chorus. So surely as they raised their voices the old man got quite blithe and loud; and so surely as they stopped, his vigor sank again.

But no Christmas pudding can be all raisins and nuts. Gladly though we all hail Dickens master of Christmas in fiction, we have others as well who offer us goodies. Take for example, Arnold Bennett, who stands as the exponent of those troubled men who are endeavoring "to keep the bottom from falling out of Christmas." Dickens, who was blessed by living in an age more naïve than ours, was undisturbed by any such anxiety as this. His spirit was not unlike that of those quaint singers of old who sang,

O Tannenbaum, O Tannenbaum,
Wie grün sind deine Blätter.

But in his well-worth-while book, *The Feast of Saint Friend*, Bennett confesses to an enormous "discount of faith," and wonders whether the studies of Darwin, Huxley, etc., and the wave of skepticism they inaugurated, are responsible for it. He feels that "we need something to renew the thrills of childhood," and to assure ourselves that "Christmas is not decadent, and that all is still well with it." "By virtue of the children's faith the reindeer are still tramping the sky," he likes to believe, and that "Christmas Day is still something above and beyond a day of the week." And how he struggles to have us retain the family feast and festival! "What if they do imply excessive eating and merrymaking? Our present disinclination for feasts," he says, "and our morbid, self-conscious fear of letting ourselves go are sure signs of lack of faith. . . . The acceptance of the ridiculous (as in a tug of war, for instance) is good for you. It expands you beyond your common-

sense." With characteristic candor and his knack of going to the very heart of things he admits that Christmas has lost some of its flavor and vitality, and urges us to restore it by concentrating on "the cultivation of good will. Not by the establishment of a grand international society . . . with headquarters at The Hague, but by cultivating it first within your own heart and . . . exercising it upon . . . the one member of the household who most frequently annoys you." Just put yourself in the place of this individual, he says, and the difficulty will be removed, for it is impossible to think long of a person without feeling kindly toward him. He calls this "the supreme social exercise," because it is the giving of oneself in the most intimate sense, and "Christmas, in addition to being the feast of Saint Friend, is even more profoundly the feast of one's own welfare."

And we cannot finish our Christmas pudding without adding another ingredient, one prepared by a woman's hand. Margaret Deland, in her essay "Concerning Christmas Giving," traces much of our unrest and anxiety at this period to our present method of giving. She calls it a "miserable and foolish business of giving because we have received, encouraged by shop keepers, fed by our own mean ambition and vanity, nourished by paltry unwillingness to be under obligations." It is a matter for women to adjust by common sense and reverence, and not something which legislation can adjust. For in the women's hands rests most of the buying as well as the giving of gifts. "The woman who this year winces as she is wrapping up for Mary the spoolcase given her last year by Jane will do it next year without a scruple and very probably consider it a good joke." But such an action, claims Mrs. Deland, "belittles her in her own eyes, coarsens her instincts, and blunts her spiritual perceptions." Perhaps the most practical suggestion the essay offers is this: When we cannot really afford to send an appropriate gift to Mary or to Jane, instead of "scraping up" something for her substitute a neatly written note of this tenor: "I want you to know that your patience, courage, and tenderness during this last year will help me to live more bravely this coming years. Yours, Delia."

And then, if you would add a thoroughly fresh and tasty

flavor to your pudding, take *The Pigeon*, by John Galsworthy. The Christmas atmosphere of this play is due to something more than the fact that the action opens on Christmas Eve. The spirit of the ever-giving, self-improverishing old artist Wellwyn is simply the soul of "Christmas all the year." And the situation brings us at once enough social problems to keep us thinking from one holiday season till the next. The altogether lovable Wellwyn, the dear old "Pigeon," is the despair of all social reformers, because he is too full of compassion to be discriminating in his charity. Though we share his daughter's anxiety when we see him so shamefully imposed upon by the three he takes into his home on Christmas Eve—the vagabond Frenchman, the intoxicated old "Cabbie," and the hopeless young flower-seller of the London streets—yet we have the satisfaction of seeing his charity avail a little more in the end than the ineffective and heartless theorizing of the would-be reformers Canon Bertley, Professor Calway, and Sir Thomas Hoxton. And at the end, when the "three rotters" have degenerated to about as low a level as they can, and when the dear old "Pigeon" finds it necessary to move to the seventh floor quarters on Fleet Street, the young Frenchman returns and says to Wellwyn, as the men are taking the furniture from his house, "Monsieur, . . . you understand. Those sirs, with their theories, they can clean our skins and chain our 'abits—that soothes for them the æsthetic sense. . . . But our spirits they cannot touch, for they nevere understand. Without that, Monsieur, all is dry as a parched skin of orange." And when Wellwyn urges him, "Don't be so bitter. Think of all the work they do," the vagabond continues: "They do a good work while they attend with their theories to the sick and the lame old, and the good unfortunate deserving. Above all to the little children. But, Monsieur, when all is done, there are always we hopeless ones . . . you are the sole being that do us good—us hopeless ones. . . . You treat me like a brother." Have we not here the problem which all Christianity and all sociology are trying to solve: the union of heart and mind, of free-handed bounty and discriminate giving; the marriage of the charitable impulse and the scientific social spirit?

And now is your Christmas pudding ready for its sauce.
What shall it be? Surely there could be nothing better than these
quaint old English carols to warm you completely with the Christ-
mas spirit:

So now is come our joyfullest fest,
Let every man be jolly,
Each room with ivy leaves is dressed,
And every post with holly.

Without the door let Sorrow lie,
And if for cold it hap to die,
We'll bury it in a Christmas pie
And evermore be merry.

And so,

God rest you, merry gentlemen,
Let nothing you dismay;
For Jesus Christ, our Saviour,
Was born upon this day
To save us all from Satan's power
When we were gone astray.
God rest you, merry gentlemen,
Let nothing you dismay.

Madeleine Suzanne Miller

ART. IX.—TRISTRAM—THE FOOL

It is a trifle difficult for us to imagine just what the Shakespearean and Tennysonian "fool" must have been. As out of the mouths of babes and sucklings come words of wisdom, so from the lips of such as Dagonet fall sentences indicating an insight and penetrating discernment such as few might utter who have been honored with the name of "wise." Dagonet, the dwarf—the deformed, dancing grotesquely, "like a withered leaf"—Dagonet, seeing with discerning eye the follies of the court and the sins of its queen with its chiefest knight, beholding the virus of disbelief and of sensuality working its way into the veins of all the knightly body of King Arthur's Table Round; Dagonet, beholding the spiritual vision of the king's followers change to spiritual blindness—seeing Eternal Truth overcome so slowly by Error that he alone could see the change, as one watching the sky sees it slowly darken before the winter's blast into dull gray and change to darkest night, yet scarce can tell when the light ended and the night began; Dagonet, seeing what the king himself could not see—the enthronement of Error in the very halls of Truth, the setting up of the kingdom of Darkness in the very shadow of the kingdom of Light; Dagonet, looking on these things, yet still believing in his king and Truth—that there was still a Right, though hidden by the Wrong, trusting where he could not see, holding fast to his faith in purity when it was invisible, retaining his spiritual vision amid discouragements, believing that "somehow" good would be "the final goal of ill, to pangs of nature, sins of will, defects of doubt, and taints of blood"; Dagonet, alone true to his king and faithful to his trust—free from knightly vows, but bound by a tie of trust more lasting than the oaths of knighthood—he was less fool than philosopher and true knight. But this Tristram, who took upon him knightly vows of purest truth and fairest purity but to soil them with the mire of falsehood and deceitful perjury, whose mind was too shallow to hold for more than a passing moment the high ideals of chivalry, he who, catching a glimpse of the pure light of truth, allowed the

clouds to cover the horizon of his soul's discernment; he who, losing the ideals of life, was content to follow the leadings of a capricious and groveling mind; he who descended willingly from the heights of spirituality to wallow in the mire of sensuality; he who laughed at purity and scoffed at truth because his mind was too narrow to hold within its compass that same purity and truth he so despised; he who could not, or would not, see even in the tempted and sinning Lancelot and false queen the yearnings of their yet unstified souls for higher and better things, he who gave free reign to his passions and desires, who was not even "falsely true," flitting from one guilty love to another, not as Lancelot—loving with the love of a life, and falling because so tempted—but tempting himself, holding before his own eyes new pleasures of sense to arouse his lusts, not even falsely true and faithfully unfaithful, but singing with lecherous tongue the lay of "Free love—free field . . . new leaf . . . new love, to suit the newer day;—free love—free field—we love but while we may"—this Tristram, not Dagonet, was the fool of King Arthur's Table Round.

He is a fit type of his class. A man blind—not born so, but because he will not see; not born blind, and thus to be pitied, but burning out his own eyeballs with the irons of self-indulgence heated at the fires of passion. Blind because he did not care to see; without remorse for guilt, without regret for infamy, without desire for forgiveness, exulting in his guilt and rejoicing in his shame, reveling in the wretched delights of his sinful life, he was the fool. He sang of freedom in life and love who was a slave to his own passions. He deceived himself to think that his bonds were ornaments and his shackles chains of gold. He was fool because he was blind in the midst of beauteous landscapes, fool because in his deaf ears were sounding delightful symphonies, fool, harping himself and others "down the black king's highway to play at ducks and drakes with holy vows upon a lake of fire."

Not Dagonet, seeing King Arthur's star "up in heaven," and hearing it make "a silent music," while himself, Arthur, and the angels heard, but Tristram, this other, searching in vain the

distant heavens for its light, was the fool of Arthur's court. Not Dagonet, believing in Truth when he saw all false, but Tristram, scoffing at goodness, and finding in the failings of his fellow knights and ladies merely excuse and warrant for his own deeper faults, he was the fool. Not Dagonet, looking beyond the present world of conquered truth and vanquished honor to a future full of hope and budding with promise of a land where Error is enchained, and Darkness is dispelled, and Wrong is overcome by Eternal Right, but Tristram, looking forward only to a life "when old and gray, and past desire," an existence of unsatisfied lust and longing without power of fulfillment, was fool. Not he of high ideals, but the creature of low aims; not he who serves his conscience as his king and believes man's word is God in man, but he is the fool who disbelieves in truth because he finds some false and in virtue because he sees some impure. Not the idealist, but the materialist, is fool. Not he who in spite of discouragements, in spite of blasted hopes and blighted trust, cherishes still the ideals of truth and righteousness, believing, when knowledge fails and trusting where he cannot see, wearing "the white flower of a blameless life" unsullied by a sinful world, but he who measures all men by the petty dimensions of his own soul, who reads men's minds only in the light of his own dwarfish nature, is the fool.

Not the Dagonets of this life, but the Tristrams, are the fools.

J. P. Stefford

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENTS

NOTES AND DISCUSSIONS

HENRY WHITE WARREN¹

THE name of Bishop Henry W. Warren will be forever associated with two schools of theology: Gammon School of Theology at Atlanta, Ga., for the training of spiritual leaders for the colored race; Iliff School of Theology at Denver, for the training of spiritual leaders for the white race. In the establishing and strengthening of both he was mightily helpful and the imprint of his strong laboring hand is upon them forever.

That we should bring this sacred body here and lay it for a little while within this altar is meet and right, for this institution was dearer to him than any other on earth, and the dearest spot in this building was this chapel, and the dearest part of this chapel was the altar and the pulpit. The chapel will not do anything to the dear body, but the dear body by resting here a while may lend a new and lasting sanctity to this chapel. Certain it is that the name of Henry W. Warren will not perish from this place through generations to come. May he through his ever-abiding memory be the patron saint of this institution; may his spirit be the guardian angel of its future. It will do well to take its keynote from his heart and life.

My journey of four thousand miles by rail in order to comply with the call to be here to-day seems to my love and loyalty well worth while. How it happens that I am here making this address in Iliff Chapel is a long, long story—forty-three years long. I am here not because of any official position of his or mine, nor because of any official relationship anywhere in the years between him and me. I am brought hither by the simple power of friendship, along a way of pleasantness and peace; a path which started from the American Chapel on the Rue de Berri in Paris, in the summer of 1869, when we both were young, and leads now to Iliff Chapel, Denver, in the summer of 1912; a path that runs over the earth, across many lands and seas; that climbs the peaks of the

¹A personal tribute delivered in the chapel of Iliff School of Theology, University Park, Colo., by William Valentine Kelley, July 20, 1912.

Alps and looks down from the shoulder of the Matterhorn, scales the Breithorn, goes into Italy over the Saint Theodule Pass, and circles by the tour of Mont Blanc to Chamounix; a path that wanders in Egypt by the pyramids and the Sphinx, that coasts up to Jaffa from Port Said, climbs over Bethoron, and goes over the mountains that are round about Jerusalem into the Holy City; that runs southward to Bethlehem and Hebron, and northward over the shoulder of Olivet to Bethany to sit down and dream the story of Jesus in the home of Mary and Martha; and then comes back across the Kedron, stopping to meditate in the Garden of Gethsemane, and traveling by the Via Dolorosa up to Calvary; a path that turns northward to Nazareth and Tiberias and Hermon and Damascus—such are some of the windings of the path of friendship whose earthly course ends here. I could furnish a large certificate of my right to stand here. After a friendship that never dropped a stitch in its more than twoscore years, I speak here with the passion of a long deepening and intensifying affection and under stress of strong emotion in a great bereavement. I know I shall speak impulsively, having no word written. For me to speak freely from my personal standpoint is my necessity as well as my desire, and I doubt not it would be my departed friend's wish.

It seems likely that I knew Henry W. Warren through and through. I have been well with him and sick with him in journeyings by sea and by land. Often we shared one room, and sometimes one bed, alone together for weeks and weeks. I have been practically alone with him for weeks of mountain climbing in the solitudes of the earth. I have been almost essentially alone with him for a month in the saddle and in tents in the Holy Land. If you do not come to know a man in that kind of intercourse, living with him day and night, week in and week out, month after month, then you will never know him. And whatever I may say here is affirmed with knowledge, and not surmised out of ignorance.

Now what was this man to me after all this close and continuous intimacy? It is not possible for any one of you to anticipate what I am going to say. Henry W. Warren is to me and has been for forty-three years the man with the reverent soul and the bowed spirit. Let me explain. The first time I ever saw his face was in the American Chapel in Paris one summer Sunday morning in 1869. The sermon of the morning was by Dr. Charles S. Robinson, pastor of the church. The text was the passage from Isaiah: "Lo, this hath touched thy lips," taken from Isaiah's vision of the Lord in the temple, where

the prophet heard the six-winged seraphim cry, "Holy, holy, holy is the Lord of Hosts; the whole earth is full of his glory"; and the posts of the doors were moved, and so was the prophet, and in the presence of the infinite holiness he cried out, "Woe is me! for I am undone, because I am a man of unclean lips"; and one of the angels took a live coal from off the altar and put it to the prophet's mouth, and said, "Lo, this hath touched thy lips, and thy iniquity is taken away and thy sin is purged"; and the prophet heard the voice of the Lord, saying, "Whom shall I send, and who will go for us?" The man whose lips by live coal had been touched, and who by that celestial cautery had been cleansed from all iniquity and made fit for the Almighty's use, answered, "Here am I; send me." The minister that morning in Paris made us live through that great vision which God's ancient prophet had in the temple, and drove its lesson deep into our hearts. At the close of the service I went forward with many others to thank the minister for his message; and I met there at that altar a man who had just listened to this sermon, a face I had never seen before, a man of whose existence even I had not known; and the thing that struck me as I looked this stranger in the face was that I saw in his eyes the bowed spirit of the man, awestruck as one who has been in the presence of the Lord. He looked as if the live coal might have touched his lips; he looked like a man subdued by a heavenly spell, who might be ready to say to any call of God, "Here am I; send me."

Now you see what I mean when I say that Henry W. Warren was to me the man with the bowed spirit and the reverent soul. He was so at the very first. But there is more.

Four years later, on Good Friday morning, we were in Jerusalem together, and we went up to Calvary, the traditional Calvary, where it is reported our Lord was crucified, and we knelt down on the rocks by the socket into which it is said that the foot of the cross was sunk, and there we tried to yield up our souls afresh to the crucified Lord and Saviour, and when we rose from our knees, and from silent prayer, I looked again into his face, and once more in that one memorable moment he was to me the man with the bowed spirit and the reverent soul.

Once more. I was in Cincinnati at the General Conference in 1880, the day the new bishops were consecrated, and when the consecration service was ended I went to him on the platform. He gave me both his hands and with all our mutual recollections flowing out

of the past, and making memory like a chancel with holy figures painted on it, I looked into his face and saw that same look of the bowed spirit and the reverent soul. I saw that same old look there and then, as he said tenderly and with deep emotion, "God bless us all." I saw in him a man who, if he had heard the Lord say, "Whom shall I send, and who will go for us?" was ready heart and soul, brain, body, and spirit. Every atom of his being was saying, "Here am I; send me," and in that spirit he went forth on his bishopric for thirty-two years of active service.

What was the first thing that new bishop did? In those years the rule was that the bishops chose their residences in the order of their election. It was his to have first choice from four different places designated by the General Conference as episcopal residences, to make his own selection among them. I do not remember at this time what the other places were, but we all remember that Henry W. Warren's choice was what most men would not have considered the most desirable, nor could he consider it at all desirable from the point of worldly comfort and dignity. He chose to identify himself with our black people in the South. He chose Atlanta, and in three days from the time the General Conference adjourned he was on the field, prompt, ready, all of him there, obeying the order of the church, which to him was the voice of God. Like a good soldier, he was fit to command because he had learned to obey, and he set his men that example. He was all his life a great, obedient servant, a willing servant to Jesus Christ and the church. He made no requests of the church in the beginning of his ministry, nor at any time thereafter; nor at the last General Conference had he a word to say to the church as to his wishes or desires; he was in truth a servant of the church and of God, and he was not then going to begin to make requests and ask the church to grant him favors. He left it all to the church without a word, as he had always done.

This man with the reverent and obedient spirit was an amazingly sensitive and responsive soul. A spacious nature his was, a large heart, a commodious mind—a spacious and responsive nature, every nerve vibrant to the touch divine, as was the prophet's soul in the vision in the temple. What a joy such a human instrument must be to the Lord God Almighty; an instrument that makes such instant and perfect response must make the Lord feel as a player feels when he has a perfect organ which responds with precision and promptitude to his every touch.

The test of soundness in a living organism is its responsiveness to its environment, its prompt and suitable and adequate reaction to stimuli. This is what the scientists tell us. That is true spiritually as well as physically; and soundness marked the nature of this man. If there was one thing that was characteristic of him it was soundness of body, soundness of mind, soundness of heart; a nature that was healthy and whole, and that had the vigor and the sensitiveness and the joyous responsiveness of a perfectly healthy organism. Responsive he was to the call of the spirit of God. Responsive he was in obedience to the orders of the church. Responsive you and I found him in personal intercourse, answering with smile and laughter and suitable word, with utter sympathy surrendering himself to you with responsiveness complete, perfect, satisfying. Sensitive and responsive also was he to all the beauty and wonder and sublimity of the world, which spoke to him as with the voice of God. The stars talked to him. The Southern Cross reached to him from the southern skies when he was down at Patagonia. It stood for him, not merely as a physical thing, that Southern Cross, but as the emblem in the sky of the cross on which the Saviour died for men: His spirit saw that Southern Cross plunging its foot deep down into the abysses of human sin and sorrow and lifting humanity up into infinite day. A sound, responsive, wholesome nature! So I found him, so the church found him, so you found him, all of you, in so far as your life brought you in touch with him.

I leave off as I began. I have seen in Henry White Warren a bowed and reverent soul standing in awe of life, in deep and joyous awe; his reverence, his sense of God and of the divineness of his relationships with men making life seem sacramental to him. Standing here in the sanctity of this hour and place, sanctity seems to me to have clothed him from first to last during the years I have known him. As to his lips and his life he seems one great white sanctity. I have known no cleaner man, no whiter soul. He was as White as his own middle name. Nor have I known a man whose deep soul seemed to me to make more room or give sincerer welcome for the incoming of God. The church saw in him "that stoop of the soul, which, in bending, upraises it, too"; that obeisance of spirit by which man flies to God's feet. Forty-three years, and a few minutes to talk about it in! Want of time compels me to cease.

Where is he now? What are his employments and recreations? His favorite recreation while here was astronomy. He made play-

fellows of the stars; he told their number and called them by their names. He was at home away yonder in the infinite spaces. I remember a night coasting up toward the Holy Land, which we were to enter on the morrow, I seated flat on the deck, and my back against the bulkhead, on a Mediterranean steamer in the dark. He came up the companionway, saw me sitting in the shadow, threw himself down at full length, made a pillow of my lap with his face toward the stars. After lying a while in silence, he began pointing out to me his favorite stars. And then, from that, not as if he were talking to anybody, but indulging in reverie and soliloquy, he went musing backward over some of the tenderest and holiest memories of his life. He told me how he and his brother, William Fairfield, when they were young, went to the White Mountains, roamed among the hills, plunged into the cool streams, cold from mountain springs. Such scenes, and some yet more sacred, he pictured with fond recollection, and I listened in silence, feeling myself a privileged younger minister to have such a man of God interpret the stars and tell me about the tenderest things of his life. We were coasting that night up the visible land called holy. Now he has passed on and up to the eternal Holy Land out of sight. But his face does not vanish from me; rather it grows in vividness, and I seem to see it yonder among the stars. He is not a stranger there.

Many years ago there was a venerated judge who lived in Buffalo, N. Y. His favorite recreation was botany. Many a time he could be seen wandering off into the country mile after mile for half a day or a day at a time with his basket, botanizing, studying the plants and wild flowers. When he was old and retired he moved to Albany, and there he used to go botanizing in the cemetery, spending much time with his dear blooms. One bright day he stumbled over a hidden footstone and they found him there, past eighty, that Christian jurist, lying with his dead face in the grass, and the wild flowers kissing his forehead and his cheek.

I can almost see the face of our bishop yonder, past eighty, up there among his beloved stars, no star of them all so radiant as his white soul. They that be teachers as he was shall shine as the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness, as he did, as the stars for ever and ever.

And now, looking beyond the stars from the deep, dark shadows of this earthly life of ours, from the vacancy which he has left about us, do we not

Hear overhead a sentinel
 Who moves about from place to place
 And whispers to the worlds of space
 In the deep night that all is well?

Our bishop who so often cried *Laus Deo* would bid us all join in the acclaim:

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost, as it was in the beginning, is now and ever shall be, world without end. Amen.

Most appropriate to append to this address are Bishop Warren's verses on "Paul's Anchor-lifting." Reading his Greek Testament at 2 Tim. 4. 6, he notes that for this "departure" this wide-sailing missionary apostle uses the Greek word *anulusis*, which in Homer's *Odyssey* and elsewhere means "loosing the cables or lifting the anchor for putting out to sea." Musing on Paul's anchor-lifting and his own not-far-distant casting-off of earthly moorings, our bishop lets us know how he feels about it in these fit lines of farewell and fore-looking:

Though tides of great power from the far-away stars,
 And wide-sweeping gulf-streams have mightily whirled
 In the infinite oceans of limitless space,
 My anchor has held to a lone island world.

But the time for the casting-off cables has come,
 New love aways my heart to polarities new,
 And the well-stationed stars are lighthouses clear
 By which the right courses are laid down true.

A Pilot has come who will guide my bark home
 To the radiant port on the heavenly shore;
 He rules every storm by the word of his power,
 He has sailed the bright way with thousands before.

Farewell to the isle that has held me so long;
 All hail to the spirits that people all space,
 To the stars of the morning now chanting their song,
 To new visions of love in my loved Pilot's face.

The glory of God shines over the wave,
 The city and mansions awaiting take form,
 And the voices of praise that the ransomed ones raise,
 Resound like the sound of the sea in a storm.

A SONG OF DEGREES; AN O'ER-TRUE TALE

THE vainglorious minister, puffed with swelling and sonorous pride, sang it in public, and the degrees were his own; though where

and how he got them all we do not know, we cannot guess. The song was one grand crescendo, beginning simply and rising through ten services to a tremendous and overwhelming climax. The congregation and community were apprised of it beforehand by printed bulletins distributed through the town; and listened in amazement for a month as the parson, having studied up in his arithmetic the possibilities of permutation and combination, played ingenious variations on his accumulated degrees, until at last, for the closing service, he pulled out all the stops, or all but one, in one tempestuous, culminating blare and thunder of self-glorification

That deafened the astonished town,
And nearly shook the building down.

The first service was preannounced on the month's bulletin simply as "Holy Communion"; nobody visible in the announcement but the ever-blessed Lord, whose ordered memorial the sacrament is, and his devout worshipers. The second service, with almost equal simplicity and modesty, promised a "New Year's Sermon by the Pastor"; no degrees, and not even his name. For the next there is a "Sermon by the Rev. Dr. Blank," the pastor, on "The Fight of Faith." At the next, a "Sermon by Rev. Blankety Blank, D.D.," the pastor, on "What to Seek First." At the next, a "Sermon by Rev. Blankety Blank, B.A., D.D.," the pastor, on "The Transfiguration of Christ"; and again, the same day, the same increasingly titular "bignitary" preaches on "Eternal Life and How to Obtain It." At the next there is a "Sermon by Rev. Blankety Blank, M.A., D.D.," the pastor, on the slightly incongruous subject, "Jesus Only." (Note that the name of Jesus appears without any title or degrees.)

Only a few hours intervene before the next service, but time enough, the man of many degrees judges, to permit the people to recover from the effect of having B.A. raised to M.A.; so he thinks it safe to raise his other exponent from D.D. to LL.D., without danger of proceeding violently or forcing things more than they will bear in his considerably gradual method of breaking to the neighborhood the knowledge of his glory; and the advancing bulletin next announces a "Sermon by Rev. Blankety Blank, LL.D.," the pastor. (Note how the lone grandeur of that lofty title is enhanced by its precipitous solitariness; none but a bold as well as gifted artist could have planned that steep and stunning effect.) The growingly obtrusive great man's sermon was on "Satan versus Christ." (Note that Satan is refused his proper title; not one of the many which have been conferred upon

him is accorded; no recognition here for a single one of his degrees in wickedness.)

From this final eminence of distinction, *ultima thule* of ambition and renown, that last great title, Doctor of Laws, turns back to gather up one by one the preceding lesser degrees, in order that the different items may be strung together and the comet show its head and tail connectedly; so at the next service there is a "Sermon by Rev. Blankety Blank, M.A., LL.D.," the pastor, on "John the Baptist in Comparison with Others." (Note that John wears only his goat-skin; no college degrees.) And the last of the ten upsoaring services is made superb and stupendous with a "Sermon by Rev. Blankety Blank, M.A., D.D., LL.D.," the pastor (why was poor little B.A. left out of the procession here?), on "The Unchanging Christ" (no titles).

To relieve the people of the strain of all this worldly pomp by an occasional rest, the month's bulletin announced five "Holiness Meetings," to be spaced along judiciously between the preaching services.

When the closing sermon of this loudly trumpeted and widely advertised course was concluded, the congregation presumably sang with much apparent feeling, "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow"; the organist presumably played, as a sort of recessional, selected strains from "Lo, the Conquering Hero Comes" and "Hail to the Chief," closing with "Home, Sweet Home"—whither the dazed audience groped their dim way, dim because the Brush electric lights on the street made only a faint twilight to eyes which had been dazzled by gazing steadily at the great luminary who had poured his enlarging and intensifying splendor on them for a month. Possibly some literary auditor went home and read again Emily Dickinson's sarcastic little poem "The Preacher," in which she contemplates a certain contingency thus:

What confusion would cover the innocent Jesus
If He met so enabled a man!

Just how to classify this extraordinary Song of Degrees we are puzzled to know. Neither David nor Solomon can help us, for they never heard the like in their day, nor would they know what to make of it if they were here. The author of Ecclesiastes, if asked for his opinion, would only shake his lugubrious head more mournfully than ever and murmur bitterly, if not irrelevantly, "Vanity of vanities, above all vanities is the vanity of the preacher." Whether the parson's Song of Degrees is most like an oratorio, which is defined as

being "associated with, or founded on, some Scripture narrative, or great divine event, elaborately set to music, in recitative, arias, grand choruses, etc., to be sung with an orchestral accompaniment, but without acting, scenery, or costume"; or whether it is more like a fugue, which is described by those who know as "a polyphonic composition, developed from a given theme according to strict contrapuntal rules—the theme being first given out by one voice or part, and then, while that pursues its way, the theme repeated by another at the interval of a fifth or a fourth, and so on until all the parts have answered one by one, continuing their several melodies and interweaving them in one complex progressive whole, in which the theme is often lost and reappears"; this we are not musical enough to decide.

In favor of the oratorio view is the fact that this Song of Degrees is associated with, if not founded on, Scripture narrative and great divine events; and in favor of the fugue view is the fact that the song interweaves various parts in one progressive whole, while as to the difficulty of regarding it as a polyphonic composition when all the parts are carried by one and the same voice, there is no trouble about that, because a man whose talents are so numerous and so varied as this preacher's multiplicity of titles and degrees indicates must certainly have more tones to his voice than Orator Puff ever dreamed of having, so that he can easily carry many parts and vocalize a polyphonic composition without assistance. The only real obstacle in the way of classifying this Song of Degrees with fugues is the fact that in a fugue "the theme is often lost and reappears," whereas in this song the preacher's real theme is never lost, but rolls steadily on and up with increasing vigor and volume—the theme of his own personal greatness, rendered repetitiously by one who knows it from the testimony of consciousness, which is coming in these days to be considered an unimpeachable witness, a court of last resort.

Let no incredulous reader dare to think this an apocryphal or musty story. It is made only of living facts; it happened on *terra firma*, in this land of obviously boundless liberty and various tastes. It shows what some congregations have to put up with, what pretentious vanity sometimes gets into the pulpit, and what scandal religion sometimes has to bear.

Robert Owen, the socialist, established at Greenwood his Harmony Hall for the regeneration of humanity, and inscribed upon its front, "C. of M.," meaning, Commencement of Millennium. If our preacher had been as good as he was great and as great as he thought himself

to be, the millennium could be reported as having been inaugurated on a grand scale, at least in one town and church—a church and town we itch to name, but must not. A childlike and ingenuous nature seems to have been on exhibition there. Was it the innocent simplicity of conscious greatness, or was it a recrudescence of the traits and propensities of primitive man? Explorers among barbaric tribes report that a savage sets inordinate store by glittering gewgaws, gilt spangles and trinkets, however cheap, and takes ridiculous delight in wearing them all at once, making a gaudy show of himself therewith. He prizes them beyond all sober and sterling values, and sometimes walks abroad with nothing whatever on his person except his gew-gaws and a few mosquitoes.

Some years ago a secular daily, on seeing a very long string of degrees, some of them elementary and trivial, ostentatiously appended by a certain pompous gentleman to his own name, remarked severely that the only degree which seemed to be wanting was A. S. S.

THE ARENA

EARLY RELIGIOUS TRAINING

A RECENT writer says: "It is easy for a child religiously trained to become a religious youth; it is almost as easy for the religious youth to pass on into religious maturity. This progress depends largely on the nature and the efficiency of the educational and religious training and environment. The religious education of the child should begin with a proper development of the religious nature of its parents. Good birth is a great advantage, whereas poor birth is a tremendous handicap, which education may, but is not likely to, overcome. The classic illustration of the result of good birth and careful religious training, as compared with the lack of both, is the record of the Max Jukes and the Edwards families.

"The descendants of Max Jukes inherited bad blood and received no religious training; the descendants of Jonathan Edwards inherited good blood and had careful religious training. A tracing of the Jukes descendants revealed the following record: 310 were professional paupers, 400 were debauchees and moral wrecks, 7 were murderers, 60 were thieves, and 130 were guilty of various other crimes.

"Of the descendants of Jonathan Edwards 60 were eminent physicians, 100 were clergymen, theologians, or professors, 80 attained high political preferment, 100 were lawyers, 120 were Yale alumni, and one was a president of Yale.

"Such men as the descendants of Edwards constitute the 'salt of the earth.' The Jukeeses are a constantly growing moral menace which should no more be left unchecked than is the smallpox. They furnish the class which now costs our country one hundred million dollars per year, to say nothing of the serious menace they constitute in the social life of our nation. The day will come when this menace will be checked as systematically and effectively as is the smallpox."

Another recent writer, enlarging upon this, says: "A child is naturally and potentially religious, just as it is potentially intellectual, social, emotional, etc. In fact, the religious element is involved in all of these. It may surprise the average parent to learn that the age of three or four is one of the critical periods in the moral and religious education of the child. At this period appear tendencies which, if properly understood, will begin quite clearly to forecast character. It would be well for a mother at this time to make written note of the experiences which, if collected, will prove suggestive to any parent who is disposed to direct and shape carefully the development of the child's nature at the time when it can be done most easily and most effectively."

"It is interesting to make a study of the capacities and activities of the child, of which parents should take advantage in order to develop its religious nature. I shall briefly suggest a few of these: (1) Love for parents forms a good basis upon which to develop love for God; (2) a feeling of dependence upon parents may be used to teach dependence upon God; (3) the child's natural curiosity, which appears in its questions about rain, thunder, stars, and a thousand other things, affords an admirable basis for developing interest in and reverence for the Creator of all things; (4) fairy tales, fables, myths, not read, but related as stories, may be used most effectively to teach the simpler virtues, and for many other purposes; (5) the child's active and vivid imagination is a fruitful source of opportunities; (6) the disposition to imitate affords opportunity for the influence of example; (7) the child mind is especially amenable to the force of suggestion; (8) careful attention given to the child's associations richly repays all effort in this direction. Many a child has had its mouth washed out with soap for using expressions learned from improper associates, when it would have been far more just to punish the parent whose neglect made improper associations possible; (9) the parent should take advantage of the young child's readiness to show reverence, and of its interest in that which is mysterious; (10) ready obedience to authority needs to be taught early. The neglect of this is responsible for some of the tendencies which are to be deplored in the youth of this generation; (11) the instincts and impulses of a child should be carefully studied. If properly directed, they form an excellent basis for later character. If given undirected freedom, some children may be indescribably cruel. An eyewitness recently told the writer that in a certain little mining village the children were in the habit of throwing a stick or stone in front of a speeding automobile for the fun of seeing the dog which chased the stick run over by the machine. This seems too inhuman to believe, but it is true, and goes to show how brutal in-

instincts and impulses may be. What a fierce fire-brand such a child may become in our social life in later years. (12) Veracity should be taught as early as possible; (13) elemental moral principles, such as the Golden Rule, should be impressed through precept and experience; (14) habits are easily formed, and should be fixed early—regularity does not only lead to efficiency, but it is favorable to morality and makes for character.

"The whole nature of the child, from the first critical period, at about the age of three, to the second critical period, at the beginning of adolescence, lends itself to the development of good habits and that body of right ideas which must be at hand as grist for the mill of thought and reason when it begins to grind at adolescence.

"Without these, normal development of character is scarcely possible during the next period. The period of adolescence tends to set the material which has been provided by the earlier development. Such habits as church attendance, Bible study, and prayer should have been developed by this time, and should now become permanently fixed. These habits are not likely to become a fixed part of our life if they are not formed early. They should become fixed and should furnish the principles which should determine our conduct through life.

"The writer remembers well many individuals of his grandparents' generation, in the ordinary walks of life, for whom the Bible was literally the rule of conduct, and who had at their tongues' ends a Bible quotation by which to determine the merit of any act which came into question. To the generation of to-day this may seem very old-fashioned, but could we not with great profit be more old-fashioned in this respect?

"Given a body of right ideas and good habits at the opening of the period of adolescence, what is the next important step in the development of the character of the child? The answer to this may be introduced by another question. Why does many a boy who seemed to be a 'good' boy at home show a tendency to go to pieces as soon as he gets away from the restraining influences of his home environment? A most important step in the development of the child at this time is the transformation of habits and ideas which have been imposed upon the child from without into personal convictions, which become moral and religious principles that form and fix the child's character.

"The seat of authority must now be transferred from without to within the child. Choice must take the place of authority in order to the development of will. Ideas which were previously accepted as matters of fact because of their source must now become personal convictions. Habits which had been formed from without, and therefore had no real moral quality, must now be approved and fixed. Innocence must grow into virtue. And formal conduct must become moral through a development of a sensitive conscience and a sense of personal responsibility. Perhaps the greatest weakness of the boy in school or college to-day is the lack of a sufficiently sensitive conscience and of a proper sense of individual responsibility for conduct, especially for his conduct as a part of a group or mass of students."

EDITOR OF REVIEW,

New York.

EDGAR ALLAN POE AND BARNABY RUDGE

THE eminently just article on Poe which appeared in the *METHODIST REVIEW* for July-August, 1913, must have been read with deep appreciation by all true lovers of our greatest literary genius, and especially by those lovers of Poe who are also lovers of that which Poe has been so rarely granted—*fair play*. The writer has done a needful thing in his discriminating estimate of Poe's personal character as the almost inevitable result of factors which lay beyond his control. All too long have Poe's "errors" blinded his countrymen to his matchless gifts. If it was permissible for Carlyle to defend the moral lapses of Burns on the ground that the condition in which the ship reached port was to be considered and judged in the light of the length of the journey it had made and the violence of the storms it had encountered, it is permissible to offer for Poe a similar defense. Indeed, it is even more permissible, if one remembers the nature of Burns's lapses as compared with those of Poe.

The article in question, however, makes one statement which needs to be rectified. It is one of those curious little ironies which add so much to the uncertainty, and therefore to the ceaseless attraction of the adventure of life that at about the very time that Professor Beyer's article was being put into type another article was being printed which was to destroy the common belief which that statement expressed. Professor Beyer writes (page 540): "In his 'detective stories' Poe's analytical genius shines brightest. They begot Conan Doyle, Robert Chambers, and Jacques Futrelle. . . . In the same way *The Gold Bug* has fathered all subsequent cipher stories. When the criticism was made at the time that the unraveling of the cipher was really no test of original analytical ability, since he had made his own puzzle, he promptly answered his critics by taking the first installment of *Barnaby Rudge*, then appearing in serial form, and forecasting the whole plot from that small beginning." The belief that Poe actually did this has had a wide currency, and was based upon an article he wrote in *Graham's Magazine* for February, 1842. In this article Poe makes the statement that in the *Saturday Evening Post* for May 1, 1841, he had forecast the whole plot of *Barnaby Rudge* from the story told by Solomon Daisy, which is contained in the first chapter of the book. The *Graham's Magazine* article contains quotations from the earlier *Post* article, which make it appear that Poe had shown that the elder Rudge would prove to be the murderer. It was to be shown that he had killed the gardener as well as his master, and then put his own clothing on the gardener in order eventually to turn suspicion from himself. Just as Rudge has finished his foul deed, he is startled by the sudden appearance of his wife, and to prevent her from rushing off to give the alarm, he seizes her by the wrist with his bloody hand. The same day Mrs. Rudge gives birth to a son, upon whose wrist is a faint ineradicable red mark, and the boy, who is an idiot, later develops a nameless horror of blood. What we are to see, says Poe, is a fine example of "poetic justice" in the final bringing to bay of the mur-

derer by the very son who was prenatally marked by the maternal horror of the father's deed. This is plausible enough, and as a guess clever in the extreme.

The versatile editor of *The British Weekly*, Sir W. Robertson Nicoll, has at different times, in common with other writers, denied, reasonably enough, that the seizing of the wrist, the crucial point in Poe's theory, could be foretold by anybody merely on the ground of Solomon Daisy's story, and in his recent book, *The Problem of Edwin Drood*, he has again dealt with the subject at some length. Those who know *Barnaby Rudge* will readily agree with the critic. Dickens does not mention the red stain on Barnaby's wrist until the fifth chapter, and Sir W. R. contended that Poe must have had at least the first five chapters before him when he attempted to forecast the plot. The peculiar feature of the situation of late years was that the *Saturday Evening Post* article could not be found. The most diligent collectors were baffled in their search for it. Recently, however, the article has come to light, and was published in the literary supplement of the *New York Times* for June 1, 1913. Its discovery has vindicated what some of us are coming to regard as the infallible judgment of the editor of *The British Weekly*, and has made it plain that Poe did not forecast the plot of *Barnaby Rudge* when the tale had but "just begun." Chagrined at his failure, he wrote the *Graham's Magazine* article apparently to cover his confusion and to show that the plot was not what it ought to be because it was not what he said it was going to be!

Sir W. R. takes up the question in *The British Weekly* for June 26, 1913, writing an interesting article under his pseudonym "Claudius Clear." His findings may readily be verified by anyone who will read the two Poe articles in conjunction with the book itself. He brings out the following points: (1) When Poe wrote the *Saturday Evening Post* article he had before him, *on his own admission*, eleven chapters of *Barnaby Rudge*. This refutes the statement of the *Graham's Magazine* article that the prediction was made, "the tale having then only begun," and considerably lessens Poe's credit for what little success he did achieve in his perilous effort. (2) Poe was certain that Barnaby was to be the instrument of his father's conviction. As a matter of fact he was not. It is Geoffrey Haredale, brother of the murdered Reuben, who eventually discovers and captures the murderer. (3) Poe said that it would turn out that Joe Willet, son of the keeper of the Maypole Inn, would be Barnaby's right-hand man in the detection of the crime. Barnaby was an idiot, and Joe was to supplement him, so to speak, by developing a preternatural sharpness, which should be accelerated by hatred of Rudge senior, who had once struck him. But Joe turned out to be nothing of the sort, and from chapter 31, in which is described his enrollment among "the gallant defenders of his native land" and his departure from London, until chapter 67, where, at the close of the Gordon riot, he is found by Geoffrey Haredale in the cellar, he drops out of the story entirely. (4) Poe predicted that Geoffrey Haredale would be seen to be the accomplice of Rudge in the murder. The fact

that Geoffrey inherited his brother's estate made this a reasonable surmise, and Poe supported it by various other observations. But the guess was woefully wide of the mark. "Geoffrey Haredale is the avenger of his murdered brother and his brother's faithful gardener, nor did he ever encounter the criminal in person till the moment of the arrest at the Warren." (5) The way to the ultimate detection of the crime was opened up by Mrs. Rudge's guilty feeling that she could no longer receive the annuity allowed her from the Haredale estate, and by John Willet's story of the ghost repeated to Geoffrey. Poe could not foresee this, for the reason that he was not Charles Dickens, nor yet was he omniscient.

The collapse of his prediction in all essential points, however, seems to have annoyed the prophet. He even suggests in the *Graham's Magazine* article that Dickens may at first have thought of elaborating the plot after the manner predicted. This is decidedly lame, especially for one who (although several years later) wrote in *The Philosophy of Composition* that "nothing is more clear than that every plot, worth the name, must be elaborated to its *dénouement* before anything be attempted with the pen." There is nothing for it but to agree with the conclusion of Sir W. Robertson Nicoll: "Poe had presented to the public in the *Post* a forecast of the novel from chapter 13 onward, which was mistaken in all essentials. He recognized this, and attempted to excuse himself by blaming Dickens for incompetent workmanship."

To lay a literary ghost is a thankless business enough. It is not with a "shriek, upstarting," but with a certain melancholy sadness that we say to this particular ghost, "Get thee back into the tempest and the night's Plutonian shore!" Nevertheless, we are consoled by the reflection that in all probability the ghost will obey the mandate as little as did the portentous Raven, and future writers will continue to dilate on Poe's "original analytical ability," as demonstrated by his taking the first installment of *Barnaby Rudge* and "forecasting the whole plot from that small beginning."

EDWIN LEWIS.

Rensselaer, N. Y.

HOW SOME CHURCHES ARE FILLED

THE following, which has appeared elsewhere, is offered for The Arena:

Every earnest pastor is anxious to know how successful ministers fill their churches. This question was put to several pastors of large churches. The Rev. Dr. M. A. Andrews, of Seattle, conspicuous as the Moderator of the Presbyterian General Assembly, gives the following reasons for his "full house." He says in part: "First. This church has been filled for nearly eleven years. Most of the time it is crowded, and scores and hundreds have been turned away. The evening audiences number anywhere from 2,500 to 3,500. We can seat only about 3,000. The rest have to stand or be crowded out. The audience has in it from fifty-five to seventy per cent of men. Second. The results accomplished are

entirely due to the operations of the Holy Spirit. We pray much, expect much, and get much. Third. The pure, simple gospel is preached. Sinai and Calvary are held up to the people. The vicarious atonement is emphasized; the sacrifice of Christ is presented daily; his Deity and his mediatorial work are kept before the people. The whole gospel, and nothing but the gospel, is preached. Fourth. We make the gospel apply to every condition, circumstance, and point of a man's life. We deal with his social, domestic, commercial, political, and civic life, with the gospel, and only the gospel. Fifth. Every service is an evangelistic service. We never preach the gospel or finish a sermon without making an appeal for immediate decisions and confessions of Christ. At every service we urge men to accept Christ and join the church. Sixth. We do not have a sermonette after a long musical program of questionable ecclesiastical music. Every member of the choir must be a Christian, and spiritual music must be used, but that program is kept in its minor place. The sermons are not dictated by the clock, nor are they closed at the suggestion of some man who would like to hurry through the service. Time enough is taken to present the case of sin, produce conviction in the hearer's mind, and ask for the work of the Holy Spirit to produce conversions. Seventh. Every man, woman, and child in this church is supposed to have something to do, and is required to do the thing assigned. If the churches of the country could be lifted from their blight of materialism and could get from under the control of Godless trustees, indifferent and lukewarm church officers, and could be made to understand that it is their business as individual Christians to evangelize the world, the pews would be full and the pulpits would be on fire with the love of God and an undying passion for souls."

Rev. J. H. Melish, rector Church of the Holy Trinity, Brooklyn, says very wisely, in answer to the same question: "Some time ago a student of religious life in London asked himself the question which you have put to me and then set out to find the answer. He went from church to church, churches of various creeds and different types, some evangelical, some ritualistic, some rationalistic, others engaged in no social activities. And this was his finding: that every type had its failures and its successes. It was no one type as such more than another type which succeeded in interesting men. Men do not go in for evangelical preaching more than for ritualistic ceremonies, for social service more than rationalistic teaching. In every case it was the man in the pulpit who drew men. Where men were found there was found a real personality in the preacher. In every case among all these varied types the human factor in the ministry either drew or failed to draw men." In this connection it should be stated that Dr. Melish very modestly says nothing of himself, of his own personality, but those of us who know him realize that he is in many ways an unusual man. He is a natural-born actor, very dramatic, a veritable general, and surrounded by a magnificent body of men who uphold his work and carry out his commands.

Dr. David J. Burrell, of the Marble Collegiate Church, New York, says that he preaches the way of salvation and has never had to beg for

a hearing. The old-time religion, he says, is good enough for him. He deprecates the use of "the hurdy-gurdy and the stereopticon" in church work, though he admits they may have their place. In concluding his letter he said: "The longer I live the more profoundly I am convinced that nothing 'draws' like the great magnet; as the Master said, 'I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me.'"

Rev. Charles M. Sheldon, of Topeka, Kan., gives the following nine reasons for filling his church. They are helpful because they are definite and practical: "First. I have had but one preaching service, at eleven o'clock, and have tried to emphasize its importance because it was the only one of the week. Second. The preaching, at least of late years, has been expository, with no attempt at learned or doctrinal sermons. The thought of the pulpit has been to teach. Third. The element of worship has been emphasized. The congregation has been given a large part in the service. Fourth. The gospel as taught has been applied to men's every-day needs. Fifth. All the service has had an optimistic tone. The atmosphere of hope and good cheer has been prevalent. Sixth. During a large part of the year I have used the morning service to teach my Sunday school, giving it the right of way. In the evening I have read stories, which have attracted men to church who would not go to any preaching service. Seventh. My people, through their organizations, like the Brotherhood, the young people's societies, the women's societies, etc., have loyally helped to keep the church filled at all our services. Eighth. I have had the splendid coöperation of my people, without whom I could have done little. Ninth. A gospel of everyday need, a simple service of real worship, with attention to young life, and a love for the multitude with Christ as the constant hope of the world, have been some of the factors in my ministry which have made it a joy and kept it full of hope and life."

A CONSTANT READER.

A STIRRING BOOK

It is *The Anglo-Saxon Dilemma, Dry or Die*, by Rev. Clarence True Wilson, D.D., general secretary of the Temperance Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, published by The Temperance Society, Topeka, Kan. The sound of the hackings of a big battle-ax is on these pages. It is a battle-mooded book. It is Pauline, and is in for fighting "the good fight" to a finish. The book is an arsenal of facts on fire. It ought to set the prairies on fire and the mountains of our Methodism too. This book tells us afresh that "God's thunderbolts are hot." If any of our folks—preachers or people—are asleep concerning the deadly doings of the saloon, this book will wake them up. In running through these pages with a hot heart and alert for truth in the message, I find these features: In the first chapter it starts out with the scientific setting of its facts. In the second chapter it makes unmistakably plain that the saloon is not a business, but a crime—a crime against society, against

business, against man, against God. The third chapter shows the utter silliness of words in support of the saloon. The next chapter is the strong address by the author given at the National Prohibition Congress in Chicago in 1911. The remaining three chapters give the latest news of progress, show us a world vision of victory, and point out the duty of the pulpit concerning this supreme menace of our nation and the chief crime of our country. Let our people get Dry or Die, read it and pass it on to their neighbors. It is a book with a message. It is worth while. These nine chapters, first spoken at Conference anniversaries, conventions, street meetings, debates with liquor advocates, and in the campaigns of several Western States, are printed in answer to a loud call for them in book form. The book bound in cloth is one dollar, and is bound in paper for fifty cents, postpaid. Here are some sample paragraphs:

All human activities are divided chiefly in three classes: business, charity, and crime. Business is commodity or service for profit. Charity is the same commodity or service without profit. Crime is the profit without the commodity or service. The average man spends his money anyway, but if he spends it in the butcher shop, he has a beefsteak on the table to show for it; if he spends it at the grocery store, he has good provisions in the pantry; if he deposits it in the bank, he has a bank account laid up for a rainy day; if he spends it in the millinery store, his wife is a well-dressed woman, with a hat you can't see over. But one may spend his money every day for thirty years in the saloon and he will have nothing but a red nose to show for his cash.

If business must give adequate value for money received, then the saloon is not a business, but must take its place with the gambling den and the place of shame as a crime against society.

Some one may claim that the saloon helps to pay his taxes, but this is a great error. Can you squeeze water out of a sponge? If you think you can, go down to the drug store and buy one, then let me squeeze it. How much do I get? The only way you can get water out of a sponge is to bring the water in a basin, put the sponge down in it, and let it absorb it, then you can squeeze some of it back. If you want to get money out of a saloon, the only way is to put the saloon down in the community and for every twenty-two thousand dollars it takes from the pockets of the people you can squeeze one thousand of it back in the form of city revenue. The saloon must pick the pockets of the poor—to pour a golden stream of revenue.

Is there any man who does not think that a local option law for Illinois would be a damage to this whole fraternity of evil and a praise to them that do well? Where there is State prohibition, local option is a step back. When there is a chance to get prohibition, to accept local option is a backward compromise. But any State that has a license system takes a step in the right direction that reaches for local option. We have a big enemy; let us take no narrow, little view of the weapons that will defeat him. Moderation is better than drunkenness; total abstinence is better than either; restriction is better than license; local option is better than any known restriction under license. Prohibition is better than local option; national than State; and national prohibition, I agree with Dr. Hughes, is better with a national party in power pledged to its enforcement than left in the hands of its enemies.

In my temperance principles I run the whole gamut: go with everybody

who is going in my direction and keep on going where some of them can't hold out. The early agitators expressed my doctrine on these matters:

"Mental suasion for the man who thinks;
Moral suasion for the man who drinks;
Legal suasion for the drunkard maker;
And prison suasion for the statute breaker."

Ontario, Cal.

CHARLES COKE WOODS.

THE ITINERANTS' CLUB

THE PREACHER AS A COMFORTER

THE minister's duties are many-sided and his privileges equally so. He cannot be a specialist either in his preaching or in his activities, but there are certain fundamental truths which constitute the essence of his preaching and some duties and privileges that belong to his profession and which he may not ignore. The character of his audience may determine the subject and method of address; the circumstances which arise among his people call for the varied applications of his activities. There is one characteristic of the preacher's life the importance of which we think has not been sufficiently emphasized in works on homiletics and pastoral theology, namely, his privilege and duty as a comforter. The word comfort is one of the sweetest words in our language. If one takes an exhaustive concordance and examines it under the word comforter or comfort, he will see how important a place it occupies both in the Old and the New Testament. Psa. 23. 4: "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me, thy rod and thy staff they comfort me." Isa. 40, 1: "Comfort ye, comfort ye my people, saith your God." Isa. 61. 1-3: "The Spirit of the Lord God is upon me; because the Lord hath anointed me to preach good tidings unto the meek; he hath sent me to bind up the brokenhearted, to proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound; to proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord, and the day of vengeance of our God; to comfort all that mourn, to appoint unto them that mourn in Zion, to give unto them beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness; that they might be called trees of righteousness, the planting of the Lord, that he might be glorified."

Our blessed Lord, in his sweet Beatitudes, uttered the words which have brought so much joy to burdened spirits: "Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted" (Matt. 5. 4). In his second Epistle to the Corinthians Paul expresses in beautiful form the privileges and obligations of the Christian minister: "Blessed be God, even the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of mercies, and the God of all

comfort; who comforteth us in all our tribulations, that we may be able to comfort them which are in any trouble, by the comfort wherewith we ourselves are comforted of God" (2 Cor. 1. 3, 4). The Corinthian church had caused the apostle great anxiety. He had long lived among them, had given them his choicest instructions and made great sacrifices on their behalf, and yet they had forgotten his instructions, returned to their sinful courses, and scorned his rebukes; his heart was well-nigh broken, and his two Epistles abound in reproof, instruction, encouragement. The first part of the second Epistle expresses more than any other of his writings the heart of the apostle. It might well be called the utterance of a broken heart which had received consolation from God with which he was anxious to comfort others. He exhorts the Thessalonian church "to comfort the feeble-minded, support the weak, be patient toward all men" (1 Thess. 5. 14). This is the spirit of the gospel which should characterize everyone who enters the gospel ministry. He must bear the message of God to all classes and conditions of people.

The fact that humanity needs comfort presupposes that mankind is living under conditions which call for it. The Scriptures which have been cited both express and assume it; there are words the existence of which attest the great fact of human suffering. Pain, sorrow, trouble, affliction, anguish, are words which could not exist without the existence of the great fact which they express. They are the universal heritage of humanity. They belong to all races, climes, and conditions of mankind. Job says: "Although affliction cometh not forth of the dust, neither doth trouble spring out of the ground; yet man is born unto trouble, as the sparks fly upward" (Job 5. 6, 7). The psalmist cries, "Give us help from trouble, for vain is the help of man." Pain and sorrow can never be commonplace; they are always real, intensely real, to the one who is passing through them.

Dr. William Osler, the noted physician, gave a lecture in Edinburgh on "Man's Redemption of Man." It is designated as a "Lay Sermon." He took as his text, "And a man shall be as an hiding place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest; as rivers of water in a dry place, as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land" (Isa. 32. 2). "And the voice of weeping shall be no more heard in her, nor the voice of crying. There shall be no more thence an infant of days, nor an old man that hath not filled his days" (Isa. 65. 19, 20). He begins that by saying: "To man there has been published a triple gospel—of his soul, of his goods, of his body. . . . Surviving the accretions of twenty centuries, the life and immortality brought to light by the gospel of Christ remain the earnest desire of the best portion of the race. The gospel of his goods—of man's relation to his fellow men—is written in blood on every page of history. Quietly and slowly the righteousness that exalteth a nation, the principles of eternal justice, have won acquiescence, at any rate in theory, though as nations and individuals we are still far from carrying them into practice." The gospel, however, upon which Dr. Osler lays special emphasis in his lecture is "the gospel of his body."

His discourse especially has to do with physical suffering. "In the struggle for existence in which all life is engaged, disease and pain loom large as fundamental facts. The whole creation groaneth and travaileth, and so red in tooth and claw with ravin is nature, that it is said, 'No animal in a wild state dies a natural death.' The history of man is the story of a great martyrdom—plague, pestilence, and famine, battle and murder, crimes unspeakable, tortures inconceivable, and the inhumanity of man to man has even outdone what appear to be the atrocities in nature." He quotes also from Euripides: "Not to be born is the best, and next to die as soon as possible." He also quotes from Deut. 28. 66, 67: "And thy life shall hang in doubt before thee; and thou shalt fear day and night, and shalt have none assurance of thy life: In the morning thou shalt say, Would God it were even! and at even thou shalt say, Would God it were morning! for the fear of thine heart wherewith thou shalt fear, and for the sight of thine eyes which thou shalt see."

He has well described from the standpoint of the physician the physical sufferings of mankind. To some it is life-long. The writer of this had a lady a member of his church who had lain upon her bed, unable to rise, for more than thirty years. No one, however, save the physician comes into such constant contact with physical suffering as the preacher. Dr. Osler in his "Lay Sermon" has dealt with great force on the progress which has been made in the alleviation and prevention of physical suffering. He traces the rise of anesthetics and the various developments not only for the cure of disease and the alleviation of pain, but for the prevention of human sufferings, and he may well call this a gospel, for it is man's effort and success in redeeming his fellow man from the physical inheritance which belongs to all. We may not forget, however, that it is where the gospel of the soul has come through the redemption of Jesus Christ that these appliances for man's redemption of man have been most fully discovered and applied. The efforts of men of science to relieve physical pain and to prevent human suffering have been very successful, as Dr. Osler has conclusively shown. In everything that pertains to human welfare the physician and the preacher should ever stand side by side.

Sorrow, however, takes other forms than physical pain. There is sorrow that grows out of worldly circumstances. A family is unable to make its way in the world; the father and mother cannot provide for their children—to the sensitive souls of parents how deep is the anguish! Multitudes are suffering in this world, more than we know. There are thousands who have never told their pains or worldly circumstances to any but God and some have never known that there is a God upon whom they can call. The press is largely a record of the misfortunes and troubles of mankind. There are sorrows which grow out of bereavement—the father or mother, the son or daughter, the husband or wife, the friend, is taken away. A little child is borne away from the embrace of its parents, and the world outside says, "It is only a little child," but to the bereaved home it is their child, their hope,

their joy. When it strikes the home how different its aspect! The father's and mother's hearts are often well-nigh broken, and through their life they carry the burden of their grief. How blessed in such times it is to have the gentle word of a kindly, sympathetic heart. Often sorrow grows out of sin. Sin has always wrought its dreadful consequences and has caused infinite anguish to humanity. Sin and suffering in their broader aspects are synonymous; men suffer not only for their own sins, but they suffer for the sins of others. The comforting thought, however, is found in the great apostle Paul, Rom. 8. 17, 18: "And if children, then heirs; heirs of God, and joint heirs with Christ; if so be that we suffer with him, that we may be also glorified together."

God comforts us, not that we may wrap up the comfort which we receive in a napkin inaccessible to others, but that the comfort which he gives to us may by us be conferred upon others. To whom, then, shall the sorrowing come for consolation but to the preacher of the gospel? Jesus Christ is the only real Comforter, but some one needs to bear the message to them. Almost instinctively those who are in trouble turn to the church. For many years perhaps they have not entered the house of God and have had no connection with Christian ministers or Christian people, but when sorrow comes they turn to the church and to those whom God has appointed to proclaim his gospel.

The gospel is the only message known to the world that can bring comfort in the deepest anxieties and troubles of life. Human philosophy has a great mission, but it is helpless to comfort troubled hearts. Reason unaided by revelation has never been able to bring a message of comfort to the world. To many death seems to end all. But not so the Christian; he has a hope full of immortality, and this hope it is the privilege and duty of the minister to bear to others. His method of administering comfort should not be mechanical; the true minister does not do it as a merely professional service; it is not simply to him a duty to be done in a cold, heartless way; it is a privilege and a joy that he can, even in a small way, say the words which cheer the desolate heart. The utterance of many formal phrases are powerless; the sick-bed and a desolate home are beyond the reach of empty words; they fall upon ears that do not hear. Silence is often the deepest expression of sympathy. As even the little children seem instinctively to know those that love them, so the troubled hearts instinctively know those who are in sympathy with them. When Job's friends came to comfort him after the great calamities that fell upon him, it is said that his comforters "sat down with him upon the ground seven days and seven nights, and none spake a word unto him: for they saw that his grief was very great." The silence of the heart at such a time is more eloquent than the choicest of well-adapted phrases. The writer of this had a family in his parish to whom he was related in closest friendship. It was his custom on every Saturday night without special invitation to go to the home of his friends to tea. No explanations were expected and none were given. Suddenly a great disaster came to this

home: the husband and father, a strong and vigorous man, was killed in a railway accident. The inexpressible sadness of that home will at once be appreciated. Their pastor, who was himself greatly bereaved in the loss of his close personal friend, knew not how to express his sympathy or to comfort their hearts; he knew how helpless he was to cheer them with words. It occurred to him to resume without explanation his relation of friendship by going to the desolate home on the first Saturday evening following the funeral. This he did. He was received into the house as usual, went into the parlor, where he sat quietly until the bell for tea summoned the family. They came down dressed in deep mourning; the bereaved wife simply said: "Good evening. Walk out to tea." And so we sat down just as we had done before the bereavement. Not a word was said on the subject, but we all felt the vacancy, and the sympathy and understanding were complete. The isolation growing out of their great calamity was broken and we were mutually comforted. It is on such occasions that the preacher often realizes his helplessness, but if he have the spirit of sympathy the Holy Spirit will give him the vision and open the way.

The quiet influence of a sympathetic soul is not the only consolation which the minister has to offer to sorrowing people: he has all the resources of the Holy Scriptures to apply as each individual case may require. The Bible is the book of consolation. It abounds in doctrine and in ethics. It is especially the revelation of God through Jesus Christ to the souls of men. There is no place where such rich consolations are found as in the Holy Word. The psalms constitute a great storehouse of consolation for the suffering world. Written thousands of years ago, they are in this aspect as fresh and adapted to our times as if they were written yesterday. "The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want," "God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble," "A Judge of the widow and a Father of the fatherless, is God in his holy habitation." In fact, the psalms are a great mosaic of consolatory phrases which when set in their relations to humanity are wonderfully tender and beautiful.

The New Testament opens wonderful consolation for troubled hearts on which we may not enlarge, for they are known and read of all. What wonderful solace in the fourteenth and seventeenth chapters of Saint John's Gospel! How full of comfort is the apocalyptic vision of the New Jerusalem! What strength for faith and hope in the fifteenth chapter of First Corinthians! What a tender scene when the news of the death of Lazarus came to the distressed sisters at Bethany! What sweetness in the tears of Jesus, what comfort in his gentle assurance, "Thy brother shall rise again"! What an exhaustless fountain of consolation in the words which have been repeated in the Christian church from generation to generation, "I am the resurrection and the life"! To bear these sweet messages of consolation to the world's troubled and weary ones is at once the great duty and the privilege of the minister of the gospel. Alas for him who fails to realize this precious privilege and to fulfill this sacred duty.

ARCHÆOLOGY AND BIBLICAL RESEARCH

WHERE ARE WE?

No one can read the recent discussions on modern biblical criticism, whether in book, magazine, or newspaper form, whether liberal or conservative, without being convinced that the position of the liberal or self-styled scientific biblical critic is in a changing state. What the historical school, even ten or a dozen years since, was pleased to characterize as "the settled results of criticism" have been assailed of late from several standpoints. This is especially true of Germany, the fatherland of the destructive critic—the land where philosophies and theories come and go with clock-work regularity.

Thirty years ago the Graf-Kuenen-Wellhausen hypothesis was held in greater esteem by the advanced critics of Germany than the Old Testament itself. And naturally enough, for this hypothesis, we were assured, was constructed upon the solid rock of scientific criticism, while the Old Testament in its present form was an aggregation of myth, legend, poetry, and history, for the most part, written centuries after the events therein recorded. True, there were all shades of critics and opinions, but they were all agreed in rejecting the so-called traditional view.

Not content with relegating the first ten chapters of Genesis to the realm of fancy and myth, many of the critics consigned the patriarchs to the unhistorical, and even those of this school who half-heartedly granted the real existence of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, and their immediate descendants, were persuaded, if they existed at all, that they stood on a very low plane of civilization. In short, their religion could not have been the pure and lofty one depicted in Genesis, but rather one mixed with gross fetishism and animism. But lest we may be accused of misrepresenting this school let us hear the testimony of two or three of their own witnesses: Professor H. Preserved Smith says: "We have no really historical knowledge of a patriarchal period preceding Israel's conquest of Canaan. The individuals Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob are eponyms, personifications of clans, tribes, or ethnological groups, and they are nothing more." Take again the following from Cheyne, a much better known critic. He delivers himself thus: "The questioning spirit revives when one is asked to believe that Moses is partly at least a historical figure. Alas! how gladly could one believe it? But where are the historical elements? Happily we are not asked to believe either in Moses or in the Decalogue." Wellhausen, the high priest of this school, is quite as positive. He says, "We have no historical knowledge of the patriarchs," and as to Abraham, "he is a free creation of unconscious art," whatever that may mean. He teaches that the God of Israel was not known distinctly before the occupation of Canaan. According to him, it was not Moses, but the prophets of the eighth century B. C. that were the real founders of the religion of Israel; consequently, the

Levitical legislation is not Mosaic, but rather the product of later centuries.

Upon what bases did the Wellhausen school found its conclusions—conclusions which they were pleased to style scientific or historical criticism?

One of their main arguments was that the Hebrews, at the time when the Exodus and the wilderness journey are said to have taken place, were at too low a state of development and utterly incapable of the civilization presupposed in the Pentateuch. This argument based upon the evolutionary theory is purely subjective, and when, in the light of recent discoveries, it is placed in the balances is found wanting. Where is the proof that the Hebrews at the time of Moses and Joshua, to say nothing of the patriarchs ages before, occupied such a low level religiously? How much more credible in the light of archaeology is the tradition that "Abraham separated himself even from his relatives just on account of his religion, so that with Abraham a new religious force entered into history, and that this is no other than faith in the unseen God." This may be contrary to Wellhausen's scheme of development, but what of that? For, as Professor Feine says: "It is now recognized through the influence of present-day ethnological and evangelical scientific research that the evolutionistic idea of progress from lower to higher degrees of religious culture was a mistaken *a priori*." Besides, there is no warrant for the assumption that civilization stood on a very low level at any time in the second millennium before our era. Not only in Egypt and Babylonia, but in portions of Asia Minor, Crete, and other islands of the sea, and even in Palestine itself, civilization was by far more advanced than biblical critics used to believe. It is no wonder, therefore, that one of our great Oriental scholars says that "the so-called Near East represented one unbroken center of culture" when Abraham settled in Canaan. Take again this testimony of F. Max Müller: "The civilization of Palestine in the patriarchal age was fully equal to that of Egypt." Again, the Code of Hammurabi was written about the time of Abraham, and must have been known in the land where the patriarch lived in his early days. What reason can there be for thinking that he did not take with him wherever he went the best contained in this code?

Another main prop of this hypothesis was the assumption that the art of writing was not known or practiced at the time when Moses is supposed to have existed. Even as sober a critic as Dillmann says: "The legal portion of the Pentateuch cannot be from Moses, neither written by him, nor delivered orally and written down by another, and aside from the fact that so extended a literary production at the very rise of the people of Israel is not believable, and points much more to a time when the arts of writing and reading were widely diffused." "Granted," says Reuss, "that Moses might have been able to write, for whom did he write? Books are written for men who can read, and read well. But where is the proof that there was a reading public then?" Wellhausen was committed to the same theory, for in denying that Deuteronomy (according to 31. 26) was written and placed by the side of the ark, and in discussing

the ark and its contents, he says: "It results from this that there was no real or certain knowledge as to what stood on the tables, and further, if there were such stones in the ark—and probably there were—*there was nothing written upon them*" (*Italics are ours*). How did he know that there was nothing written upon them? There is but one answer: He did not know. Neither did Dillmann know, nor yet Reuss, that writing was practically unknown in that age. It is safe to say if these men were writing on the Pentateuch in A. D. 1913, not one of them would have made such a statement. Archæological discoveries of the past twenty-five years have given its death-blow to this hypothesis. Some system of writing was common not only in Egypt and Babylonia, but even in Syria and Palestine. This being true—and no one will question it—another prop is knocked out from under Wellhausenism.

Take again the linguistic argument. What weight used to be put on this in the discussion and analysis of the books of the Old Testament? This argument has been practically abandoned—and justly so—by all schools of criticism. This is also true, at least to a great extent, of the arguments based upon the use of the divine names Yahweh and Elohim. No doubt there are sections where one or the other of these names preponderates, but the idea that the name Elohim, or Yahweh, furnishes a safe clue for the identification of a document is being gradually given up. And yet there was a time when, as Dr. Orr observes, it was the pillar of the whole hypothesis, the chief argument upon which the documentary theory was based. Dr. Troelstra (Leyden), in a recent volume, "The Name of God in the Pentateuch," has pointed out most clearly the weakness of this main prop. He shows beyond controversy that the critical school had based its theory upon the Masoretic text, with but little regard to other versions which should have been consulted, such as the Septuagint, Peshitto, the Itala, etc. In a brief review of Dr. Troelstra's little book, a writer in a recent number of the *Biblical World* flippantly says: "The center of critical interest in Old Testament study has now passed from the Pentateuch. The leading scholars of to-day do not have the rigid ideas about the distribution Yahweh and Elohim that formerly prevailed in critical quarters." If this be true, then the system is shattered at its very foundation.

There is a great change of front in Germany and Holland. Professor Feine, of Halle, has published three very interesting articles entitled "Positive Theological Research in Germany" in recent numbers of the *Expository Times*. In the first of these he writes: "In German theology at the present day a remarkable swing of the pendulum is taking place, inasmuch as on the part of positive theology in particular important works have been completed, greater undertakings are being planned, and new and promising lines of thought have been opened up. . . . The battle against the historical reconstruction of religious history of the Israelites has been successfully waged." We can heartily recommend these articles to the reviewer of Professor Fowler's book in this *Review* who says on the last page of the March-April number: "The chaos has made way for order, and at the present time scholars are pretty well agreed on practically all

the important questions relating to the literary history of Israel." If the term scholars applies only to those who repress the dates of every book of the Old Testament, who teach that connected prose writing did not begin till the time of David and Solomon, that most of the psalms were written centuries after the exile, then he is correct. Is it, however, impossible for a man to be a scholar and not accept these radical views? If that be so, then a very large number of the best-known professors in the theological seminaries of America are not scholars. Away with such conceit! If one is as well versed in Hebrew and Greek, in Assyriology and Egyptology, in archaeology and biblical research as the best, why should he be not considered a scholar because of his inability to subscribe to the doctrines of the "historical school"?

Professors Oettie, König, Kittel, Sellin, Robertson, Orr, and many others have demonstrated the inaccuracy of the thesis that the prophets of the eighth century were the first to establish ethical monotheism, and have done this by direct quotations from the writings of these very prophets. No one can read Amos, Hosea, and Isaiah—unless he has a theory to maintain—without being convinced that these prophets were not the founders of a new religion, but rather men called of God to reform the backsliders of their age and country. Even Stade, Volz, and Wellhausen himself have been constrained to see the force of this argument.

So great has been the change in Germany during the past decade that book after book has been published in opposition to the Wellhausen theory, which, account for it as you may, had reduced the religious element in the Hebrew Scriptures to a low level and all but denied the supernatural and the prophetic. The positive theologians put a far higher value upon the Bible as a revelation from God. They see in "the Old Testament religion the dispensation of God's redeeming will." Just at this very time a new commentary on the entire Old Testament, under the supervision of Professor Sellin, is passing through the press. The assigned reasons for this new series are evident: the liberal school touch sparingly upon the new facts brought out by recent discoveries in Bible lands. Then, again, the pastors and churches demand that there should be less hostility to revealed religion, a greater emphasis upon the soteriological teachings of the Old Testament. If we examine many of the so-called "critical" commentaries, we sadly miss the religious element; for, as pointed out by Professor Feine, most of the liberal commentators "do not, with all their scientific significance, make a sufficiently vivid and direct impression on their readers of the uniqueness of the Old Testament religion and its literature, of its superiority to all other ancient religions." Professor Knudson, in his little booklet *The Old Testament Problem*, emphasizes this point and well says, "In detailed exegesis the stress should be placed on the religious value of the passage or book under consideration."

What is true of the Old Testament is also true of the New Testament, for the positive theologians of the German universities have commenced the publication of a complete set of commentaries on the books of the New Testament too. This series is edited by Professor Zahn, of Erlangen.

Those on Matthew, John, Romans, and Galatians are by Zahn himself; the others will be by some of the more prominent positive theologians of Germany. Then there is still a more popular series of compendiums and commentaries under the editorship of Professor Bess, entitled, *Evangelische Theologische Bibliothek*. This collection includes "Introduction to the Old and New Testament, Dogmatics, Ethics, Symbolics and History of the Theology of the Nineteenth Century"—all written by conservative theologians. There are, too, many other books on various subjects by such well-known men as Kähler (lately deceased), Seeberg, Grätzmacher, Feine, Walther, and others.

The direct cause for most of these New Testament critical works was the destructive Old Testament Criticism which had reduced so much of the Hebrew Scriptures to myth and legend. It was but a natural result that the miracles of the New Testament, and especially the virgin birth and the resurrection of our Saviour, should be consigned to the same realms. This cropped out in the discussions concerning Jesus and Paul, in which the liberal theologians claimed that Paul was the real founder of Christianity as we have it. Then came the "Jesus Myth" controversy, led by Professor Drews of Karlsruhe (not a theologian). Such books as the *Gilgamesh-Epos* by Jensen, made an easy starting point for Drews's theory. He maintains that the Gospels, like the books of Moses, were unhistorical and that the "God-man" Jesus was a sheer myth and nothing more, though written up in the form of history. He had no difficulty in finding many parallels in other ancient literatures. Just as the unreasonable deductions of some old Old Testament critics, notably those of Professor Cheyne, have disgusted the more sober liberal critics, so, too, the wild deductions of Drews have brought the liberal New Testament critics to a halt, for they are in a far greater dilemma than their conservative brothers. There is no doubt, as Drews emphasizes it, that the picture of Christ in the Gospels is that of the Son of God, a divine Redeemer, and not merely a good man. He disputes the thesis of the liberals, and so do we, "that an historical portrait of Jesus which does not overstep the limits of the human may be obtained from the Gospels by means of historical criticism." Positive theologians cannot accept this conclusion, for they see in Christ, the Son of God, a Redeemer from sin, and not merely a human of the most perfect type. For, "a man, though he be an ideal man, cannot redeem us." Drews has caused a much greater confusion and concern in the liberal camp than among the conservatives. Those who deny the Deity of our Saviour have taken more notice of Drews's book than have the Trinitarians, for the simple reason that the Unitarian finds it a hopeless task to scientifically square his creed with the plain teachings of the Gospels. Drews is perfectly frank. To him "the Christian belief in a divinely human Redeemer is nothing more than a myth," while to Paul, Augustine, Luther, Wesley, Gladstone, and many of the greatest minds of the ages it was a solemn reality.

As predicted in these pages some years ago, a wholesale denial of the miracles and prophecies of the Old Testament has been followed by like criticism of the New Testament. Destructive criticism has once more

reached its limits and has dashed itself against the rocks. The natural result is a saner mode of dealing with the Bible and a firmer faith in its divine origin and its power to lead men nearer to God.

Where are we to-day? We are not tossed by every wind of doctrine, but more firmly stationed upon the Rock of Ages. The conservative position is much stronger now than it was ten years ago. History again repeats itself. As the Pietists of the seventeenth century, and Wesley and his little band a century later, turned the swelling tide of rationalism and athelism in their day by preaching a simple, positive gospel, repentance and regeneration through the atoning blood of a divine Redeemer, so, too, in our day let there be a greater stress upon devout Bible study, conversion, implicit faith in our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Then we, as the faithful in all ages, shall see the vagaries of the critics vanish like the morning mists before the healing rays of the Sun of Righteousness. Are not the great revivals of 1913 a prophecy of better days?

Our little systems have their day;
They have their day and cease to be;
They are but broken lights of thee,
And, thou, O Lord art more than they.

FOREIGN OUTLOOK

GERMAN UNIVERSITY NOTES

VERY shortly Germany is to have two, or probably three, new universities: one at Frankfort-on-the-Main, one at Hamburg, and a probable third at Dresden. These are the first foundations of the kind in almost a century. Bonn was founded in 1818, Berlin in 1810. In 1873 Strassburg was "reorganized." Yet one must not overlook the very significant fact that within the last forty years the Germans have established and wonderfully developed a goodly number of technical schools of the highest rank.

It is a matter of no little significance that in the plans for all three new universities no provision is made for a theological faculty. In explanation of this omission it has been deemed enough to say that the present number of theological faculties is sufficient. On the other hand, influential and insistent voices are making themselves heard in protest. Among the theologians who through the press have declared their opinion are Hunzinger, formerly professor in Erlangen, now chief pastor of Saint Michael's Church in Hamburg; Bornemann, formerly professor in Basel, now pastor in Frankfort; Professor Seeberg in Berlin; and Professor Rade in Marburg, editor of *Die Christliche Welt*. The last has expressed himself not only in his own paper, but also in an article in the *Süd-deutsche Monatshefte*. This article has found a gratifying echo in such magazines of general culture as *Das Hochland* and *Der Kunstwart*. A

weighty lay utterance came from Lamprecht, the eminent professor of history in Leipzig. After indicating the more general and fundamental considerations demanding the inclusion of the theological faculty in the German university, he frankly declares his opinion that the founding of a new university affords an excellent opportunity for a greatly needed modernization of the theological faculty, especially in the way of affording future pastors a scientific and practical equipment for a larger Christian social service. For Frankfort he proposes a theological faculty in three sections, one Catholic, another Protestant, the third Israelitish, and recommends that a part of the social work in the city be intrusted to these three sections. In a book, *Ueber Universitäten und Universitätsstudium*, Theobald Ziegler, emeritus professor of philosophy in Strassburg, refers to the question of a theological faculty in Frankfort as follows: "The thing that is shrewd and wise, the thing that is the more comfortable and safe, is not always the thing that is right, at least it is hardly so for Frankfort in the present case. Should we be willing, we ask in the first place, to forego in the history of the universities of the nineteenth century such theologians as—to name only the four greatest—Schleiermacher, F. C. Baur, Rothe, and Holtzmann? And should we be willing in our philosophical and historical lectures and seminar exercises to dispense with the specially interesting Protestant theologians? But now as to the real issue: Who is to undertake, in the great conflict between faith and knowledge, in which all our universities and all their faculties are deeply concerned, the task of mediation and leadership? . . . So while a university without a Protestant theological faculty avoids all sorts of severe conflicts and annoying episodes, it really makes itself poor, poor in men of significance and poor in the intellectual struggles that further and temper life; and it lives off advantages which other universities must create and provide for it; it has the gain of greater peace, but not the honor of having itself achieved it by a war that strengthens the minds of men and by a glorious victory. That Frankfort will wish to continue permanently in this comparatively comfortable, but also comparatively but little honorable, position beside and among the other universities, I do not believe."

The whole situation demands the earnest consideration of all who are concerned for the future of religion in German national life. For the attitude toward theology of those who are planning the new universities is symptomatic. Such an attitude seems all the more unwarranted in view of the unquestioned preëminence which Germany continues to maintain in theological science.

The rapid increase in the number of women at German universities continues to attract attention. In the winter semester 1912-13 the number of matriculated women in the universities was 3,213, and of "hearers" 1,749, as against 2,958 and 1,182, respectively, in the immediately preceding summer semester. The matriculated women were distributed among all the twenty-one universities of the empire, in numbers ranging from 904 in Berlin, 289 in Bonn, 262 in Munich, 237 in Göttingen, down to nine in Rostock. Inscribed as students of theology were 11, of law 79, of medicine 715, of philosophy, philology, etc., 2,408.

Of recent changes in the personnel of the theological faculties a few will be of interest to our readers. To fill Kähler's chair of systematic theology and New Testament exegesis at Halle, Lüttger is transferred from a New Testament chair in the same faculty. Lüttger (born in 1867), a pupil of Cremer and especially of Schlatter, went to Halle as Beyschlag's successor in 1901. At Halle he was in close association and sympathy with Kähler. He is an unusually attractive teacher and an exceptionally clear and terse writer. While hitherto his writings have lain chiefly in the field of New Testament exegesis, he has published some very interesting studies on dogmatic and ethical subjects, especially two collections of addresses entitled, respectively, *Gottes Sohn und Gottes Geist*, 1905, and *Natur und Geist Gottes*, 1910. Much is expected of him.

Lüttger's successor in the New Testament chair is Ernst von Dobschütz (born 1870), lately of Breslau, earlier at Strassburg. His eminent abilities and scholarship are widely recognized even in America and Great Britain. Among his writings which have appeared in English special mention may be made of *Christian Life in the Primitive Church*, *The Eschatology of the Gospels*, and the fine article in Hastings's *Encyclopedia of Religion and Ethics* on "The Bible in the Church." Theologically, Von Dobschütz is moderately liberal. While recognizing the liberal Harnack as his chief teacher, he also gratefully acknowledges large obligations to the conservative Kähler. American biblical scholars will shortly have an opportunity to know more of him, as he comes in the autumn of this year to Harvard as an exchange professor.

About a year ago Hunzinger (born 1871) resigned his professorship of systematic theology at Erlangen to accept a call to become chief pastor at the great Saint Michael's Church in Hamburg. In his few years at Erlangen he had acquired a great influence upon the younger pastors in the Bavarian church and was unquestionably the most popular, though not the most learned, of the teachers in the Erlangen theological faculty. His writings are chiefly apologetic. Herrmann has called him "one of the modern masters of apologetics." Though unquestionably a "positive" theologian, he is broadly tolerant—a quality that brought him into disfavor with the strictly conservative ecclesiastical leaders in Bavaria, and thus made him the more willing to go to Hamburg. Those who would be glad to become acquainted with this real leader of thought may be referred to two of his latest publications, *Die religiöse Krisis der Gegenwart* (*The Religious Crisis of the Present*), 1910, and *Das Wunder* (*Miracle*), 1912. These are very fresh and stirring works.

Hunzinger's successor in Erlangen is Richard H. Grützmacher (born 1876), a scholar of brilliant and facile talent, a skillful controversialist, a representative of the modern-positive group. Of late he has shown a disposition to separate himself somewhat from his former teacher, Seeberg, who seems to him to have grown rather too liberal.

Two changes in Old Testament chairs are of interest because of the unusual abilities of the new incumbents. Bertholet (born 1868) has been called from Basel to Tübingen, and Sellin (born 1867) from Rostock to Kiel. Bertholet's latest book in the second volume of the *Biblical Theology*

of the Old Testament begun by the late Bernhard Stade. Bertholet's volume is recognized as by far the best treatment of the later developments of Old Testament religion and theology. Sellin is a vigorous and productive scholar. A certain fame outside his own country has come to him because of his very successful excavations in Palestine. His latest book is on Hebrew Prophetism, and is one of his best.

In this connection one must not forget to mention the retirement of Julius Wellhausen from his chair of Semitic languages in Göttingen. In 1882 Wellhausen resigned his theological professorship in Greifswald and since then has held chairs in the philosophical faculty, first at Halle, then at Marburg, finally at Göttingen, as successor of Lagarde. He has so long borne a great reputation that one naturally wonders that he is not yet quite threescore and ten.

Only two German theological faculties, Berlin and Leipzig, have professorships of the general science of religion. The incumbents are foreigners: Lehmann, a Swede, and Söderblom, a Dane. The latter accepted the call to Leipzig only provisionally, for a brief term of years, and now Lehmann has accepted a call to Lund, in Sweden. The German nation seems not to have one first-rate authority in the field of comparative religion.

An event of interest to every friend of missions is the "habilitation" of Dr. Julius Richter as *privatdocent* at Berlin for the science of missions. Since the death of Gustav Warneck he is probably Germany's most competent authority in this field.

Albert Schweitzer is well known to biblical scholars of English tongue on account of his brilliant, though perhaps not always sober, histories of modern critical research in the life of Jesus and of Paul. He is just now an object of a peculiar interest because he has resigned the privileges of a *privatdocent* at Strassburg and has taken up the work of a medical missionary in tropical Africa. Besides his accomplishments as a New Testament scholar, Schweitzer is an expert organist and an authority on Bach and the history of German church music. The fact that he is very modern or liberal in his theology makes the case all the more interesting. The strife of the parties in relation to the theological faculties has been freshly embittered by a pamphlet of Jüllicher, of Marburg, entitled: "Die Entmündigung einer preussischen theologischen Fakultät. Jüllicher, who in general is not an active party man, here complains bitterly of the Prussian ministry's repeated disregarding of the recommendations of the Marburg faculty in the filling of vacant professorships. This, he claims, has been done in the interest of theological conservatism, and at all events he regards it as the degradation of the faculty to a state of nonage. Unfortunately this contention is joined with disparaging remarks concerning his conservative colleague Bornhäuser, who was forced upon the faculty in 1907, and even concerning conservative theologians generally. Naturally the pamphlet has occasioned much discussion in the press. It also received considerable attention even in the Prussian Diet.

NEW WORKS ON OLD TESTAMENT INTRODUCTION

THE last few years have brought us several important works on Old Testament Introduction. In 1910 Sellin published a brief but luminous *Einleitung*, which, while thoroughly modern and frankly critical, differs at many points from the prevalent views of the school of Wellhausen. Cornill, of Halle, a typical representative of that school and the author of the most popular Introduction to the Old Testament, regarded Sellin's book as a sort of challenge and published a small volume in review of Sellin's positions (*Zur Einleitung in das Alte Testament*, 1912, 124 pp. 3m.). At twenty-six points—not that these are the only points of difference—he makes strictures on Sellin's book—a sure sign of the energy and originality of the latter! Before many weeks had passed Sellin made reply in a book of like title (105 pp. 2.80 m.). Cornill gave Sellin some offense by the manner in which he expressed his wonder that a "positive" theologian could so frankly espouse certain modern critical views "and not be stoned." Sellin contends that a frank recognition of all that historical criticism renders probable is no wise inconsistent with the standpoint of a positive theology. According to Cornill's impression Sellin's Introduction presents a twofold appearance: on the one hand an extensive acceptance of the results of criticism, on the other the aim to set all the productions of Israelitish literary activity at the earliest possible date. In reply Sellin makes some concessions at two points only, while at all others he reaffirms his former position. But Sellin's main contention is that he is controlled by no apologetic tendency, but rather is guided by real principles of historical method. He contends that his method is the more correct. The Wellhausians still remain, in spite of the new phases of Old Testament study brought about by the rise of the history-of-religion school, too predominantly literary critics. The new researches into the history of the religion of Israel in its relation to the religions of other peoples inevitably tend to render the earlier dates for certain Hebrew writings the more probable. The "positive" Sellin is more in sympathy with the new school than with that of Wellhausen. And it is interesting to note that Gressmann, next to Gunkel the most important Old Testament scholar of the history-of-religion school, is of opinion that in the large majority of the points of difference between Cornill and Sellin the latter is in the right. Since the publication of these two controversial writings each author has been permitted to issue a new edition of his *Einleitung*, each considerably revised. Cornill's book is now in the seventh edition, Sellin's in the second edition; which may be taken as an indication of the large interest in the subject and the significance of the books.

Beside these brief Introductions we have now a very ample one from Steuernagel, professor extraordinary at Halle (Tübingen, 1912, 17 m. unbound). It is a book of eight hundred large pages and is a relatively exhaustive treatise. It has several features of special excellence. One of these is the skillful analysis of each book, another the excellent surveys and summaries of the course of the literary history as distinguished from

the special inquiries that belong to biblical introduction proper. In general Steuernagel is a critic of sane and sober judgment, though not of marked originality. His position is in the main that of the Wellhausen school.

VON SODEN'S GREAT WORK ON THE TEXT OF THE NEW TESTAMENT

For some years Professor Hans Von Soden (Berlin) has been engaged, with a large corps of helpers, in the preparation of a great critical edition of the New Testament text. The work is now completed (*Die Schriften des Neuen Testaments in ihrer ältesten erreichbaren Textgestalt hergestellt auf Grund ihrer Textgeschichte*, 2 parts, in 4 volumes, 3,155 pp. 86m., bound. Part II, containing text and apparatus, may be bought separately for 36 m., bound). This edition rests upon a complete collation of all known texts—a simply stupendous labor. In planning for the work the first thing was the notation of all the places where manuscripts of the New Testament were lodged. Then all these places were visited and the manuscripts there were carefully examined. Besides, search was made in these various places for other manuscripts and inquiries were instituted everywhere for manuscripts that might have escaped notice. The whole material thus assembled was then thoroughly sifted and collated. The first three volumes give a critical history of the manuscripts, the fourth the text and variants. In the text volume the upper third or fourth part of each page presents the text in the resultant form, then follow the variants to the several verses and words, with their witnesses. The various readings are given in such a form as to show the grounds which have determined the resultant form given in the text above.

The editor's researches have led him to the following general conclusions: "1. The differences in the text of the New Testament writings are due, in so far as they are not the fault of individual copyists, not to caprice or carelessness in the transmission, but to conscious work on the text. 2. The alterations in the wording of these writings, for the most part made as early as the first century of their existence and afterward adopted only in varying measure, are, with the very slightest exceptions, occasioned by no dogmatic interests, but are based only upon considerations of literary style. 3. The clearing up of the historical occasions for alterations in the text makes it possible, where the readings are in conflict with one another, to determine, from the demonstrable causes leading to the origin of the variants, which of them is of later origin, and this independently of the accident, whether it is found in one of the earliest of the manuscripts preserved to us or in later ones. 4. That in the text thus restored we have before us that form of text in which the authors originally sent forth these writings appears, by following back the historical stages, as in the highest possible degree probable."

BOOK NOTICES

RELIGION, THEOLOGY, AND BIBLICAL LITERATURE

Things That Matter Most. By JOHN HENRY JOWETT, D.D. 12mo, pp. 281. New York and Chicago: Fleming H. Revell Company. Price, cloth, \$1.25, net.

"DEVOTIONAL PAPERS" these thirty-eight brief meditations are called by their author. Each one brings to view some supreme interest of the soul, the interests which tower highest above man's life like mountains which are always in sight and which dominate the plains. Of these high things Dr. Jowett says: "It is surely well in these days of incessant movement, movement which so frequently means strain rather than strength, that we have interludes when the soul can correct her conscious and unconscious wanderings by the contemplation of the serene and majestic things of God." These meditations are intended to minister helpfully to such hours of pause and reflection. They have the simplicity, earnestness, and directness which fill the big Fifth Avenue Church every Sunday morning and afternoon with eager and grateful hearers, who come as the crowds used to throng Maltbie Babcock's church—because they get real spiritual help and strength to live by. We took up this book for the purpose of presenting it to our readers in a book notice. We soon found ourselves feeding on it for the sake of our own soul's cheer and uplift and joy. For devotional reading it is a rich and blessed book. For all preachers it is full of marrow and usable nutritious stuff; to them we take the responsibility of saying, "Get this book, absorb and assimilate it—let your soul delight itself in fatness." Gladly would we transfer half its really dynamic contents to our pages. The volume begins with that beautiful sermon on "The Illimitable Love of God," which, published by itself in booklet form, has already had wide circulation. Once there was a minister's wife who used to kiss her husband on the forehead just before he went to the pulpit, as much as to say, "God bless his brain and make it bright and clear and strong to preach the everlasting Word." This book may be the equivalent of such a benediction. To select is difficult, but the following on "Seeking the Best" will do as a sample: "*The kingdom of heaven is like unto a merchantman seeking goodly pearls.*" This sentence gives us one great characteristic of the kingly life, for the inhabitants of the kingdom of heaven are the kingly men and women. They move in great stateliness through the Word of God. They are distinguished by humility and dignity, by a certain retirement which is allied with the most mysterious glory. Great images are used to suggest the greatness of their character. They move in impressive lordship and liberty. They are kings and priests unto God. And here, I say, is one of their distinctions; they are seeking goodly pearls. And so the kingly life is a life in quest of big things. Everyone is painfully familiar with the temptation to fritter away life in interests that are small and mean. There are many scriptural types of the wasteful and belittled life. There are those who spend their

strength in seeking money. The concentrated purpose of their days is a quest for gold. They are zealous for artificial gems and they miss the goodly pearls. Judas Iscariot had the priceless privilege of communion with his Lord. He had the incomparable glory of living with the Master day by day—the opportunity of entering into the ‘inheritance of the saints in light,’ and he used his privilege in the quest for money, and all that he got out of his supreme advantage was thirty pieces of silver. He missed the pearls. And here is another scriptural type described as ‘lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God.’ They sought the transitory rather than the eternal. They were more intent upon the carnal than the divine. They were out seeking rockets and ignoring dawns. All that they got from life was a transient flash. They missed the goodly pearl. Here is another from the scriptural gallery of disastrous failures: ‘Demas has forsaken me, having loved this present evil world.’ Think of that man’s opportunity! He had the privilege of the fellowship of the apostle Paul, but he ‘loved the garish day,’ and he preferred glamour to serenity and a loud sensation to an ideal friendship. The world offered a Bohemian hour, and he took it, and the end thereof was found in the white, cold ashes of moral defeat. Thus life is frittered away on a thousand trifles, and at the end of the restless quest we have no pearls. Now the big things of life belong to the realm of spirit and character. It is in the region of the soul that we find the pearls. The really goodly things, the big things, are inside, and not outside, the man. The big thing is not luxury, but contentment; not a big house, but a big satisfaction; not accumulated art treasures, but a fine, artistic appreciation; not a big library, but a serene studiousness; not a big estate, but a large vision. The big things are not ‘the things that are seen, but the things that are not seen.’ ‘Seek peace and ensue it.’ ‘Seek the things that are above.’ ‘Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness.’ Such are the goodly pearls. But the quest of the kingly man is not only for the big things—it is for the bigger things among the big, and for the biggest among them all. The merchantman was not only in search of goodly pearls; he discriminated among the values of pearls, and he knew when he had found ‘one pearl of great price.’ There are gradations of value even among good things. There are pearls and better pearls, and the true king in life is known by his pursuit of the best. Knowledge is a good thing, the mastery of the secrets of the visible world; wisdom is a better thing, the possession of fine judgment and delicate intuition, of moral and spiritual discernment. Acquaintance is a good thing; friendship is a better thing; love is the best thing. The respect of others is a good thing; self-respect is a better thing; a fine, untroubled conscience is the best thing. Love for our lovers is a good thing; love for our neighbors is a better thing; love for our enemies is the best thing. There are pearls and there are pearls of great price. And so this, I say, is a mark of the children of the Kingdom. They are always in quest of something beyond. ‘Not as though I had already attained, either were already perfect, but I press on.’ There is ever a height beyond, a better pearl still to win. ‘Glories upon glories hath our God prepared, by the souls

that love him one day to be shared.' Such is the aim of the kingly quest. It is in search of the goodliest among the goodly pearls. Now let us look at the quality of the quest. A kingly man is *'like unto a merchantman.'* So the pearls are not found by the loafer, by the mere strolling fiddler along life's way. We are to have the characteristics of business men, even when we are engaged in the affairs of the Highest. If only we assume that requirement as an essential condition of the kingdom of heaven, a thousand religious failures will be at once explained. The majority of us are about as little like merchantmen in our religious life as could be very well conceived. And yet this is the Master's demand. We are to be businesslike in our search for pearls. And if we are to be businesslike, what will be some of our characteristics? First of all, we shall have breadth of outlook. A good merchant has an eye for new markets, for fresh opportunities in new fields. He watches drifts and tendencies, movements of population, and he is the alert friend of every new discovery. His eyes roam over wide areas in quest of new openings to push his trade. And so it is in the kingdom of heaven. The man of the kingly life must seek his pearls in many markets and over wide fields. He must seek them in worship and in prayer and in praise. He must look for them in the crowded places of human fellowship. He must search the wide expanse of literature. He must busy himself with the treasures of history. He must be curious in the bright domain of wit and humor. He must be wakeful even on the battlefield, when he is in combat with hostile forces, as well as in the quieter places of human service and communion. He must assume that anywhere and everywhere he may find a goodly pearl. So he must have an eye for markets at every hour of the day and amid all the change and varieties of human experience. This he must do if he would be a *'merchantman seeking goodly pearls.'* And, secondly, he must have the ability to fix attention on details. The vision of a merchantman is not only telescopic, it is microscopic. *'He lets nothing escape him.'* He knows the weight and force of apparent nothings; he knows the value of seeming trifles. He often finds his treasure in things that other men despise or throw away. He is very inquisitive when he finds apparent waste, if by chance he may turn it into gold. So must it be in the quest for the goodly pearls of the Kingdom. We must give keen attention to the neglected trifles of life. Lowly duties must be carefully scanned. Small disappointments must be examined as though they were dark caskets containing possible treasure. Even commonplace courtesies must not be scouted, but must be regarded as a possible hiding place of priceless gems. The Master himself described the man of fine quest as being *'faithful in that which is least.'* He does little things in a great way, and he makes great discoveries in doing them. Thirdly, the kingly life must be distinguished by method and order. A fine business man must have method in his work. He has not only principles, he has rules; he has not only a general system, he has a detailed order. Men who have no method are soon compelled to close their doors. And so it is in the life of the kingdom of heaven. We do not stroll carelessly up to the pearls and find them in some haphazard

and vagrant loitering. No man lounges into any treasure that is worth having. And that is why so many of us are very poor in the things of the Kingdom. We have no order and method, and the work of one hour is undone by the hour that succeeds it. Look at our prayers. How unmethodical and disorderly! Are they likely to find any pearls? Look at our worship. How little intelligent quest is in it! Is it likely to discover any pearls? Look at our service. How careless it often is and how pointless and unprepared! There are abundant signs that even our Lord himself regulated his life and refused to allow it to frivel away in indefinite purpose and desire. Lastly, the man in search of goodly pearls must be distinguished by decision. A competent merchantman knows when to act, and at the decisive moment he acts with commanding promptness. He watches circumstances when they are ripening, and at the proper moment he plucks the fruit. There are times in a business man's life when promptness requires great courage. There is a demand for risk and speculation and untried enterprise, and timidity would let the promising circumstance go by and lose its bounty. So is it in the kingdom of heaven. Here, too, there are 'tides in the affairs of men which, taken at the flood, lead on to fortune.' It is a great thing to know when the hour is ripe for decision. It is one of the fine arts of living to know when to act upon an impulse, and when to accept the hints of emotion as the signs of a favoring gale. Here again our Lord is our example. He was very patient, but he was always very decisive. No one could move him before the appointed time. No one could stop him when he said, 'The hour has come.' Such is to be the quality of our quest. We are to be like merchantmen, broad in outlook, vigilant for detail, intelligent in method, and decisive in action. With such a spirit we shall undoubtedly discover the goodly pearls, and we shall discover the best of all, 'the pearl of great price.' But for that pearl we may have to sell many others. What are we prepared to give for it? What are we ready to surrender? According to our consecrated enterprise will be our holy gains. If we refuse to part with Mammon we can never possess the Lord. If we contentedly hug the good we can never gain the better. If we take our ease in the realm of the better we can never enter the best. What are we ready to lose for Christ?

Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were an offering far too small.
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my life, my soul, my all."

Smith and the Church. By HARRY H. BEATTY, D.D. Introduction by Meredith Nicholson. 16mo, pp. 118. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. Price, cloth, 60 cents, net

MEREDITH NICHOLSON raised in the *Atlantic Monthly* the question, "Should Smith go to church?" and discussed it from the viewpoint of the average nonattendant business man. It attempted to explain why some respectable men do not go to church. It implied some not unkindly reflections on the church. Naturally enough, more than a few ministers took the subject into their pulpits and discussed it by way of reply. For calm common sense, for fairness, and for spirit of comradeship with

the absentee from church, none of the replies can have surpassed this one. David Harum, being asked what church he attended, cutely evaded by saying: "Well, the church I stay away from when I don't go is the Presbyterian." David Harum lives in every community and everybody knows Smith. He is not opposed to the church; he believes in it in a way; he would not want to locate his family in a place where there was no church; he would not cry with Macbeth, the murderer, "Untie the winds and let them fight against the churches"; and yet he is a non-attendant. Smith's side of the question having been publicly stated by Meredith Nicholson, the many-years' pastor of Chester Hill Church, Mount Vernon, N. Y., decided to "have it out" with Smith from the pulpit in frank and friendly fashion. He lives near neighbor to Smith, knows his habits, and they are good friends. He listens to Smith's defense of his way of life, and then he "puts it to him straight." If Smith reads anything besides the newspapers (we fear he does not, and we are quite sure he is less a reader than the church-goer is) he should read this book. If you read it to him he will find himself fairly dealt with. He gets "a square deal." He could not have friendlier treatment than he has here. Some of the chapter-headings are, "Who is Smith?" "Why Smith Does Not Go to Church," "Why Shouldn't Smith Play Golf Instead of Going to Church?" "Smith in God's Out-of-Doors," "Smith, Jr.," "Is Smith Wrong or the Church?" "What Shall the Church Do About Smith?" Meredith Nicholson, of Indianapolis, whose article in the *Atlantic Monthly* made something of a stir, writes an introduction to Dr. Beattys's book. Part of that introduction we here reproduce without quotation marks: I am delighted to find that the church as a topic is still so provocative and I am glad to have been instrumental in drawing into the arena so many and so valiant defenders of religion. I welcome the appearance of this volume of sermons because they discuss "Smith's" predicament so frankly and honestly. "Smith" I projected as the average man, and I confess that in the main I spoke for "Smith" and as "Smith." The reproach that I am a person incapable of spiritual perception is not without its sting; and yet I submit that we "Smiths" are entitled to the consideration of those blessed with spiritual gifts. A spiritual aristocracy is not likely to further the cause of Christ in these days of awakened social consciousness. Spiritual arrogance in the few will not help the many who stumble in the dark seeking light. Having been most of my life a church member, and an interested observer of religious phenomena through practically all my adult years, I protest that it is unjust for anyone to assume that I arraigned the churches in a spirit of cynicism. Dr. Beattys pays me the compliment of meeting all my criticisms fairly in the open. A church of saints smugly enjoying their own saintliness is not, to my thinking, a Christian church. Christ's concern was with sinners. I know of nothing more depressing than the contemplation of churches that serve only the needs of "good" people. A "fashionable church" is an anomaly and a blasphemy. And many churches of the once-a-week urban type, against which I launch my spear, strike me as having the poorest imaginable excuse for

existing. Christianity, if it would catch step with modern life and do its great part in uplifting and sustaining mankind, must extend its friendly helping hand to the poor, the weak, and the erring. And this the average city church is not doing. "Smith" knows this. Nor does it suffice to say to "Smith" that on Sunday prayers are said, hymns sung and sermons preached, and that if he does not present himself in church on Lord's day it is his own fault if his soul is not saved. This is an easy way of dismissing "Smith's" case against the church, but it is inconceivable that it would be the way of the Carpenter of Nazareth if he were to appear now in our strenuous America. Many shots have been fired at me for my support of the idea of institutional churches. And yet there again, I can see the practical-minded "Smith" doffing his hat to the seven-day-a-week church, with its doors open daily to all in need of spiritual comfort and physical restoration. Clergymen tell me with long faces of the difficulties and embarrassments in the way of a unification of Protestantism. But their trouble is with theology, not with the ideal of service. And so long as we are more concerned with theology than with broad, efficient Christianity the way will be long and beset with shadows. I have been asked by many why I omitted any reference to Roman Catholicism in my paper. I shall answer that I have only the warmest admiration for American Catholicism; that it is doing a great and difficult work, and doing it zealously and with dogged persistence and earnestness, and that its "Smiths" seem to be a negligible quantity in its membership. When we Protestants have put our own house in order then we may begin to throw stones at Catholics, Jews, and infidels. Many of my friends among the "Smiths" speak with cordial respect of Catholicism; they admire its efficiency, its patient, steady stroke, its tirelessness. And these are qualities that Protestantism must win for itself. Publishers tell me that there is just now a great demand for serious books, particularly those that discuss religious, social, and economic questions. This I take as a good sign of the times. I think it significant that these vigorous, stimulating sermons are to be published as a sincere contribution to the literature of efficient Christianity. This little volume is the reply of a man's man, a man who knows men, and whom men like and believe in: a minister of whom Smith, whether he found him on the golf course or in the pulpit, would have to say, "He plays fair." In the closing chapter Dr. Beattys raises the question, "What shall the church do about Smith?" We give without quotation marks part of his answer: The church must win Smith, or fall in one great part of its divine mission. It will not do for us to bemoan the fact that Smith has deserted the church, nor to lay the blame entirely upon him. The church must win Smith. How? Here lies one of the greatest problems of the modern church. Now, there is not much use, it seems to me, in *arguing* with Smith. Smith has ceased to care for the church, and you cannot argue with him about it any more than you can argue with your friend who has ceased to care for you. It is utterly useless to go to your estranged friend and to say to him: "You used to like me and enjoy my fellowship, why don't you now?" The

question is not one for debate. You cannot *argue* the matter with him. That will not make him like you again. The only thing that you can do is to make yourself likable to him, and to win back his affection. So it is useless for the church to try and *argue* Smith back into the pew again. The church must be made likable to him, and be made to appear worth while to him, if it is to bring him back. But how is this to be done? Not, I think, by merely *interesting* Smith. The church has a far more serious task on hand than merely interesting Smith: It must *win* Smith. I do not believe that the church will ever win Smith by merely arousing his passing interest. Recognizing the necessity of adopting unusual methods to meet unusual conditions, I want to register my profound conviction that the church will never win Smith by means of side-shows or moving pictures. Smith does not need to be lured to the church with that kind of bait. If the object of the church is simply to interest Smith, then it will certainly fail, for on the score of pure interest and entertainment, it can never hope to compete with other agencies of amusement that are open to him. Religion is a serious matter. It lays claim to the deepest and most vital part of a man's life. It is everything or nothing. And any attempt to "make it only a competitor among other forms of pastime or diversion" is sure to end in failure, and ought to. The higher the church places the claims of religion, the more likely is it that Smith will be moved and won. May it not be that the church is making a serious and fatal mistake here? The oldest of all the arts is gem-engraving, which began when our ancestors, who had no tools, discovered that they could cut an image on a stone with the aid of another stone. There was but one thing necessary: the stone that cuts must be harder than the stone that is cut. That is all. When we complain that the church is making but little impression upon the world to-day, may it not be that the church has mistaken its tool? May the failure not be, not because the world is too hard, but because the church is too soft? The church must never let down her standards in order to win the world. She must ever remain intolerant of all forms of evil, as religion is intolerant. The very intolerance of religion, as Phillips Brooks once said, almost proves its divineness. It proclaims absolute standards and refuses to lower them. It will not say to any man or any set of men, "Your case is exceptional, and I will waive part of my demands in your interest." No! religion lifts aloft her absolute standards of purity and holiness, and says to men everywhere and under all conditions: "I will not come down to you; you must come up to me." And whenever the church surrenders any of its divine standards or holy ideals in order to win Smith, it will not only sell its own birthright, but it will lose Smith in the bargain. If the church is ever effectually to win Smith, it must offer him something that he will feel is worth while; something that he cannot afford to do without. And this is the supreme claim of the church of Christ. Then, too, Smith must be made to feel that the church is deeply in earnest in its divine mission; that it is deeply in earnest in its work for the bettering of mankind; for the amelioration of the hardships and burdens of men; that it is deeply

in earnest in its purpose to help answer its prayer, "Thy will be done on the earth as it is in heaven"; that it is making an honest effort to inculcate and practice the spirit of Jesus in all the affairs of modern life; that it has deeply at heart all the great, vital interests that appeal to Smith. But the church must go a step farther than this, it seems to me, if it is to win Smith. It must make Smith feel that it has a real, genuine interest in him and in his eternal well-being. I know that this sounds commonplace and trite, but I firmly believe it is one of the strongest factors in the solution of the problem. "I am not convinced by what you say; I am not sure that I cannot answer every one of your arguments," said a man to a preacher who was urging upon him the claims of religion, "but there is one thing which I confess that I cannot understand. It puzzles me and makes me feel a power in what you say. It is why you should care enough for me to take all this trouble, and to labor with me as if you cared for my soul." That is the thing that gets fast hold on Smith when almost everything else fails. Note that I said that the church must take an interest in Smith. That means not only the minister, but you who sit in the pews and whose names are on the church roster. And here is one of the cardinal weaknesses of the church to-day. It is so apt to be a one-man affair, as far as any honest effort to win Smith is concerned. And whenever the church becomes a one-man affair, it is doomed to utter failure. The man in the pew, as well as the minister in the pulpit, must feel a sense of personal responsibility for Smith, if Smith is to be won and held. It is not enough for the minister to be interested in Smith. That, of course, is necessary, but still I sometimes feel it does not have as much weight as we sometimes think. Smith takes the interest of the minister for granted. It is the business of the minister to take an interest in Smith, and when he approaches him on the question of the church and religion, Smith feels that he is doing it largely because he feels it to be his duty and part of his work. "O, yes, that's all right," said a man to me at one time, when I went to talk to him on the question of religion, "it's your business to do this." But when some layman of the church, some man in whom Smith has confidence, and in whom he believes, approaches him on the question of religion, Smith will give careful and earnest heed. How many times have any of you business men, members of the church, spoken to Smith on the vital subject of religion and his own spiritual interests? O, I don't mean in any weak, hesitant, conventional way, as if you felt it to be a disagreeable duty, and were anxious to get through with it as quickly as possible. Any approach of that sort disgusts Smith and he resents it as an impertinence. I remember well the disgust I felt when, in a professional and conventional way, a man came up to me once and blurted out, "Brother, how's your soul?" No manly, red-blooded man but resents, as a supreme impertinence, such an approach. But I mean that just as you talk with Smith on business, and talk with him on politics, and talk with him on social questions, and talk with him on matters that are of mutual interest, so you will talk with him on religion and on his own spiritual well-being. Then you may be sure that

Smith will give you an attentive hearing. For, say what you will, Smith is interested in religion, *deeply* interested. He is indifferent to ecclesiasticism, but not to religion. Man is incurably religious, and the need of worship is ineradicably wrought into the very fiber of his being. He does not know men who does not know that there is a deep religious undercurrent in the heart of mankind. "Amusement or recreation will never of themselves prove sufficient to fill the heart. Every now and then there is a pause in the rush of life, a musical rest in the song, and the low murmur of the far-away ocean challenges us with its eternal questioning." I want to speak a word for Smith, and I think I know him when I say that I do not for one moment believe that he is indifferent to religion. He is indifferent to a mere formal, conventional expression of religion, but a live, vital, red-blooded putting of religion that touches his life and appeals to the deepest part of him, is never a matter of indifference to Smith. He may be indifferent to the appeal of churchianity, but he is never indifferent to the appeal of Christianity. We are familiar, doubtless, with the comedy, "Why Smith Left Home," and have laughed over it. But why Smith left the church is no laughing matter, for that is not comedy but tragedy; tragedy for Smith and tragedy for the church. What then is to be done? To quote the Right Hon. Sir Joseph Compton-Rickett, of England: "The answer is to be found in a restored message and in a church conscious of her duty and of her opportunity. If the Christian church is only the custodian of a great tradition, and is not the expression of a living Person, who is sympathetic with the world of to-day, she will drop to the position of a debating society or be left to invent a philosophy for a secular theory of morals. 'Art thou He that should come, or do we look for another?' Let her settle that question first of all. The promise and hope of that Person has filled her life during the past centuries. If she has now parted with him, let her reverently fold his linen clothes, and roll the stone back upon his garden grave. If she recovers her faith in that Person, instead of stammering her doubts she will issue her commands. The church will recover that power of the keys once intrusted to her by her Master, and will then be able to turn the rusty locks of many a secular problem." With a rebaptism of faith in her great Head, the church will ascend into her heritage and claim her rightful place. Then multitudes who are now without her gates will press within her borders with new enthusiasm and new hope.

Paul and His Interpreters. A Critical History. By ALBERT SCHWEITZER, Privatdozent in New Testament Studies in the University of Strassburg. Translated by W. Montgomery, B.A., B.D. London: Adam and Charles Black. Imported by The Macmillan Company, New York. Price, cloth, \$2.75, net.

OUR readers will be interested to know that Dr. Schweitzer sailed as a missionary for the Congo on March 24, 1913, to continue the work of two friends who died there. He is a man of most versatile attainments outside the department of theology in which he is a specialist. He is an accomplished performer on the organ and an expert authority on organ building; he is an authority on Bach, on whom he has written valuable

treatises; he has qualified himself as a doctor of medicine and has made able contributions on medical subjects; he has done all this and is under forty years of age. His decision to go to the mission field recalls Keith Falconer, who left the chair of Arabic in Cambridge University for work among the Moslems; and we are certain that Schweitzer's example will have a profound influence among German university students on behalf of the foreign field. We cannot, however, speak in the same terms of appreciation of his theological writings. They are brilliant, but not balanced. He shows a self-confidence which is audacious, if not insolent. He does not hesitate to criticize, to reconstruct, to reinterpret with a relentless logic that curiously ignores the sublime facts of life. Hear his summing up of centuries of scholarly research: "The study of Paulinism has nothing very brilliant to show for itself in the way of scientific achievement. Learning has been lavishly expended upon it, but thought and reflection have been to seek." His first book, *The Quest of the Historical Jesus*, created quite a sensation. The result of one hundred and thirty years of critical study is a negation: "The Jesus of Nazareth who came forward publicly as the Messiah, who preached the ethic of the kingdom of God, who founded the kingdom of heaven on earth, and died to give his work its final consecration, never had any existence." Schweitzer emphatically denies this ludicrous conclusion, but his own view is no less absurd. Jesus was only an enthusiast, obsessed by eschatological expectations which were fed by current Messianic delusions. "Not the historical Jesus, but the Spirit which goes forth from him and in the spirits of men strives for new influence and rule, is that which overcomes the world." The basis of Christianity, as Moffatt so well points out in *The Theology of the Gospels* (Scribners), is, however, not the Messianic, but the filial consciousness of Jesus. As Son of God he is the unique revelation of the Father and the Saviour of the human race. All attempts, therefore, to evaporate Jesus in a cloud of mythology have failed up to the present time. Schweitzer's book on Paul and *His Interpreters* is an exclusive and one-sided discussion. A better title, and one more consistent with its contents, would be *Paul and His Misinterpreters*. The author has confined himself to Continental scholarship, especially German, as in his first book. He thus omits all reference to the important contributions of English and American scholars like Robertson Smith, Sanday, Ramsay, Frazer, Dill, Du Bose, Findlay, Knowling, and others. We are introduced to a long catalogue of mostly unfamiliar authors from Hugo Grotius to Georg Wobbermin, whose views are set forth with logical clearness and force. Indeed, he has as keen a relish for logic as he has a distaste for psychology. Herein is an explanation of his skeptical conclusions. He repeatedly asserts that Paulinism grew on the soil of Judaism and that Paul can be rightly understood only on a basis of Jewish primitive Christianity, and more particularly that wing of it which accepted primitive eschatological premises. "Christianity is for Paul no new religion, but simply Judaism with the center of gravity shifted in consequence of the new era. His own system of thought is certainly for him no new religion. It is his belief, as fully known and

worked out in its implications, and it professes to be nothing else than the true Jewish religion in accord both with the time and with the Scriptures." If this preposterous conclusion is accepted, the book of Acts will have to be rewritten, and Schweitzer undoubtedly will not hesitate to undertake it and do so in defiance of the findings of trained historic investigators. Paul cannot be understood without recognizing the revolutionary experience which he received on the Damascus road. His eschatological emphasis was only a passing phase of his teaching, important as it is; of far greater consequence, however, is his superb spiritual message, to which attention has recently been drawn by Deissmann in his *Saint Paul*, but which Schweitzer ignores. If we cut out the ethical and evangelical features of the Pauline gospel, we shall have as emasculated a presentation of the apostle to the Gentiles as we have a vapid phantom of the Jesus of the Christian centuries. "It was not by his experiences among the Gentiles that he was led to universalism. . . . He maintains the view that there is a pressing necessity to carry the gospel abroad. It is under the impulsion of this thought that he becomes the apostle of the Greeks." This sounds impressive from the missionary to the Congo; but what gave Paul his persuasive compulsion was his experience of Christ as personal Saviour, and not any academic deductions from Jewish apocalyptic premises. Schweitzer fails to prove his case that Paul was uninfluenced by Hellenism. It is true that his mind was not saturated in Greek thought, but this son of the Jewish diaspora surely could not have used the religious terminology of Hellenism without becoming familiar with her system of ideas. Paul's indifference to Jewish Hellenism cannot be tested by his epistles, which were written in response to special needs and were not treatises on systematic theology. The fact that there is nothing about rebirth in his writings need occasion no surprise, because he expresses the same idea, in a different form, when he writes about dying and rising again with Christ. The best chapter of the book is that which deals with "Paulinism and Comparative Religion." He shows conclusively that Paul was independent of the mystery religions. In none of them is there the unique Christian conception of the Redeemer—God who for the sake of men came into the world, died and rose again. Paul can be understood only by his faith in just such a personal Redeemer, who is none other than Jesus Christ our Lord. We shall, therefore, accept his explanation of Christianity in preference to all brilliant generalizations of radical innovators.

PHILOSOPHY, SCIENCE, AND GENERAL LITERATURE

Christ and the Dramas of Doubt. By RALPH TYLER FLEWELLING. 12mo, pp. 277. New York: Eaton & Main. Cincinnati: Jennings & Graham. Price, cloth, \$1.25, net.

THESE nineteen chapters are studies on the Problem of Evil, with such headings as "The Causes of Doubt," "The Epochs of Doubt," "The Revolt Against an Inhuman God," "The Struggle With the Mystery of

Pain," "When the Storm of Death Roars Sweeping By," "The Unlit Lamp and the Ungirt Loin," "Faust—The Struggle With the Problem of Redemption," "A Problem of Unpardonable Sin," "Defending Tradition Against Light," "A Religion of Barter," "The Plains of Peace," "Hamlet and the Problem of an Outraged Moral Order," "The Heart of Tragedy—Practical Doubt," "Redemption by Confession," "Redemption by Striving," "Did Goethe Solve the Problem?" "Brand and the Struggle Arising from the Failure of Spiritual Ideals," "All or Nothing," "Where Love Is, God Is," "The Problem in Modern Thought," "Jesus of Nazareth and the Personal Solution." These headings indicate the course of thought and the ground covered. The admirable literary style, the up-to-date-ness of the discussion, the at-homeness with the best literature of the subject, the wide extent of which is indicated by the copious bibliography appended to this volume—all combine to make this a book well worth reading by ministry and thoughtful laity. It will help to put the reader in the class with him of whom it is said, "He faced his doubts and laid them"; though acute faithlessness is less often disposed of by argument and reasoning than by accessions of a normal, healthier tone, an incoming of hopefulness and courage, and a spiritual uplift. Depressing doubt and melancholy are for the most part a malady, at the root pathological. And often by excess of analysis over synthesis, of destruction not accompanied by construction, the modern mind is left in condition of helpless perplexity and confusion, where all its thoughts are "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of" doubt. Dr. Flewelling's book does not lag or drag; its progress is straight forward, with rapid movement from definite point to point, with close coherence and continuity without tenuity, with lucidity, conciseness, unencumbered with things irrelevant. No commendation from us can be half so effective and convincing as a taste of the book itself in what it says of "Jesus of Nazareth and the Personal Solution," which we here present: "The popular thought concerning sin and salvation has been in one way too individualistic and in another not sufficiently so. We have thought of a man's sin as something for which society was mainly at fault, and of salvation as something that could be achieved by him alone. We have thought of the sufferings of the individual as if he were an isolated atom of the universe. This is natural, because suffering is in the end that of an individual.

Our crosses are hewn from different trees,
 But we all must have our Calvaries;
 We may climb the height from a different side,
 But we each go up to be crucified;
 As we scale the steep another may share
 The dreadful load that our shoulders bear;
 But the costliest sorrow is all our own,
 For on the summit we bleed alone.

But he whose suffering is not lifted into the larger relationships has not learned life's lesson. His suffering has been in vain. So there is no solution of the problem of evil which considers the individual apart from his relations in society. We are beginning to see in an increasingly

social age a truth that has been long in dawning, that the individual cannot be saved without being himself also measurably a savior of those about him. Any indifference toward his world of relations bars the individual from that salvation which he selfishly seeks, for, in our common life, there are many who go down by very reason of the temptation caused by social wrongs that are sanctioned and profited in by the more fortunate. There is coming over the minds of men a new source of despair. It is the despair that springs from a consciousness of profiting by another's sufferings and sins. Men begin to feel keenly their responsibility for a damnation of society toward which they have not yet learned their practical duty. The cry of helpless children, of unhappy women, of men made brutish by the exactions of poverty and toil, make all talk of peace of soul seem like the foolish babblings of idiotic joy at a funeral. For men who are doing nothing to relieve society of its burden of sin, wrong, and injustice to talk about blessedness strikes the modern world as hollow mockery. The truth is, we cannot enjoy blessedness as a passive experience. We are blessed only as our lives are bringing blessedness to others. This truth was illustrated in the life of our Master. He refused to think of his life apart from its relations. It had a source; it came from God; it had certain specific duties toward the souls amid which it moved, and there were certain definite purposes to be realized in the future. He dared enjoy no blessedness that was held in reserve for self. There was ever the necessity of bringing his world to the knowledge and experience of God and of lifting his life into its larger relations. Pains and buffetings, the loneliness of scorn, the heart-break of being despised and rejected by those whom he loved unto death, toils, privations, suborned witnesses, physical pain, the degradation of the cross became supreme sources of joy as he lifted his life into its larger relations. Nor is this truth an academic one. How unfortunate is that life which is so lost in the maze that it has nothing left to live for! What sorrows have been borne with brave spirit, 'for the sake of the children!' How does the degradation of failure, loss, or ridicule rise into dignity as it is bravely borne for others, for a Cause yet to be born, for a Will that is perfect, or an End that is sure! Wherever the philosophical solution of the problem of evil may lead us, it is certain that the practical solution is here. Jesus found the solution of the problem in the identification of God with the life of the world. If the claim of Jesus to Messiahship means anything, it means that we are to think of God as identifying himself with the life of the universe. Thus the groaning and travelling of the whole creation in pain has a divine interest and significance. Jesus's teaching about the fall of a sparrow being of moment to the Eternal was no mere poetic fancy. It was indicative of Jesus's whole thought of the relation of God to the world. Men who have learned only the fellowship of joy have scarcely scratched the surface-meaning of companionship. The fellowship in pain and peril is the fellowship that binds souls into one. That fellowship with his creation God desires. That is exactly what Jesus intends to tell us about God. God is a companion of our suffering, and lest our

human understanding should fail to grasp so extravagant a truth, Jesus identifies himself with God. He tells the amazed disciples that he and the Father are one. Then he holds himself not aloof, but is wearied with the weariness of their journeyings, is hungered in the famine of their misfortune, weeps with them at graves, suffers in the sickness of their little children, concerns himself in their catch of fish, and, finally, makes the astounding claim, 'I who am thus a part of your common life, I am God.' What wonder these men stood in open-faced surprise attempting to drink in his meaning! It was like that silent hour of glory in the morning when you stand in the embrace of a great mountain. You see the limpid mountain lakes like gems set in a crown. You see the woods as if new-washed and fresh-tinted by an Eternal Hand set forth as if they were your individual treasure. Far off you hear the silver bugles of the mountain cataracts calling to your soul. High up soars a hoary summit that seems all but unattainable. Your soul cries out: 'All this for me! How can I see it and live?' Thus must the vastness of this truth have come home to the disciples, as they gathered up from it all they could comprehend, even as you pitch your little tent and build your camp fire, making provision for the common wants in the conscious embrace of the old mountain. It is little wonder that Jesus's message was received with scorn and ridicule. It is not surprising that he was slain for blasphemy. It is no wonder that there still linger men who deny his Deity. It is such a stupendous thought. I have no doubt that there are many more who would deny, but that custom, creed, familiarity with the statement of truth have hid from them the overwhelming nature of Jesus's claim for himself and for God. When we say that Jesus is a High Priest, touched with the feeling of our infirmities, and then that Jesus was God, we mean that God suffers in our sufferings, is agonized in our agonies, enfolds our little lives with a love more sympathetic and tender than that of our own mothers. In the words of a modern philosopher, 'In the absolute oneness of God with the sufferer, in the concept of the suffering and therefore triumphant God, lies the logical solution of the problem of evil.' I am well aware that this leaves some natural problems unsolved. What becomes measurably clear to us regarding lives that perish by sickness and age is not so clear when we think of great natural disasters. Here our horror arises mostly from the fact of the wholesale character of the disaster. An individual case stirs our pity and sympathy for but a moment. We say, 'What are a few days of life more or less, in the eternal years?' We think of disasters worse than death, and of the individual life as only suffering from ills incident upon a system which an All-Wisdom knows to be the ultimate best for character and life. A great calamity intensifies our questioning many fold. To us the fisherman, drifted out with his dory in the fog, gives his life as the expected toll of the sea. A thousand Titanic victims go down together, and we question the divine goodness. Such questionings, inevitable as they may seem, find no adequate answer in time, though their case is in reality no deeper than the suffering of a single individual. Jesus does not present any theoretical

solution at all. He offers us only the practical one. He asks first for a suspension of judgment. Of life's solutions he says, 'Ye cannot bear them now.' On the other hand, he asserts that they are not, as many have thought, all evidences of divine wrath upon sin. 'Those upon whom the tower of Siloam fell and slew them, think ye that they were sinners above all men that dwelt in Jerusalem?' He asks us to trust God and to rest sure in the Eternal Goodness behind the universe. Not only does Jesus represent God as interested in the natural phenomena affecting life. He represents him as identified with human achievement. What deeper meaning of the incarnation can be discovered? Jesus identifies God as living and working in him. The works that he is able to do are less of himself than of the Father. It is the Father that works through him. If they cannot believe him by reason of his personality, let them look back of him to his works, as the evidence of God. They surely ought not to continue blinded by partisanship in the presence of the works of God. Every good and perfect work comes from God, is infilled with God, is directed of God, is a part of the perfection of his universe through human achievement. Jesus's message was that God desires to work through men with the same freedom that now he works through nature. To man are given will and individuality, that he may become a partner with God in the final result. Here lies the efficient reason for the possibility of evil. It is only through moral choice and the conquest of evil that we can become partakers with God in a moral universe. We become thereby not mere creatures but creators as well. 'The real world must be the joint result of God and man . . . unless we are to deny the reality of that in us which leads us to God at all.' It is indeed the divine purpose that we realize the apostolic injunction to become coworkers with that God who worketh in us to will and to do of his own good pleasure. 'In the order of time you embody in outer acts what is for him the truth of his eternity.' The uniqueness of Jesus's life sprang from his unique consciousness of relationship to God and to the world. He solved his personal problem as we have never solved it, and he looked clearly into the very heart of life because his own life was lifted to the infinite and eternal standpoint. When the clouds that have obscured the realm of modern thought have rolled away, and the chatterings of a superficial learning are heard no more, the intellectual world will awaken to the deep cosmic and social implications of the incarnation, the depths of religious truth will be uncovered, and Jesus will come into his own. Just as Jesus solved the problem of evil by lifting his life into its cosmic relations, so he intended we should find our practical solution. An uncompleted world, attended by a spirit of unrest because of the unfilled yearnings of a 'creature moving about in worlds unrealized,' speaks in unmistakable tones for those who have ears to hear that the solution is not theoretical, but actual, not universal, but personal. The personal solution must come first. Just as the problem is now unsolved because it is a living one, and in the individual life calls for constant struggle, so for the race it can never be solved until mankind universally has emerged from the morally evil

into the morally good. Then we can answer our question abstractly. Till then our only solution can be a personal one. The Captain of our salvation leads the way and it is his purpose 'to bring many sons to glory.' With our lives centered about selfish joys and selfish successes, interested only from the standpoint of selfish ambitions—the fames, pomps, and pleasures of the world—there can be no solution whatever. Our personal misfortune or seeming misfortune, viewed from that standpoint, will cause us to cry out bitterly against God and the universal order. We shall be tempted to join that sickening wall of infants over lost bonbons that has characterized the æsthetic, immoral, and weakening pessimism of our day. When the evils of our present life are turned one by one into a new sympathy for men, into a larger striving after the perfect day, the mists that have darkened vision fall from us. When our lives fall into step with a Divine Will that worketh hitherto and still works in us; when our lives are looked upon from the eternal standpoint, all shadows fall behind us, because our faces are turned toward the Light and the Ultimate Revelation. We can face the worst that life can bring with the triumphant joy with which Jesus went to his cross. Even our sanctification will not be sought for selfish ends nor to achieve a passive goodness. It will be for a larger serviceableness. '*For their sakes I sanctify myself*' is the word of Jesus. Jesus ever tried to lift the disciples up into this higher order of living in which all mysteries should be solved at last. His practical word of faith to them was this: 'In the world ye shall have tribulation: but be of good cheer, I have overcome the world.' To face disaster with triumphant soul for the sake of the world around you, to sink your lesser ills in the universal need, to live heroically and to die with one's face to the light—this is the only solution granted to mortals, and it is enough until, speaking in the words of a teacher whom many loved, 'we pass beyond the night and know as we are known.'"

A One-Sided Autobiography. By OSCAR KUHN, Professor in Wesleyan University. 12mo, pp. 236. New York: Eaton & Maina. Cincinnati: Jennings & Graham. Price, cloth, \$1, net.

SOMETHING unusual happened in our reading of this book: we began with the first page and did not stop till the last page. The current carried us along interested, profited, charmed, and cheered. It is all sane, wholesome, living, candid, unstilted, unaffected; the story of one man's experience and adventures in Book-land from boyhood to middle life. We finished reading Professor Kuhn's book with a feeling of gratitude to him for taking us so freely and frankly into his confidence, and letting us share his own deep delight in the great world of noble literature, full of riches and raptures, refinement and elevation. The simplicity of the book enhances its dignity. It will stimulate in young people a love of good reading. It might help to make in some home a future professor of literature, which is the most delightful sphere for lifework outside of the ministry. This book will lead some preachers by paths of pleasantness into green, well-watered, and succulent

pastures, from which they may return to their pulpits with more nutritious, juicy, and appetizing sermons. This is the dedication: "To the memory of my grandfather, John Brown, from whom I inherited that love of books and reading which has added so much to the happiness of my life," and, we will add, to the large usefulness and fine influence of Professor Kuhns, whose ideal for the college man is stated in his own lines:

While here on earth our lives we spend,
Be this the goal toward which we tend:
A body sound; a mind that sees
Deep into life's strange mysteries;
A soul that seeks the highest things;
A heart where love forever springs;
A quiet conscience; God for friend;
And at the last a peaceful end.

Oscar Kuhns inherited fondness for books through his mother from her father, who, when a young man, wrote down this vow: "I, John Brown, will buy good books, God helping me." It was in Hanson Place Sunday school, Brooklyn, that this boy really began reading. The first book he read was *The Windows of the Soul*, won as a prize by committing Bible verses to memory. A little later the growing lad got to this: "Strangely enough for a boy, dreamy and sentimental, as I undoubtedly was at that time, I acquired a taste for scientific literature, and I read with considerable interest, if not with profit, the popular books of such men as Figuler, Proctor, John Tyndall, and others. A friend loaned me the back numbers of the *Popular Science Monthly*, and I read these from the beginning up to that time. My father took regularly the *Scientific American*, which I would look over with more or less interest; an interest which, however, was far inferior to that with which I pored over the pages of the *Guide to and Beauty of Holiness*, to which my mother, who had a genius for religion, subscribed. The perusal of this, the official organ of Sanctification, at the early age of ten or twelve years, undoubtedly gave my mind its first impulse toward the study of transcendentalism, which has made Plato and Emerson among the most constantly read authors in the later years of my life." The development of this eager boy was helped by being hindered; he was blessed with the advantage of disadvantages; fortunately he was unfortunately situated; but for which—who knows?—there might now be no Professor Oscar Kuhns. He had to leave school and go to work. There was no chance for reading except at odd moments, on the way to business and back, or on holidays or at night, but the mental hunger of the growing and working boy had been awakened and it would not sleep; often it would not let him sleep. He toiled away. He devoured books. This is how those brave, blessed, promising unpromising years look to him now: "As I look over these early years of my reading life, desultory and without any guiding hand to lead me, two things stand out above the rest. One is the intense joy and pleasure that came to me when buried in the pages of some favorite book. I can literally apply to myself the words of Wordsworth,

Bliss was it in that time to be alive,
To be young was very heaven.

A sort of mystic fervor would come over me, the hours would pass away unperceived, and, as most of my reading had to be done at night, there have been times when the light of the breaking dawn would find me still bending over my book. Time never hung heavy on my hands; a book could carry me at once away from the weary and cheerless present to the magic land of poetry and romance. Instead of scolding myself for reading so much light trash, as many of the books I read at that time might be called, I almost envy myself the deep delight, the glory of those days, when a book could dull pain and sorrow, make me forget my own narrow surroundings, care, and toil; when a poem could carry me into the land of romance and call up visions of

Beauty making beautiful old rime
In praise of ladies dead and lively knights;

when history became a living stage on which moved before me the heroes of the past; when the hours would fly away on the wings of fancy, and my soul would be cradled into forgetfulness of all the weary kingdom of time, by that soft and soothing voice which is 'lyrical and sweet and universal as the rising of the wind,' and which, like the thought of God himself, could 'people the lonely places and efface the scars of my mistakes and disappointments.' I can never forget the impressions made on my mind in those early days when reading, snatched from hours of toil, carried far on into the midnight and early morning hours, had all the charm of secret love; and to this day there are certain pictures in my mind which are fairer than all the deeper and broader benefits brought by later years of study and research, pictures 'All halo-girt with fancies of my own.' There is that wonderful ode of Keats to a Grecian Urn, with its description of the shepherd, piping forever his unending song; there is bonnie Kilmeny as she went up the glen and fell asleep and was carried by angels to the heavenly country; there is the scene in *Pilgrim's Progress* where Christian and Faithful enter the pearly gates of the heavenly city; there is the picture of Sir Galahad seeking and finding the Holy Grail; and Elaine, lying on her bed in the black boat, steered by the dumb old servitor, so sweet and fresh and lovely that

She did not seem as dead,
But fast asleep, and lay as though she smiled;

and finally, there is that scene, taken from some unknown book, a Sunday school book, whose very title I have forgotten, teaching some religious symbolism, which told of a group of young men going to a far-off country, which could be reached over the mountains, or by fighting their way through the camp of the enemy in the plains below. I remember how all but one of the young men went over the mountains; how one by one they fell and were lost; how one youth put on his armor and fought his way till he reached the heavenly city; how one night, before the final conflict, he lay in his tent and had a dream of a heavenly mes-

senger sent to encourage him in the morrow's combat. The book, I suppose, was simple, and probably I should find it crude if I read it to-day; but to my youthful fancy then it brought all the charm of poetry and romance in the service of religious teaching, and the impression was so strong and lasting that years afterward, when I visited the National Gallery in London and saw the beautiful painting of Raphael's Knight, it seemed as if the picture in my memory had suddenly taken form to itself before me." By telling us about his favorite authors, Professor Kuhns casts over us something of the spell they hold over him. Here is one of his confessions: "The somber beauty of Lucretius has come to exert a peculiar fascination on me, and in reading him I feel something of the lofty calm and serenity of the poet himself, finding his pleasure, not in things themselves, but in knowing their nature, and, like the ship-wrecked mariner, gazing out over the waste of water he has escaped—a figure which, especially in Lord Bacon's translation, contains what Lord Tennyson calls the noblest passage of prose in the English language: 'It is a pleasure to stand upon the shore and to see the ships tost upon the sea; a pleasure to stand in the window of a castle and to see a battle and the adventures thereof below. But no pleasure is comparable to the standing on the vantage ground of truth; and to see the errors and wanderings and mists and tempests in the vale below, so always that this prospect be with pity and not with swelling and pride. Certainly it is heaven upon earth to have a man's mind move in charity, rest in Providence, and turn upon the poles of Truth.'" One of his dearest loves is Schiller, whose poem, "The Ideal and Life," he calls "the most wonderful of all poems of modern times, a poem in which philosophy and poetry are one, a poem which has taken possession forever of the human heart, and which illustrates more than any other the words of Emerson: 'So when the soul of the poet has come to ripeness of thought, she detaches and sends away from it poems or songs, a fearless, sleepless, deathless progeny, which is not exposed to the accidents of the weary kingdom of time; a fearless, vivacious offspring, clad with wings, which carry them fast and far and infix them irrecoverably into the hearts of men. These wings are the beauty of the poet's soul.' In this poem we see the double realm of the material and the spiritual worlds. In the former is the body, subject to discord, sin, suffering, and final death. In the latter is the homeland of the soul and the dwelling-place of God himself, full of all beauty and perfection, whose desire to express his own infinite love shows itself in the universe at large, and man, though banished for a time in the kingdom of this world, has a soul immortal, which may share the perfection of God himself. Above the flux and flow of the material universe is the infinite unity of the Divine. Time and space are mere states of the mind; the only real things are God and the soul. In the beautiful words of Hegel, who did so much to form the inner life of Schiller: 'All that awakens doubt and perplexity, all sorrow and care, all limited interests of finitude, we leave behind us on the banks and the shoals of time. And as on the summit of a mountain, removed from all the hard distinctions

of detail, we calmly overlook the landscape, so by religion we are lifted above all obstructions of finitude. It is in this native land of the spirit that the waters of oblivion flow, from which it is given to Psyche to drink and forget her sorrows; for here the darkness of life becomes a transparent dream-image through which the light of eternity shines in upon us.' And this is the great service that Schiller has bestowed on mankind—to turn their eyes from the real to the ideal, from the material to the spiritual, from time to eternity. We are all of us surrounded by sadness, sorrow, and affliction; on all sides we see men and women afflicted in body, sick in mind, and troubled in spirit. When these things oppress me more than they ought, I turn to Schiller and read the lines of his wonderful poem, and listen as he speaks to me: 'O cast away the fret and worry of this earthly life, rise on the wings of beauty to the realm of the ideal. And when you have issued forth from the trammels of time and sense into the freedom of the kingdom of thought, lo! the fear and doubt will pass away';

For within those fair, celestial regions,
Guarded by the bright, angelic legions,
Felt no more is sorrow's bitter blast.
There the soul from joy no pain shall sever,
There all tears shall pass away forever,
There the spirit finds its home at last.
Lovely as the rainbow iridescent,
On the dark cloud's dewy breast,
Gleam through veil of sorrow evanescent
Azure skies of endless rest."

But, as all know who know Oscar Kuhns, his supreme literary passion is for Dante. His explanation of this closes thus: "Above all, I love him for what he has been to me; from my sixteenth year on to the present time my interest and passion for him have never faltered; it is the strangest thing about my inner life, and I have never been able to explain the unconquerable fascination that has chained me to his pages. I have read him through practically every year; I have taught him to hundreds of students, and have tried to interpret him in various forms of books and articles. He has, in a certain sense, directed my studies by arousing my interest in the history of mediæval life and institutions, church history, scholasticism. He has colored my whole view of life; through his eyes I have looked out upon the world of sin and crime, seeing its awful consequences, the hopelessness of certain deeds, symbolized in the *Inferno*; I have seen how we may, by purging ourselves of pride, envy, avarice, passion, alone insure ourselves of a happy life here and salvation to come. With him I climb the higher plane of the spirit, see God's way with men, and learn how we may approach him. It has been said that no one can study reverently a great work without being affected by it more or less. What may be the state of my own moral and spiritual life at present I do not know, but there is no doubt in my own mind that it is largely the result of my love for Dante. I, too, can say, with Dean Church, that the seriousness of the

Divine Comedy 'has put to shame my trifling; its magnanimity, my faint-heartedness; its living energy, my indolence; its stern and sad grandeur rebuked low thoughts, its thrilling tenderness overcome sullenness and assuaged distress, its strong faith quelled despair and soothed perplexity, its vast grasp imparted the sense of harmony to the view of clashing truth.' I, too, have found in time of trouble, 'if not light, at least the deep sense of reality, permanent, though unseen, which is more than light can always give, in the view which it has suggested of the judgment and the love of God.' But, above all, I owe to Dante a glimpse into his own lofty view of the ultimate goal of the intellectual life; the true object and the reward of all seeking after truth. The Divine Comedy is not only a marvel of architectonic genius as to its outer form, in which every part, however small, is perfectly fitted into the whole, but it is suffused through and through with one ever-present, all-pervading ideal. Knowledge is the one thing for which the mind and soul of men are created; and he best fulfills his mission in this world who spends his life in the high pursuit of truth. And this pursuit will lead him ever onward and upward, from the lower to the higher, from the corruptible things of this earth to the eternal beauty of the heavenly mansion, through which he is led to the highest knowledge of all, that of the power, light, and love of God. And this knowledge is not to be for ourselves alone; it is inextricably mingled with love—love of nature, which is God's creation; love of all men who are God's children; love of God himself. And from this union of knowledge and love springs the third element of the sublime trinity of Dante's ideal—joy unspeakable, far beyond all joys of sense or mere intellect; joy in the life that now is, joy that will be eternal in the life to come." Of his book our author says with characteristic modesty and candor: "I am fully aware that what I am undertaking here is a delicate thing. I have led a quiet life; have known few distinguished people, and have no anecdotes to tell or opinions to express concerning them. I have had few opportunities to mingle with the great men in the various walks of life, and the opportunities I have had, I am afraid, have not been utilized as much as, perhaps, they ought to have been. For many years I have lived in a college community in a quiet old New England town, busy with my classes and my books. What has such a mind to say of interest to the world? Yet, on the other hand, I have had a lifelong fondness for and communion with that one great society on earth, 'the noble living and the noble dead.' I have read over and over again many of the great writers of all lands and all nations. Certain thoughts, inward experiences, feelings of pleasure and uplift have come to me from time to time; and, somehow or other, I have felt an impulse to write them down. I sincerely hope that none of these things, though at times of a personal and intimate nature, will produce the effect of literary vanity, self-complacency, or affectation. Following the injunction of Thoreau, I have been continually watching the moods of my own mind, as the astronomer watches the aspect of the heavens, and I hope that it may not be altogether useless to register the results of a not very long life

faithfully spent in this wise. I have sought, then, only to give a plain, straightforward account of the book life of a man in ordinary circumstances, yet one who has always felt a passionate love for literature."

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND TOPOGRAPHY

The Life of Dr. J. R. Miller. By JOHN T. FARIS, Associate Editor of the Presbyterian Board of Publication and Sabbath School Work. 12mo, pp. vi + 246. New York: George H. Doran Company. Price, cloth, \$1. net.

Robert Murray McChesney. By ALEXANDER SMELLIE, D.D. 12mo, pp. xv + 232. London: National Council of Evangelical Free Churches, Memorial Hall, E. C. Price, cloth, 2s. 6d., net.

THE Christian minister of to-day is expected to attend to so many things that it is refreshing to read the lives of two men who exercised a persuasive evangelical ministry by subordinating everything to a passion for souls. Dr. Miller's motto throughout his varied career was, "Jesus and I are friends." He was a minister of comfort, kindness, and cheer until he was called to his reward at the age of seventy-two years. Each of the chapters of his biography deals with one particular phase of his activity. His early life was spent in strenuous circumstances occasioned by the Civil War, and he was closely identified with the Christian Commission at the front. He thus obtained an experience which was a rare preparation for the ministry, for it led him to make much of the sublime practicalities of Christianity. His first pastorate was in the United Presbyterian Church at New Wilmington, Pa., but after two years he left that denomination and joined the Presbyterian Church. He was eminently successful in the pastorate, as the following statistics partially show: At Bethany Church, Philadelphia, during nine years, 1,620 were received into the membership; during sixteen years in Holland Memorial Church, 1,817 were received; and in the fourteen years at Saint Paul's Church, 1,904 were received. One explanation of his remarkable success is given in the chapter, "The Pastor at Work." His practice was to call from house to house, finding out when and where he was needed, and always inspiring to earnest living. He practiced the ministry of intercession, summoning each name before the throne of grace in the name and spirit of the great High Priest of our confession. Another valuable chapter is "Ministering Through the Mails." He often sent a score of letters a day, and they contained messages which were friendly, thoughtful, and considerate. His biographer states that, "For years it was his habit on Sunday evenings, after the day's work was done, to make note of all the people of whom he had heard during the day to whom letters might do good. Of course the names of the sick went down on that list, as well as those who had recovered from sickness, those who had returned from a journey, and those who were about to leave home; those who were going to college, or parents who had heard good news from a son or daughter at college—in fact, everyone into whose life had come some event of special importance. Just as soon as possible, a letter was sent to each one of them, with an appropriate word of sympathy, congratula-

tion, cheer, or good wishes." He was held in such high esteem that people from distant cities would come specially to consult with him on spiritual problems. While carrying on his pastoral work he was also editor of the Sunday school publications of the Presbyterian Church, and during a period of thirty-two years he increased the efficiency of this department to a considerable extent. He excelled as an author of devotional books, which continue to have a very wide circulation. It is with amazement and gratitude that we have read this record of a life that was characterized by voluminousness and variety of expression, through pulpit and press, for the upbuilding of the church. From his versatile ministry in America we turn to consider the brief and intense ministry of McCheyne in Scotland, the centenary of whose birth was celebrated on May 21, 1913. Although his work covered a period of only seven and a half years, its fragrance has remained to this day. The biography of his life was written by Andrew Bonar, and it is one of the classics of the church. Many will be interested to know that a shilling edition has recently been published by Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier, Edinburgh. But there is room for the present volume by Dr. Smellie. The titles of the chapters are very suggestive; there is a mystic flavor about them. "Winter Passeth After the Long Delay" is an exposition of the spiritual bane of Scotch moderatism in the eighteenth century; "The Training of a Good Husbandman" deals with McCheyne's preparation for the ministry; "A Sower Went Forth to Sow" and "In Labors More Abundant" relate his fervent ministry in Larbert and Dundee; "Those Holy Fields" is an account of his trip to Palestine; "Then Drops from Heaven Fell" and "A Plentiful Rain" relate the notable work of revival grace which stirred all Scotland. In the chapter entitled "Aftermath" we read these words: "That he packed such saintliness and such service into so brief a span constituted Robert McCheyne's peculiar appeal to his own generation, and will always invest his example with an allurements and an impulse which are given to very few." Dr. Bonar wrote of him: "There has been one among us who, ere he had reached the age at which a priest in Israel would have been entering on his career, dwelt at the mercy seat as if it were his home—preached the certainties of eternal life with an undoubting mind—and spent his nights and days in ceaseless breathings after holiness and the salvation of sinners." McCheyne gave himself to his supreme commission as a preacher of the gospel in a spirit of sacrificial surrender, without sparing himself, although he was in delicate health. His fervent prayers, his priestly intercessions, his pastoral devotion in the systematic visitation of his people, his personal interviews with young communicants, his impressive preaching of the central verities concerning Christ—these things explain the spiritual triumphs of his ministry. William C. Burns, who took McCheyne's place at Dundee during his trip to the Holy Land, was a veritable firebrand. Later he went as a missionary to China and labored for seven years without a single convert. He finally died in a dingy room in the native quarters of Nien Chwang. When his trunk was sent home it was found to contain a few sheets of Chinese printed

matter, a Chinese and an English Bible, an old writing case, one or two small books, a Chinese lantern, a single Chinese dress, and the blue flag of the "Gospel Boat." "Surely," whispered a little one amid the awe-struck silence of those who were present—"surely, he must have been very poor." Aye, poor, yet making many rich, having nothing and yet possessing all things. We can well understand how Scotland was moved by the evangelism, under the unction of the Holy Spirit, of Burns the passionate and McCheyne the gentle. It is very true that problems of theology and sociology must be faced by the Christian minister of today; we also recognize that there are diversities of gifts and operations; but we cannot ignore the fact that if the church of Christ is to be spiritually effective, its work must be baptized "in intercession and in tears," and its leaders must master the secret of the Spirit and experience the powers of the world to come. There were many features in common in the lives of Dr. Miller and McCheyne, and these similarities have to do with the essential ingredients of ministerial efficiency. If these two volumes do no more than emphasize them, they will have fully served their purpose.

The Journal of the Rev. John Wesley, A.M., enlarged from original MSS., with Notes from Unpublished Diaries, Annotations, Maps, and Illustrations. Edited by NEHEMIAH CURNOCK, assisted by Experts. Standard edition, vol. iv. New York: Eaton & Maina. London: Wesleyan Conference Office (n.d., but 1913.) Pp. viii, 542. Price \$3 per volume when taken by the set of six volumes.

THIS splendid edition of the famous Journal goes on its rapid way, enriched by the indefatigable labors of Curnock, helped by the men who have poured the result of their researches into the proceedings of the London Wesley Historical Society. This reviewer has read every line of this volume, text and notes, and he can therefore bear testimony not only, of course, to the amazing vitality and incomparable historical value of the Journal, but to the conscientious care with which its reverend editor has done his work. His notes and the prefaces which he has written to the several parts are alone worth the price of the volume. The Journal was not published by Wesley in a block, but part by part, every half a dozen years or so. Nor was it written up daily, but entries were often added later, and days, and sometimes even weeks, were united. As a life record it is incomplete, even of those days which have an entry. He will speak of preaching at a certain place and tell an incident of what happened, but we know from other sources that on that same day he preached at other places with interesting incidents, not one of which is mentioned. With Wesley we must be thankful for what we have, with a sigh of regret for the spaces of his life left unilluminated. With Luther we have Table Talk, but no Journal, but the Table Talk is second hand, and some of it of little or no value. But the Journal is a first-hand document of priceless value, even if fragmentary. During the years covered by this volume Wesley was undergoing the tragedy of his married life, but not a line of those tortures here, nor in fact did they seem to disturb to any very appreciable extent the wonderful serenity

of his spirit and his unconquerable cheerfulness. "I found myself out of order," he wrote on October 20, 1753, "but believed it would go off. On Sunday, the 21st, I was considerably worse, but could not think of sparing myself on that day. *Mon. 22*—I rose extremely sick, yet I determined, if it were possible, to keep my word, and accordingly set out soon after four [in morning] for Canterbury." If we understand Curnock's note, these illnesses were the result of that marriage tragedy, but only an expert could discover it. Was his almost death in November of that year due really to the same cause—the mental pain of that crucifixion in spite of outward calm beating down the resisting power of the body to disease? If he had never married, or had married Grace Murray, would he have lived ten years, twenty years, longer? And that reminds us: When are we to have published the short-hand Journals of Charles Wesley, which throw an immense light on a few of the spaces left dark by his greater brother? We do hope Curnock will do this for us, either in an appendix to this work or, if too long, separately. It is fair, however, to Mrs. Wesley to say that Curnock, who probably knows all the facts as well as any living man, thinks that the faults were not all on one side; that "however unwise and exasperating Mrs. Wesley may have been, she also suffered, and the faults of a marriage in haste that ought never to have been were not exclusively on one side" (page 269, note). In regard to the new matter in this volume, Wesley's short-hand diaries, which were available for the first and second volumes, fall here entirely. Were they kept? and if so, will some good Providence turn them up? or were they destroyed by the same hands perhaps which burned his notes on Shakespeare? For all that, this volume contains much new matter either never published before—Journals which Wesley suppressed, like pages 148-149, 250-253, 344, 348—or restored passages from his first edition, pages 416-417. We have indexed several interesting things which we might mention in this review, but the reader ought to be left to find these riches for himself. We shall content ourselves with calling attention to one aspect of the Journal which struck us for the first time, and which we do not remember to have seen noticed before: The Journal as an assize for his contemporaries, a method of getting even, a day-by-day way of judgment. "I was extremely weary, and our friends were so glad to see me that none once thought of asking me to eat or drink" (page 130). "I rode to Liverpool, where I found about half of those I left in the society. James S[cholefield] had swept away the rest, in order to which he had told lies innumerable. But none who make lies their refuge will prosper. A little while and his building will molder away" (page 203). So there you are, poor James Scholefield, your name redintegrating by the diligent searchings of Curnock or his assistants, transfixed forever as on the outstretched pen of Wesley for your contemptible slanders! In note 2 on page 229 Curnock tells us that Fenwick was troubled because he had not been mentioned in the Journal. Wesley, who was not without humor, met him more than half way. "I left Epworth with great satisfaction, and about one preached at Clayworth. I think none was unmoved but Michael Fenwick, who fell fast asleep under an adjoining

hayrick." On page 230 Wesley tells of a dream "that came true" and of a vision of the living in connection with a drowning accident, where Hanson, who was a fine swimmer, tempted his comrade into the water and allowed him to drown. "One might naturally inquire," says Wesley, who, we must remember, printed these daily doings in pamphlets or little books four or five—sometimes three—years after the record, "what became of John Hanson? As soon as he saw his partner sink he swam from him to the other side, put on his clothes, and went straight home." What do you, Hanson the coward and false friend, think of that?

Wheel-Chair Philosophy. By JOHN LEONARD COLE. Introduction by WILLIAM VALENTINE KELLEY. 12mo, pp. 154. New York: Eaton & Mains. Cincinnati: Jennings & Graham. Price, cloth, 75 cents, net.

THE author of this volume describes it as "A NOTEBOOK, KEPT BY A PUPIL DURING A TWO YEARS' COURSE IN THE SCHOOL OF AFFLICTION, BEING SOME REFLECTIONS ON LIFE, SCRIPTURE, AND EVENTS, NOT FORMULATED IN THE SCHOOLS OF ERUDITION, BUT PAINFULLY EVOLVED IN THE SCHOOL OF AFFLICTION AND DISAPPOINTMENT, UNDER THE LOVING GUIDANCE OF THE HEAD-MASTER, WHO HAS BEEN THROUGH A COURSE MORE SEVERE, AND TAKEN HIGHEST DEGREES IN THE SAME; NOW SET DOWN IN ORDER, AS ENUNCIATED FROM THE CHAIR, WITH THE HOPE THAT SOME WHO ARE GRAPPLING WITH THE SAME DIFFICULT PROBLEMS MAY FIND CHEER TO LIGHTEN THE TASK, AND ENCOURAGEMENT TO LOOK UP TO THE PERFECT TEACHER AND ON TO THE PRIZE." The five chapter-headings are, "The Call to the Chair," "Lessons Learned in a City Hospital," "Lessons Learned in a Sanitarium," "Cui Bono?" "From the Chair into the Pulpit." This book of tragic origin is one of the few real books; born, not made; extorted, not planned. First it was lived, and then it wrote itself; a plain artless narrative of austere experience, belonging in that respect in the same general class with General Grant's *Memoirs* and Booker T. Washington's *Up From Slavery*: real records, vivid and true and terse and tense from start to finish. In his "Easy Chair" in the back of Harper's *Monthly Magazine* George William Curtis sat for many years discoursing mellifluous wisdom on many themes with inimitable charm, irresistible persuasiveness, and unsurpassed dignity; all his fine faculties in free, graceful, splendid play, making the "Chair" as "easy" for him as he made it attractive to thousands. To that most gifted editor in his "Easy Chair" multitudes listened as to Aldrich's Hassan Ben Abdul at the Ivory Gate of Bagdad; "and when he spoke, the wisest, next to him, was he who listened." There's a reason why multitudes should listen to our brave friend discoursing here in this little book from his *Uneasy Chair*; so far, indeed, from being easy as to be synonymous with pain, privation, and dependence, its occupant, the broken, wasted, haggard remnant of a young man, helplessly chafing against his powerlessness, but dauntless forever in his unconquerable soul and never letting go his dearest hopes and most cherished plans. This *Wheel-Chair* discourse has one value not possible to "Easy-Chair" philosophy. Its poignant pathos has such a penetrating note of reality as will pierce the hearts of all who read. Its

web is woven of reality upon the loom of actual life; every thread of it is authentic, spun not of fancies or hearsay, but out of a brave sufferer's own sensitive vitals, after the silkworm's fashion. However slightly any may be accustomed to think of philosophy in general, none can despise or discredit this Wheel-Chair Philosophy. Some may share the contempt Romeo felt for philosophy when the Friar commended it as "adversity's sweet milk," and may nod approvingly at Shakespeare's scoff, "There was never yet philosopher that could endure the toothache patiently." But here is philosophy at which none may scoff, since it has endured prolonged torture compared to which the toothache is a brief titillation, the momentary tickling of a feather; philosophy not framed at leisure in "the still air of delightful studies," but hammered into shape at white heat between the furnace and the anvil. Through age-long sleepless nights and days of dire agony these chapters knit themselves into coherence amid circumstances from which the world would no more look for philosophy to issue than it would expect Kipling's toad under the harrow to evolve a philosophy when iron tooth-points were crushing his bones and tearing out his entrails. When we sit back and contemplate this little book after reading it, it seems like a tray full of bright double eagles, gold tried in the fire and purified of dross, coined in the mint of sharp experience, and stamped with the superscription, "In God we trust"; and worth more for the actual business of practical life than all the theodicies ever elaborated in the peaceful seclusion of a theologian's comfortable study. Out of his wheel chair our philosopher stepped at last, "a walking miracle." To find himself after so many long months able to take a slow, creeping walk on two crutches down the carpeted hall of the sanitarium was to him, he tells us, "the cause of as great joy and as much congratulation as the winning of a Marathon race would be to an athlete." The writer of this book notice stood by that wheel chair now and then, and later witnessed some of those first painful attempts to walk. The brave young minister's amazing recovery and restoration to his "loved employ" full of the pluck and buoyancy of tested faith and of valiant young manhood seem almost like a miraculous fulfillment of the prophecy in Isa. 35. 6: "The lame man shall leap as an hart." "Come, ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish, come" and listen to this tragic and triumphant story. It will do good to those who desire good and are of the upright in heart. From these pages you may feel the thrill of an intrepid faith and catch the contagion of unbounded cheer. Our wheel-chair philosopher will show you a stone that can transmute things to gold; on it is engraven, "All things work together for good to them that love God." He hands you in this sincere and artless little book a flask of real *Eau de Vie*, the true Water of Life.

INDEX

A

- Absolute Truthfulness: *Brown*, 35.
 Adam and Christ: The Heads of Humanity (Itin. Club), 803.
Adams: The Parable of the Good Will, 80.
 Address by Professor Winchester (Notes and Dis.), 277.
 Alfred Noyes, The Significance of (Notes and Dis.), 606.
 Amateur, The Joy of the: *Humphrey*, 750.
 American Nationality, The Genius of (Notes and Dis.), 615.
 Ancient Customs Remaining in Modern Rome: *Spencer*, 582.
 Ancient Worthies—Christopher North: *Wilder*, 910.
 Apocrypha, The (Arch. and Bib. Res.), 474.
Armstrong: Germany Revisited, 9.
 Arthur Hallam and "In Memoriam": *Lockhart*, 46.
 Authority of Christ, The: *Grose*, 175.

B

- Balak and Balaam, The Traditions of: *Griswold* (Arena), 793.
 Balak and Balaam, The Traditions of: *Terry*, 507.
Baich: Labor and the Courts, 254.
 Band that Played in the Rain, The: *Ross* (Arena), 799.
 Bashford: Address at the Funeral of Bishop Warren (Notes and Dis.), 284.
 Beecher and Cleveland: A Sermon that Made a President: *Weyand*, 764.
Beyer: Edgar Allan Poe—A Tribute, 536.
 Bible, The Study of the English (Itin. Club), 636.
 Biblical Commentaries, Some Recent (For. Out.), 643.
 Bishop Bashford on Bishop Warren (Notes and Dis.), 284.
 Bishop Cranston's Valuation of a Book (Arena), 293.
 Bishop Quayle as a Maker of Literature: *Farmer*, 573.
 Book Committee, Editor's Report to the (Notes and Dis.), 458.
Brown: Absolute Truthfulness, 35.
 Browning Challenge, The: *Housel*, 273.
Bucher: History and Present Condition of Church Singing, 868.
 Buck: H. G. Wells: Socialism and the Great Faith, 243.
Burgwin: Twice-Born Men—A Personal Testimony, 86.
Buttz: John Wesley and Charter House, 449.

C

- Cadman*: George Eliot, 681.
 Call to the Colors—for Every Methodist: *Mudge* (Arena), 294.
 Carroll: The Methodist Episcopal and Roman Catholic Churches, 544.

- Caste Movements in India: *Donohugh*, 849.
 Centenary of the Queen's Wake, The: *Herrick*, 769.
 Christ, Luther and the Divinity of: *Faulkner*, 373.
 Christ, The Authority of: *Grose*, 175.
 Christianity, Paul's Exposition of (Itin. Club), 134.
 Christmas Pudding, A: *Miller*, 934.
 Christopher North—Ancient Worthies: *Wilder*, 910.
 Chrysostom, A Poet: *Quayle*, 19.
 Church Attendance and an Efficient Ministry: *Trevorrow*, 97.
 Church Singing, History and Present Condition of: *Bucher*, 868.
Coburn: A New Interpretation of the Book of Job, 419.
 Cole: Help for Sunday Evening (Arena), 632.
 Commercial Element in Religious Literature, The (Itin. Club), 299.
 Concerning the Psychology of Religion (For. Out.), 311.
 Concerning the Resurrection: *Terry* (Arena), 628.
 Concerning the Two-Mind Theory: *Hay* (Arena), 469.
Corn: Eugenics versus Social Heredity, 708.
 Copernican System, John Wesley and the: *McGiffert* (Arena), 470.
Cranston: The Pilot Flame (Arena), 293.
 Cranston's Valuation of a Book, Bishop (Arena), 293.
 Creeds, The Essential Characteristic of: *Guth*, 222.
 Crete, Discoveries in (Arch. and Bib. Res.), 302.
Cunningham: Fun and Preachers (Arena), 796.
Cunningham: The Impression a Minister Should Make Upon His People, 103.

D

- Dante, The Modern Message of: *Willey*, 354.
 Dark Continent, The Morning Star of the: *Jackson*, 440.
 Degrees, A Song of; An O'er-True Tale (Notes and Dis.), 949.
 Departed Leader, A: *Martin Kähler* (For. Out.), 310.
De Vries: "Thou Dravest Love from Thee Who Dravest Me" (Arena), 789.
 Development of Moral Elements in the Ritual of Purification, The: *Hewitt*, 566.
 Discoveries in Crete (Arch. and Bib. Res.), 302.
 Divinity of Christ, Luther and the: *Faulkner*, 373.
Dixon: Religion and the Teaching of English Literature, 389.
Donohugh: Caste Movements in India, 849.

E

- Early Religious Training: *EDITOR OF REVIEW (Arena)*, 953.
 Edgar Allan Poe—A Tribute: *Beyer*, 536.
 Edgar Allan Poe and Barnaby Rudge: *Lewis (Arena)*, 956.
 Editorial Note (Notes and Dis.), 457.
 Editor's Report to the Book Committee (Notes and Dis.), 458.
Elselen: A Prophetic Ministry, 230.
 Essential Characteristic of Creeds, The: *Guth*, 222.
 Eugenics versus Social Heredity: *Conn*, 708.
 Excavation in Jerusalem (Arch. and Bib. Res.), 640.
 Excavation, The Morality of (Arch. and Bib. Res.), 138.

F

- Farmer*: Bishop Quayle as a Maker of Literature, 573.
 Fateful Fredericksburg: *Wing*, 549.
Faulkner: Luther and the Divinity of Christ, 373.
Faust: The Origin of Life—Science and Faith (Arena), 128.
 Four Gospels, The W. Manuscript of the (Arch. and Bib. Res.), 809.
 Fox, George, and the Quakers: *Mudge*, 880.
 France, Protestantism in (For. Out.), 480.
 Fredericksburg, Fateful: *Wing*, 549.
Frick: Pragmatism and Haeckel's Denials, 899.
 Fun and Preachers: *Cunningham (Arena)*, 796.

G

- Geissinger*: Christianizing the Social Order (Notes and Dis.), 463.
 Genius of American Nationality, The (Notes and Dis.), 615.
 George Eliot: *Cadman*, 681.
 George Fox and the Quakers: *Mudge*, 880.
 German University Notes (For. Out.), 144, 973.
 Germany Revisited: *Armstrong*, 9.
Gibbs: Tennyson's Idylls of the King, 756.
 Goodwill, The Parable of the: *Adams*, 80.
Gracey: The Huguenots, 397.
 Great Words of the Age: *Welch*, 698.
Griswold: The Traditions of Balak and Balaam (Arena), 793.
Groce: The Authority of Christ, 175.
Guth: The Essential Characteristic of Creeds, 222.

H

- Haeckel's Denials, Pragmatism and: *Frick*, 899.
 Hallam, Arthur, and "In Memoriam": *Lockhart*, 46.
 Hauck Encyclopedia, The Completion of the (For. Out.), 479.
Haven: Bishop Willard F. Mallalien, D.D., LL.D., 839.
 Help for Sunday Evening: *Cole (Arena)*, 632.
 Henry White Warren: *Kelley (Notes and Dis.)*, 943.
Herrick: The Centenary of the Queen's Wake, 769.

- Hewitt*: Steeples Among the Hills, 924.
Hewitt: The Development of Moral Elements in the Ritual of Purification, 566.
 H. G. Wells: Socialism and the Great Faith: *Buck*, 243.
 History and Present Condition of Church Singing: *Butcher*, 868.
Hough: The Religion of a Scientific Man, 524.
Housel: The Browning Challenge, 273.
 How Some Churches are Filled (Arena), 958.
 Huguenots, The: *Gracey*, 397.
Humphrey: The Joy of the Amateur, 750.

I

- "Idylls of the King," Tennyson's: *Gibbs*, 756.
 Impression a Minister Should Make Upon His People, The: *Cunningham*, 105.
 "In Memoriam," Arthur Hallam and: *Lockhart*, 46.
 India, Caste Movements in: *Donohugh*, 849.
 Italian Nationalism: *Tippie*, 410.

J

- Jackson*: The Morning Star of the Dark Continent, 440.
 Jerusalem, Excavations in (Arch. and Bib. Res.), 640.
 Job, A New Interpretation of the Book of: *Coburn*, 419.
 John Wesley and Charter House: *Butts*, 449.
Jones: "The Resurrection of the Body" (Arena), 473.
 Joy of the Amateur, The: *Humphrey*, 750.
 Judges, The Age Limit for (Itin. Club), 807.

K

- Kähler, Martin: A Departed Leader (For. Out.), 310.
Kelley: Henry White Warren (Notes and Dis.), 943.
Keppel: Poetry an Asset for the Preacher, 556.
Kuhns: The Position of Woman as Seen Across the Ages, 184.

L

- Labor and the Courts: *Balch*, 254.
Leonard: "The Resurrection of the Body" (Arena), 471.
Leonard: The Value of Prophecy and Miracle, 730.
Lewis: Edgar Allan Poe and Barnaby Rudge (Arena), 956.
 Life, The Origin of—Science and Faith: *Faust (Arena)*, 128.
 Literature, Religion and the Teaching of English: *Dixon*, 389.
Lockhart: Arthur Hallam and "In Memoriam," 46.
 Luther and the Divinity of Christ: *Faulkner*, 373.

M

- McClelland*: The Social Ideal of Saint Paul, 601.
McConnell: The Methodist System and Social Cooperation, 341.
McGiffert: Thanks Professor Faulkner (Arena), 470.

Mallalieu, Bishop Willard F., D.D., L.L.D.: *Haven*, 839.
 Matter of Background, A: *Watson* (Arena), 634.
 Methodist Episcopal and Roman Catholic Churches, The: *Carroll*, 544.
 Methodist Review, The (Notes and Dis.), 458.
 Methodist System, The, and Social Cooperation: *McConnell*, 341.
Meyer: A Socialized Sunday School, 203.
Miller: A Christmas Pudding, 934.
 Ministry, A Prophetic: *Eiselen*, 230.
 Modern Message of Dante, The: *Willey*, 354.
 Modernity of Rousseau: *Super*, 73.
 Morality of Excavation, The (Arch. and Bib. Res.), 138.
 Morning Star of the Dark Continent, The: *Jackson*, 440.
Mudge: Call to the Colors—for Every Methodist (Arena), 294.
Mudge: George Fox and the Quakers, 880.
Mudge: Wesley's Wisest Words (Notes and Dis.), 773.

N

Nec Timeo: *Quayle*, 673.
 Negro and the Indian Christian, The: *Schutz* (Arena), 467.
 New Interpretation of the Book of Job, A: *Coburn*, 410.
 New Testament, Von Soden's Great Work on the Text of the (For. Out.), 977.
 New Works on Old Testament Introduction (For. Out.), 976.

O

Old Testament Introduction, New Works on (For. Out.), 976.
 Open Fire, A Serenade Before the: *Willey* (Arena), 634.
 Open Fire, The (Notes and Dis.), 110.
 Origin of Life, The—Science and Faith: *Faust* (Arena), 128.
 Our Need of the Productive Scholar: *Plantz*, 735.

P

Parable of the Good Will, The: *Adams*, 80.
 Paul's Exposition of Christianity: (Itin. Club), 134.
 Peck: "Psyche's Task," 214.
 Pilot Flame, The: *Cranston* (Arena), 293.
Plantz: Our Need of the Productive Scholar, 735.
 Poe, Edgar Allan—A Tribute: *Beyer*, 536.
 Poet Chrysostom, A: *Quayle*, 19.
 Poetry an Asset for the Preacher: *Keppel*, 536.
 Position of Woman as Seen Across the Ages, The: *Kuhns*, 184.
 Pragmatism and Haeckel's Denials: *Frick*, 899.
 Preacher as a Comforter, The (Itin. Club), 962.
 Present Religious Situation, The: *Wilm*, 66.
 Prophetic Ministry, A: *Eiselen*, 230.
 Protestantism in France (For. Out.), 480.
 "Psyche's Task": *Peck*, 214.
 Psychology of Religion, Concerning the (For. Out.), 311.

Purification, The Development of Moral Elements in the Ritual of: *Hewitt*, 566.

Q

Quakers, George Fox and the: *Mudge*, 880.
Quayle: A Poet Chrysostom, 19.
 Queen's Wake, The Centenary of the: *Herrick*, 769.

R

Recent Theological Literature (For. Out.), 143.
 Religion and the Teaching of English Literature: *Dixon*, 389.
 Religion of a Scientific Man, The: *Hough*, 524.
 Religious Literature, The Commercial Element in (Itin. Club), 299.
 Religious Situation, The Present: *Wilm*, 66.
 Religious Training, Early: *EDITOR OF REVIEW* (Arena), 953.
 Reminiscences of William Taylor: *Scott* (Arena), 790.
 Reopening of an Old Question—the Age Limit for Judges (Itin. Club), 807.
 Resurrection, Concerning the: *Terry* (Arena), 628.
 "Resurrection of the Body, The": *Jones* (Arena), 473.
 "Resurrection of the Body, The": *Leonard* (Arena), 471.
 Resurrection of the Body, The: *Tobie*, 269.
 Rome, Ancient Customs Remaining in Modern: *Spencer*, 582.
Ross: The Band that Played in the Rain (Arena), 799.
 Rousseau, Modernity of: *Super*, 73.

S

Saint Paul, The Social Ideal of: *McClelland*, 601.
Schell: Tennyson's "Ulysses," 192.
 Schlatter's System of Christian Doctrine (For. Out.), 306.
Schutz: The Negro and the Indian Christian (Arena), 467.
 Scientific Man, The Religion of a: *Hough*, 524.
Scott: Reminiscences of William Taylor (Arena), 790.
 Significance of Alfred Noyes, The (Notes and Dis.), 606.
 Social Cooperation, The Methodist System and: *McConnell*, 341.
 Social Ideal of Saint Paul, The: *McClelland*, 601.
 Social Order, Dr. Geissinger on Christianizing the (Notes and Dis.), 463.
 Socialism and the Great Faith: H. G. Wells: *Buck*, 243.
 Socialized Sunday School, A: *Meyer*, 203.
 Some Recent Biblical Commentaries (For. Out.), 643.
 Song of Degrees, A: An O'er-True Tale (Notes and Dis.), 949.
 Songs of Discontent: *Ward*, 720.
Spencer: Ancient Customs Remaining in Modern Rome, 582.
Stafford: Tristram—the Fool, 940.
 Steeples Among the Hills: *Hewitt*, 924.
 Stirring Book, A: *Woods* (Arena), 960.
 Study of the English Bible, The (Itin. Club), 636.
 Sunday Evening, Help for: *Cole* (Arena), 632.

Sunday School, A Socialized: *Meyer*, 203.
Super: Modernity of Rousseau, 73.

T

Taylor, William, Reminiscences of: *Scott*: (Arena), 790.
 Tennyson's "Idylls of the King": *Gibbs*, 756.
 Tennyson's "Ulysses": *Schell*, 192.
 Terry: Concerning the Resurrection (Arena), 628.
 Terry: The Traditions of Balak and Balaam, 507.
 Theological Education, President Welch on the Clinic in (Notes and Dis.), 459.
 Theological Literature, Recent (For. Out.), 143.
 "Thou Dravest Love from Thee Who Dravest Me": *De Vries* (Arena), 789.
 Tiplie: Italian Nationalism, 410.
 Tobie: The Resurrection of the Body, 269.
 Traditions of Balak and Balaam, The: *Griscold* (Arena), 793.
 Traditions of Balak and Balaam, The: *Terry*, 507.
 Tragedy in Life, and Its Break, The: *Wyrick* (Arena), 794.
 Training, Early Religious: EDITOR OF REVIEW (Arena), 953.
 Treverrow: Church Attendance and an Efficient Ministry, 97.
 Tristram—the Fool: *Stafford*, 940.
 Truthfulness, Absolute: *Brown*, 35.
 Twice-Born Men—A Personal Testimony: *Burgiein*, 86.
 "Two Topics," Dr. Miller's: *Van Cleave*, 297.

U

"Ulysses," Tennyson's: *Schell*, 192.
 University Notes, German (For. Out.), 144.

V

Valuation of a Book, Bishop Cranston's (Arena), 293.
 Value of Prophecy and Miracle, The: *Leonard*, 730.
 Van Cleave: Dr. Miller's "Two Topics" (Arena), 297.
 Von Soden's Great Work on the Text of the New Testament (For. Out.), 977.

W

Ward: Songs of Discontent, 720.
 Warren, Henry White: *Kelley* (Notes and Dis.), 943.
 Watson: A Matter of Background (Arena), 634.
 Welch: Great Words of the Age, 698.
 Welch: The Clinic in Theological Education (Notes and Dis.), 459.
 Wesley and the Copernican System: *McGiffert* (Arena), 470.
 Wesley's Wisest Words: *Mudge* (Notes and Dis.), 773.
 Weyand: Beecher and Cleveland: A Sermon that Made a President, 764.
 Where Are We? (Arch. and Bib. Res.), 967.
 Wilder: Ancient Worthies—Christopher North, 910.
 Willey: A Serenade Before the Open Fire (Arena), 634.
 Willey: The Modern Message of Dante, 354.

Willm: The Present Religious Situation, 66.
 Winchester: Alumni Dinner Address (Notes and Dis.), 277.
 Wing: Fateful Fredericksburg, 549.
 W. Manuscript of the Four Gospels, The (Arch. and Bib. Res.), 809.
 Woman, The Position of, as Seen Across the Ages: *Kuhns*, 184.
 Woods: A Stirring Book (Arena), 960.
 Wyrick: The Tragedy in Life and Its Break (Arena), 794.

BOOK NOTICES

A

America's National Game: *Spalding*, 664.
 Anglo-American Memories: *Smalley*, 166.
 Afterglow of God, The: *Morrison*, 647.
 Autobiography, A One-Sided: *Kuhns*, 993.

B

Barton: The Heart of the Christian Message, 652.
 Battle of Gettysburg, The: *Young*, 666.
 Beattys: Smith and the Church, 981.
 Booth, General William, Founder of the Salvation Army, The Authoritative Life of: *Railton*, 835.
 Buchanan, tr.: The Living Christ and Dying Heathenism, 814.

C

Canfield: The Early Persecutions of the Christians, 833.
 Carroll: The Religious Forces of the United States, 171.
 Carman: Echoes from Vagabondia, 158.
 Carver: Missions in the Plan of the Ages, 814.
 Christ and the Dramas of Doubt: *Fleecelling*, 988.
 Christians, The Early Persecutions of the: *Canfield*, 833.
 Cole: Wheel-Chair Philosophy, 1003.
 Comford: William Ernest Henley, 825.
 Cope: Efficiency in the Sunday School, 318.
 Crises in the Early Church: *Faukner*, 337.
 Crothers: Humanly Speaking, 153.
 Curnock, Ed.: The Journal of the Rev. John Wesley, 830, 1001.

D

Daffodil Fields, The: *Masefield*, 659.
 Deissmann: St. Paul, 837.
 Dennis: The Modern Call of Missions, 814.
 Doctrine of the Person of Jesus Christ, The: *Mackintosh*, 460.
 Drink, Winning the Fight Against: *Eaton*, 163.

E

Early Persecutions of the Christians: *Canfield*, 833.
 Eaton: Winning the Fight Against Drink, 163.
 Echoes from Vagabondia: *Carman*, 158.
 Efficiency in the Sunday School: *Cope*, 318.
 Egypt to Canaan: or, Lectures on the Spiritual Meanings of the Exodus: *Tuttle*, 152.
 Encyclopedia of Religion and Ethics: *Hastings*, Ed., and *Siebie*, Ed., 314.
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F

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G

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H

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Hastings, Ed.: Encyclopedia of Religion and Ethics, 314.
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Henley, William Ernest: *Comfort*, 825.
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History of Religions, Studies in the: *Lyon*, Ed., and *Moore*, Ed., 173.
History of the Literature of Ancient Israel, A: *Fowler*, 339.
Humanly Speaking: *Crothers*, 153.
Huncker: The Pathos of Distance, 654.

I

- Ideals*, The Fragrance of Christian: *McLeod*, 146.
Irish Recollections: *McCarthy*, 500.
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J

- Jackson*. The Preacher and the Modern Mind, 149.
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Lyric Year, The: *One Hundred Poets*, 492.

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- Nielsen*: Methodismus und Weltmission, 816.

O

- One Hundred Poets*: The Lyric Year, 492.
One-Sided Autobiography, A: *Kuhns*, 993.
Outline of the History of Christian Thought Since Kant, An: *Moore*, 498.

P

- Pathos of Distance*, The: *Huncker*, 654.
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Pell: Secrets of Sunday School Teaching, 318.
Pilot Flame, The: *Jenness*, 483.
Preacher and the Modern Mind, The: *Jackson*, 149.
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Psychological Study of Religion, A: *Leuba*, 327.

R

- Reliton*: The Authoritative Life of General William Booth, Founder of the Salvation Army, 835.
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Religious Forces of the United States, The: *Carroll*, 171.

S

- St. Paul*: *Deissmann*, 837.
Schweitzer: Paul and His Interpreters, 986.
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Secrets of Sunday School Teaching: *Pell*, 318.
Selbie, Ed.: Encyclopedia of Religion and Ethics, 314.
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Struggle for Christian Truth in Italy,
The: *Luzz*, 818.
Studies in the History of Religions:
Lyon, Ed., and *Moore*, Ed., 173.

T

Things That Matter Most: *Jowett*, 978.
Tuttle: Egypt to Canaan; or, Lectures
on the Spiritual Meanings of the
Exodus, 152.

V

Vagabondia, Echoes from: *Carman*, 158.
Vatican, The, and Modernism: *Loepperi*,
324.

W

Warneck: The Living Christ and Dying
Heathenism, 814.
Wesley's Journal: *Curnock*, Ed. 830,
1001.
Wheel-Chair Philosophy: *Cole*, 1003.
Whipple: Lights and Shadows of a Long
Episcopate, 329.
William Ernest Henley: *Comford*, 825.
Winning the Fight Against Drink:
Eaton, 163.

Y

Young: The Battle of Gettysburg, 666.

T
S
O,
S
:

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(BIMONTHLY)

WILLIAM V. KELLEY, L.H.D., Editor

CONTENTS

	PAGE
I. Bishop Willard F. Mallalieu, D.D., LL.D. W. I. Haven, D.D., Secretary of American Bible Society, New York, N. Y.	839
II. "Mass Movements" in India. Thos. S. Donohugh, M.A., LL.B., Meerut, India.	849
III. History and Present Condition of Church Singing. A. J. Bucher, D.D., Editor of Haus und Herd, Cincinnati, O.	868
IV. George Fox and the Quakers. James Mudge, D.D., Malden, Mass.	880
V. Pragmatism and Haeckel's Denials. Rev. Philip L. Frick, Ph.D., Buffalo, N. Y.	899
VI. Ancient Worthies—Christopher North. Charlotte F. Wilder, Manhattan, Kan.	910
VII. Steeples Among the Hills. Rev. A. W. Hewitt, Plainfield, Vermont.	924
VIII. A Christmas Pudding. Madeleine S. Miller, A.B., Pittsburgh, Pa.	934
IX. Tristram—The Fool. Rev. J. P. Stafford, M.A., Joliet, Ill.	940

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENTS:

Notes and Discussions	943
Henry White Warren, 943; A Song of Degrees; An O'er-True Tale, 949.	
The Arena.	953
Early Religious Training, 953; Edgar Allan Poe and Barnaby Rudge, 956; How Some Churches are Filled, 958; A Stirring Book, 960.	
The Itinerants' Club	962
The Preacher as a Comforter, 962.	
Archæology and Biblical Research	967
Where Are We? 967.	
Foreign Outlook.	972
German University, Notes, 972; New Works on Old Testament Introduction, 976; Von Soden's Great Work on the Text of the New Testament, 977.	
Book Notices	978

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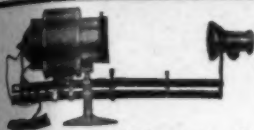


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